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The WORKS of VOLTAIRE

*"Between two servants of Humanity, who appeared eighteen hundred years apart, there is a mysterious relation. * * * * Let us say it with a sentiment of profound respect: JESUS WEPT: VOLTAIRE SMILED. Of that divine tear and of that human smile is composed the sweetness of the present civilization."*

VICTOR HUGO.

LA PUCELLE D'ORLÉANS,

POËME,

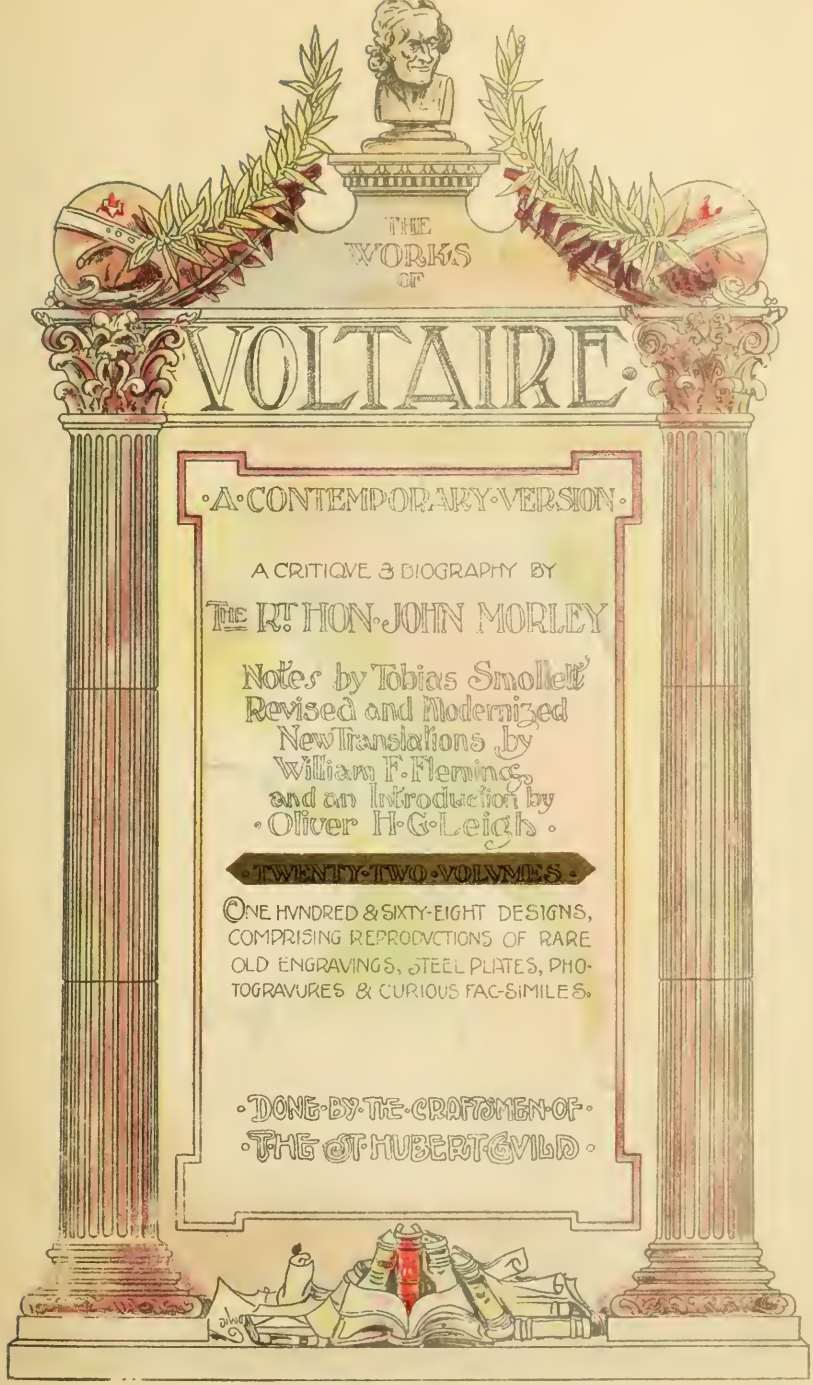
DIVISÉ EN VINGT CHANTS,

AVEC DES NOTES,

Nouvelle Edition, corrigée, augmentée & collationnée sur le Manuscript de l'Auteur.

A CONCULIX

FAC-SIMILE OF "LA PUCELLE" TITLE


THE
WORKS
OF
VOLTAIRE
A CONTEMPORARY VERSION
A CRITIQVE & BIOGRAPHY BY
THE RT HON JOHN MORLEY
Notes by Tobias Smollett
Revised and Modernized
New Translations by
William F. Fleming,
and an Introduction by
Oliver H.G. Leigh
TWENTY-TWO VOLVMES
ONE HVNDRED & SIXTY-EIGHT DESIGNS,
COMPRISING REPRODVCTIONS OF RARE
OLD ENGRAVINGS, STEEL PLATES, PHO-
TOGRAVVRES & CVRIOVS FAC-SIMILES.
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VOLTAIRE

THE MAID OF ORLEANS

[La Pucelle d'Orléans]

Vol. XX — Part I

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NOTE

THE most famous and most debated of Voltaire's poems was "*La Pucelle d'Orléans.*" It caused him half a lifetime of worry. At the duke of Richelieu's supper-table the author was challenged to write a poem on the legendary heroine. He replied that there were so many absurdities in the story that it was fitter to be the subject of a mock-heroic burlesque rather than an epic, which a minor poet had attempted. Accordingly he produced several cantos in quick succession, which took the reading world by storm. Copies multiplied rapidly and spread through the court circles of Europe. The famous romances of France and Italy were racily told, they are classics to-day in all languages, and Voltaire simply followed the accepted rule in method of treatment and free style. The poem was begun in 1730. By 1740 so many hundred written versions and detached cantos were in circulation, greatly to the annoyance of the author, that Madame du Châtelet, unknown to Voltaire, employed a printer to issue an edition. Though the work was in progress, and heavy expense incurred, he peremptorily stopped the press. His enemies in Paris got hold of portions of the manuscript and used them mercilessly against him. At last, in self-vindication, he issued his own printed edition in 1762. His literary calumniators are repaid with interest in

several of the cantos, as the notes explain. In this brilliant poem Voltaire had no desire to minimize the patriotic service Joan of Arc so nobly rendered France, a service better understood now, thanks to sound historians, than in Voltaire's time. His satire is directed at the influence behind the scenes, whose purposes were to foster and magnify mythical elements in any story above the legitimate features and the known facts.

AUX QUARANTE

DE

L'Académie Française,

INSTITUT NATIONAL DE FRANCE.*

MESSIEURS: C'est avec un sentiment de profond respect pour vous et de défiance de moi-même, que J'ai la présomption de vous offrir le résultat de mes veilles.

A quel corps plus honorable, puis-je dédier ma traduction de la Pucelle de VOLTAIRE, qu'à celui que représente cette fameuse association littéraire dont ce grand homme était membre?

Pouvais-je réfléchir sur l'abondant génie, le génie presque universel, de cet homme incomparable, sans reporter mes idées sur l'Académie si justement célèbre qu'il a illustré, et qui revit aujourdhui si dignement en Vous! en Vous, Mes-

*The translator's dedication of the work to the French Academy.

sieurs, les premiers dépositaires, les conservateurs perpetuels de ce feu sacré qui réchauffe les esprits et embrase les cœurs de tous les protégés des Muses qui ont le bonheur d'être dignes Citoyens de la République des Lettres.

Je suis, Messieurs,
Avec les sentimens du plus
profond respect,
Votre très obéissant et dévoué serviteur,
W. H. IRELAND.

Paris, ce 25 Mars, 1822.

EPISTOLARY PREFACE,

ADDRESSED TO

L. H. SCIPIO, COUNT DU ROURE,

MARQUESS OF GRISAC.

SIR: Among the numerous literary characters who have enlightened me by their opinions, or honored me with their approbation on perusing detached specimens of my literary labor, no favorable decision has proved so gratifying to my mind as the commendatory sentiments you have expressed on reading this translation, a sentiment inspired from a thorough conviction of your profound acquirements as a scholar and a man of letters, as well as the consummate knowledge you possess of the English language, equally with that of your own nation.

Persons intimately acquainted with the French tongue, and in particular with the *naïve* style of *"La Pucelle"* of Voltaire, are best enabled to appreciate the arduous task I have so long toiled to accomplish; and to whom, therefore, could I more consistently address these pages than to yourself,

Sir, whose favorable fiat insures a passport for my volumes in those societies which would consign them to oblivion, if, upon perusal they had been unauthorized by a sanction so truly flattering to my mind, as that which is derived from your cool judgment, ripened experience, and expanded understanding.

It has long been customary, Sir, to raise the voice against Voltaire's *"Pucelle d'Orléans;"* to speak of the poem in society was regarded as a flagrant misdemeanor; but to have perused it became almost a crime against morality and virtue. Let us now inquire from whence has arisen all this vindictive acrimony; does it derive its source from these alleged attacks against the welfare of society; from the playful ebullitions of an amorous muse, or from the *piquant badinage,* the pointed satire, which so frequently characterizes the composition? No! — certain clerics have been its openly avowed, as well as insidious, enemies, not on account of the love effusions wherewith it abounds, or the satirical shafts so frequently directed against human frailties, and the vices of the great, nor the *Castigat ridendo mores* which so eminently characterizes most of our author's writings; all these would then have been regarded as mere bagatelles by claimant directors of consciences.

I am perfectly well aware, Sir, that in transmitting my present labor to the public, I shall excite the hostility of some individuals; for Voltaire has perhaps more enemies in England than in France,

where their number is trifling when opposed to the host of his admirers. I must, however, console myself with this reflection, that it is the inevitable fate of literary men never to afford universal satisfaction; that I am the first who has adventured upon the perilous task of translating this satirical masterpiece in English verse, cannot be denied, and my only hope is, that it may be found sufficiently expressive of the sense of the original to insure it a place on the library shelf with the rest of Voltaire's works already published in English; as in that case, the summit of my wishes will be accomplished.

We are told that there are some truths which ought not to be disseminated at all times — I doubt it, but nobody doubts that there exists many which cannot be too widely promulgated, and of the latter class the most prominent are certainly those which, by divesting religion of her masquerade costume, leave her exposed, in all her pristine purity, a steady beacon for men to wonder at and revere.

Let me ask what is to be found in the *"Pucelle d'Orléans"* that mitigates in the smallest degree against the sober credence of a rational Protestant? and it is to a Protestant nation that I now address myself.

Voltaire has been attacked as an atheist, than which there does not exist a more flagrant untruth. Let his works stand the test, and if from their perusal his denial of an Omniscient Ruler can be

inferred, then my assertion falls to the ground. In speaking of the Divinity, all those who are conversant with the invaluable productions of Voltaire, must have read with sentiments of delight his philosophical refutation of atheism; neither should be forgotten his uniform argument upon this momentous point, when in familiar conversation, which was: "That the existence of a watch proved there was a watch-maker."

Some things only derive worth and honor from the antiquity of their origin; no matter what changes may have been wrought from the experience of ages, we must still pay homage to the antique scare-crow, as the Chinese or Hindoos to their hideous idols, for no other reason than because they are invested with the sacred erugo of time, and uniformly lauded by the Lama and the Bonzes.

By the same parity of reasoning, as our poet did not think fit to square his opinions precisely by those of the clergy, but, profiting from the expansion of human intellect, attacked their legerdemain system, and, having rubbed off the rust from the stupendous and sacred beacon, left its broad surface polished to the view. For this courageous attack on superstition, stained with the blood of innocence, our author, in the estimation of Catholic churchmen, was unjustly set down as an apostate to every sacred institution.

Bolingbroke, your great and enlightened uncle, Sir, states that there never appeared a religion in

the world which tended more decidedly to insure the peace and happiness of human nature, than that taught by Jesus Christ and His disciples. "Adore the Eternal!" exclaims Rousseau, "and all the phantoms of atheism will vanish before you."* "The honest man believes in God from conviction, and has therefore nothing to dread from the attacks of atheism. If even such a monster as an atheist should succeed in bewildering his reason, his heart would never fail to prevent its total alienation; though borne down by the weight of twenty sophisms, it would still exclaim: 'I feel there is a God.'"

Such were the opinions, of what are termed "free-thinkers," and so thought Voltaire, who never attacks the purity of the code laid down by Christ and His apostles; it is the abuse of these tenets he so nervously arraigns, and still more that class of men whose sordid interests had impelled them to

---

* It is universally allowed that the most masterly piece of polemical eloquence is the celebrated letter of Jean Jacques Rousseau to the Archbishop of Paris, which bears this singular and emphatic title:

"Jean Jacques Rousseau, Citoyen de Genève, à Christophe de Beaumont, Archevèque de Paris, Duc de Saint Cloud, Père de France, Proviseur de la Sorbonne, &c. &c."

In this reply to the famous Pastoral Letter directed against the Philosopher of Geneva, wherein the orthodox archbishop, who notoriously kept a mistress, insisted upon his credence in Christianity, owing to the numerous miracles contained in the Roman legend: "You, my Lord," says Rousseau, "believe in the Christian faith on account of those miracles, and I, my Lord, in spite of them."

support such opinions in direct opposition to the impulses of reason and common sense.

The road to heaven was never intended to be by indirect ways; the system of the Almighty is perspicuous as the noon-day sun; it is implanted in the heart of every man, for while conscience inhabits the human breast, little is required to teach us the will of our Creator, whose laws are promulgated by the Divine Redeemer, unaccompanied by all the mystic and farcical appendages of human invention.

It has too frequently been the lot of the writer when in promiscuous society, to hear the principles of Voltaire, and our poem in particular, stigmatized with a flippancy of style that bespoke these were but the hackneyed criticisms of years gone by, and upon examination of such pseudo censors, their knowledge of our philosopher's productions has frequently consisted in a mere recapitulation of the abusive opinions of his bitterest enemies, just as we find individuals extolling the sublime and erudite flights of Milton, or the abstruse and profound reasonings of Locke, who never perused beyond a few quotations from the former, or dipped deeper than the title-page of the latter; nay, to such a point can illiberality be extended, that instances are to be found upon record of the printed and published condemnation of our *"Pucelle"* by British authors who neither were nor are masters of the French tongue.

How much it is to be regretted that men will not

take the trouble of examining what occurs within the scope of their own inquiry ere they presume to condemn that with which they are wholly unacquainted. Many of my readers have heard our hackneyed Christmas Carol, nor would they credit that lines such as the following could be publicly exposed and sold for the edification of the multitude during the period of our Saviour's annual festival; yet the fact is not less certain. These verses are transcribed from this printed *morceau* as published and sold by T. Evans, Long Lane, Smithfield, and to be found in the well-known collections of popular ballads:

Joseph was an old man; and an old man was he;
And he married Mary, queen of Galilee;
When Joseph he had his *cozen* Mary got,
But Mary proved big with child, by whom Joseph knew not.

As Joseph and Mary walked through the garden gay,
Where the cherries they grew upon every tree,
O! then bespoke Mary, with words both meek and mild,
Gather me some cherries, Joseph, they run so in my mind,
Gather me some cherries, for I am with child.
Then bespoke Joseph, with words most unkind,
Let those gather thee cherries who got thee with child.
Then bespoke Jesus, all in his mother's womb,
Go to the tree, Mary, and it shall bow down,
And the highest branch shall bow down to Mary's knee,
And she shall gather cherries by one, two and three.

After lines such as the foregoing, Sir, what can be reasonably adduced against our *"Pucelle,"* which is only perused by persons gifted to a certain extent

with a liberal education, and who are consequently enabled to reject any passages mitigating in the smallest degree against the cause of religion, whilst the above carol being disseminated for centuries among the people only tends to debase and familiarize one of the most sacred mysteries of our faith, by placing it upon a level with their own vulgar and indecent conceptions.

Among the number of those who presume to censure our great poet, very few are perhaps aware that his enemies allege his predilection for English sentiments as one of his predominant crimes; in *"Les Pensées de Monsieur Thomas sur Voltaire,"* among numerous other attacks of this nature is the following: *"Pendant que Voltaire, cet écrivain nourri des maximes anglaises, s'abandonnoit à une liberté effrenée de penser et de dire les choses les plus dangereuses, etc."* "While Voltaire, that writer nourished with English maxims, abandoned himself to an unlicenced liberty of thinking and speaking the most dangerous things, etc." Can any liberal-minded Briton depreciate the admirer of his own boasted independency of principle* as regards relig-

* Voltaire never suffered an opportunity to escape him of eulogizing our excellent institutions, and of contrasting them with the absurdities that were prevalent in his own country; no man thought more highly of our trial by jury; of the liberty of the press; of the freedom of parliamentary debates; of the liberty of conscience; and the unity of our legislation: nor did he even forget to panegyrize our weights and measures as being the same for all parts of

ious and political tolerance, for applauding which our writer was invariably attacked by a literary phalanx at home. Is it fair; is it noble?

If we consider this poem, Sir, in an amatory point of view and compare it with the multifarious productions of a similar description, we shall find that every common song-book publicly exposed for sale abounds in descriptions more florid than those contained in the pages of the *"Pucelle,"* as the ebullitions of Captain Morris and innumerable others will make manifest.

Grave divines and schoolmen descant with *sang froid* upon the refined touches of Anacreon so faithfully and exquisitely rendered into English by the fanciful pen of Mr. Moore, many of whose delightful poems printed under the assumed name of Little might put to the blush even the enamored donkey of Saint Denis, when compared with the flights of Voltaire. The licentious tales of *"Boccaccio,"* as translated, are universally admitted and spoken of, as well as those of our Dryden, Prior, and Swift.

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the kingdom. He somewhere remarks in his peculiar dry manner that the English who profess twenty different religions, only tolerate one standard for weights and measures; while in France, where there is but one religion, the weights and measures frequently vary from one village to another; adding that he supposed the English conceived that every man had a right to go to heaven in his own way; but that there was only one method of dealing with his fellow creatures: in a word, that religion concerned God alone, while weights and measures were the business of everybody.

Armstrong's "Œconomy of Love," may be had upon every book-stall, while the *"Basia"* of Joannes Secundus graces the library shelf, with its conclusive *"Epithalamium,"* than which there does not exist upon literary record a poetical specimen more superlatively beautiful, or more indelicate. In short, to enter upon a recapitulation of proofs such as the foregoing, would be to swell my preface into a volume; wherefore, let me inquire why the *"Pucelle d'Orléans"* should alone be condemned, and that too by persons who, for the most part, have never given it a fair and dispassionate perusal?

If the attacks upon Voltaire had been virulent during his lifetime, they were redoubled at his decease, insomuch so, that the pen of romance could not out-Herod the gross and ludicrous fabrications which were disseminated by priests and their myrmidons, in order to render his death-bed a raw-head and bloody-bones to future skeptics. Among other amusing tales, we are gravely assured that our poor poet writhed in the convulsive torments of the damned, whereas the simple and well-authenticated fact runs as follows:

The incumbent of the parish of Saint Sulpice (the Curé), who had several times waited upon Voltaire during his last illness without eliciting anything particular from him, happened to be present at the period of his dissolution, when approaching the bed of death, he made some inquiries respecting his faith, to which Voltaire replied in the following words:

"Monsieur le Curé, laissez-moi mourir en paix"— "Curate, leave me to die in peace!"—upon which as a conclusive effort collecting his whole strength, he turned his back and expired without a groan, and as a man sinking into a quiet slumber.

I shall terminate what I have to say respecting Voltaire as an author, by making my readers acquainted with two remarkable circumstances in regard to this sublime genius, which are perhaps known to but few. One is, that although he wrote and published works during the lapse of more than sixty years, yet he seldom or never affixed his name to any one production. The other fact, still more extraordinary, is that he never sold a manuscript or put one shilling into his pocket arising from the sale of any of his literary labors, notwithstanding all that the base calumny of some of his Grub Street opponents has maliciously alleged to the contrary.* The fact is simply this: he made a present of everything he wrote to relieve some of his indigent friends and men of letters.† He published his celebrated com-

* Had Voltaire sold his works, the booksellers most assuredly would not have neglected to take his receipts, and no one could ever be produced, though the most scrupulous researches were set on foot for that express purpose.

† The manly and humane conduct of Voltaire in regard to the unfortunate Protestant family of Calas can never be forgotten, while a sentiment of admiration for exalted and persevering philanthropy glows in the human heart. As to the legal opinions of our poet, who was educated for the law, they have been universally pronounced as unrivalled,

mentary on the productions of Corneille for the express purpose of raising a sum sufficient for the marriage portion of his great granddaughter, whom he sought for, rescued from indigence, and to whom he gave a most liberal education.

It is true that Voltaire died possessing a fortune of nearly four thousand pounds per annum, but it must also be remembered, first, that he came into the world enjoying at least six hundred a year, his father having occupied the post of treasurer to the Chamber des Comptes; secondly, that he had a very long minority; thirdly, that he was fortunate enough to enter into a speculation when the disastrous speculation of John Law, termed the Mississippi bubble, ruined one-half of the moneyed interest of France, by which he considerably increased his revenue; fourthly, that he was a man of the strictest economy, and laid it down as an axiom, to dedicate one hour in the day to his private concerns; fifthly, that he lived the best part of a century, and able calculators will decide whether greater fortunes are not to be acquired by savings than by direct gains. For the truth of this assertion I appeal to the Earl of Lauderdale, Mr. Malthus,

instance what he published on the cases of Calas, Sauvin, and the Marquis of Morangier, and as a further proof of his hatred to intolerance, be it remembered that no man ever contributed more than Voltaire to abolish the dreadful Inquisition, wherefore our poet should always be regarded as the scourge of fanaticism and the oracle of humanity.

and Mr. Ricardo, our three most illustrious writers on political economy, of the present century.

Having done with my author, Sir, I shall now proceed to say something in regard to the literary history of our poem.

In the translation of the preface annexed to the edition of Kehl, which will be found translated in the second volume, mention is made of the numerous variations inserted in the different publications of the *"Pucelle."* They are indeed very considerable, and for the most part extracted from that of 1756. The "Episode of Corisandre," forming a canto complete, is quite irrelevant to the subject-matter of the poem, which, conjoined with the multiplied emendations and additions, rendered it difficult to ascertain what was really the production of Voltaire, nor could any positive judgment be formed upon this subject, as the first edition published by Beaumelle and Maubert in 1755 was arranged from a manuscript consisting of fifteen Arguments, which they separated according to their own fancies, for, conceiving, as it is imagined, that an epic poem ought to consist of an even number of chapters, they made a new division of the poem, sometimes allotting to it eighteen and at others twenty-four cantos by subdividing them more or less into two; in other respects their editions do not contain a greater portion of matter than was to be found in the mutilated manuscript of which they had piratically acquired possession. At length, the

author, in order to put a stop to these surreptitious publications, determined, in 1762, upon issuing his real work to the public, forming but twenty arguments, six of which had not till then been known, viz.: the eighth, ninth, sixteenth, seventeenth, nineteenth, and twentieth; the "Episode of Corisandre" he also suppressed, adding the eighteenth chapter which had appeared separately in 1764, so that the number of cantos, as allowed by the author, remains at twenty-one, being those contained in the present translation, thus comprising the work as acknowledged by Voltaire to the French Academy, and the same which has uniformly met the public eye since that epoch.

If we may be permitted, Sir, to form an idea of the merits of a work from its rapid and extensive sale (and for my own part I do not know that there exists a better criterion), then most assuredly the *"Pucelle d'Orléans"* must occupy a predominant and almost unique figure in the scale of literary efforts, since it is a known fact that the press has never disseminated a poem in any age or country which has commanded a similar success; to hazard an opinion respecting the number of copies sold would be ridiculous, as every research has been made by the translator to ascertain if possible how many editions have been printed, but even this attempt has proved altogether abortive; we may, notwithstanding, judge of the fact in some measure, by stating that Beaumarchais' editions singly, out of the nu-

merous impressions that have appeared from different editors, consumed no less than sixty-seven thousand copies of Voltaire's works, complete in seventy, and in ninety-two volumes; we therefore leave our readers to form a conjecture as to what must have been the vent of this detached poem, printed singly in every form, at all prices, and incessantly issuing from the presses of the several states of Europe during the last half-century.

As the above statement, Sir, tends to prove the uncalculable sale which Voltaire's original poem has commanded, I must now acquaint the public that it requires a residence in France to ascertain the furore still predominating throughout the well-informed classes of the community for the perusal of this work; in vain has the Chapter of Notre Dame of Paris with the Archbishop at its head, thundered forth anathemas against the writings of our author; in vain have discourses been delivered from the pulpit to the same effect; the rage continues unabated, and at the present period no less than four editions of the works of Voltaire and Rousseau have emanated from the Parisian presses, to the complete discomfiture of unrelenting intolerance.

Many sarcasms and topics contained in the *"Pucelle"* were levelled at local circumstances, or referred to personages and historical events, with which the English reader, generally speaking, would be wholly unacquainted; the translator has in con-

sequence found it absolutely necessary to enlarge considerably upon the annotating part of the work, as otherwise the drift of the author must very frequently have remained unintelligible. In the course of these elucidations, which have required no small degree of research, the writer, however, presumes to flatter himself that his labors will not prove altogether unentertaining or divested of instruction; and with regard to any badinage contained in the progress of his numerous notes, he conceives it necessary to remark, that such style was merely adopted to keep pace with the playful spirit displayed by the poet; a fact sufficiently exemplified throughout every page of this grand serio-comic production.

I am, my Lord,
Your most obedient,
and very humble Servant,
W. H. IRELAND.

LETTER

OF

MONSIEUR VOLTAIRE

TO THE

FRENCH ACADEMY.

GENTLEMEN: I believe it only appertains to those who, like you, are placed at the head of literature, to attenuate the new torments to which authors have been exposed for some time past. When a theatrical piece is represented at Paris, if attended by success, it is in the first instance transcribed during representations, and then printed abounding with faults. If it so happens that the curious become possessed of the imperfect transcript of a work, all expedition is used in order to arrange the manuscript, by filling up the deficiencies in the best manner possible; and then a volume is boldly ushered forth to the public, bearing the name of an author to whom it does not belong. This is at once disfiguring and robbing him, and it is thus two years back that a production appeared under my name bearing the ridiculous title of a "Universal His-

tory," comprised in two small volumes, without method or order, which would not suffice to contain the history of a single city, and wherein every date was erroneous. If it so happens that they cannot print the work which they possess, manuscript copies are sold; and it is in this manner, I am given to understand, that some mutilated and falsified fragments are handed about purporting to be Memoirs which I collected from the public Archives respecting the war of 1741. In a similar manner is published a literary badinage composed thirty years back, upon the same subject as rendered Chapelain so famous. The manuscript copies of this work, forwarded to me from Paris, are of such a nature that a man who has the honor of holding the rank of your colleague,— who pretends to have some knowledge of his own tongue,— and who has acquired a portion of taste in your society and from your writings, can never be supposed to have committed them to paper. It has been recently printed in a manner no less ridiculous than revolting to the feelings. This poem first appeared at Frankfort, though announced as from the Louvain press; and two more impressions have likewise issued forth in Holland, which are precisely as incorrect as the foregoing.

This shameful abuse of attributing to us, works which are not of our composition, and of falsifying and mutilating those that are, and thus vending our name, can only be obliterated by the ignominy into

which those tenebrous effusions should be precipitated.

To you, Gentlemen, it appertains, as well as to the Academies formed after your model and of which I have the honor of being a member, to yield redress; for, when individuals like yourselves raise the voice to reprehend works which emanate from ignorance and cupidity, that public which you enlighten is soon disabused.

I am, Gentlemen,
with every sentiment of respect,
etc., etc.

VOLTAIRE.

ANSWER

OF

THE FRENCH ACADEMY.

SIR: The Academy is truly sensible of the pain which you must experience on account of the pirated and disfigured publication of which you complain. This, however, is a misfortune attendant upon celebrity; and what ought to afford you consolation, Sir, is an assurance that such readers as are capable of appreciating the merits of your writings, will never think of attributing to your pen the works placed to your account by ignorance and malice, while at the same time, every liberal mind participates in your suffering. In thus detailing the sentiments of the Academy, I beg you will rest persuaded of the consideration with which

I am, etc., etc.,

(Signed) DUCLOS, Perpetual Secretary.

Not long after the date of these letters appeared a new edition of the *"Pucelle,"* in which care was taken to insert them, together with an advertisement and other satirical pieces against M. de Voltaire;

from whence it may be very justly inferred that the first editors were his enemies, or despicable men, who, in order to procure money from a bookseller, violated a sacred depository in thus falsifying and endangering the reputation of a great man. The persons accused of this infamous proceeding were La Beaumelle and Maubert.

In these pirated editions, Calvin is found figuring at the period of Charles the Seventh; everything is disfigured by absurdities without number: an unfrocked Capuchin who assumed the name of Maubert, was the author of the most scandalous piracy, which was only executed for the amusement of the vulgar.

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THE MAID OF ORLEANS.

CANTO I.

ARGUMENT.

THE CHASTE LOVES OF CHARLES THE SEVENTH AND AGNES SOREL.— ORLEANS BESIEGED BY THE ENGLISH.—APPARITION OF SAINT DENIS. ETC.

THE praise of saints my lyre shall not rehearse,
Feeble my voice, and too profane my verse;
Yet shall my Muse to laud our Joan* incline,
Who wrought, 'tis said, such prodigies divine;
Whose virgin hand revived the drooping flower,
And gave to Gallia's lily tenfold power;
Rescued its monarch from the impending fate
So dreaded from victorious England's hate;
Made him give praise at Rheims to God adored,[1]
While on his temples holy oil was poured:
Although in visage Joan appeared the maid,
Although in stays and petticoat arrayed,
With boldest heroes she sustained her part,

* "Joan" pronounced to rhyme with "loan."

For Joan possessed a Roland's dauntless heart:
For me, much better should I love by night
A lamb-like beauty, to inspire delight;
But soon you'll find thro' every glowing page,
That Joan of Arc could boast the lion's rage;
You'll tremble at those feats she dared essay
How dauntlessly she braved the bloody fray;
But greatest of these rare exploits you'll hear,
Was, that she kept virginity — a year.

O Chapelain![2] O thou whose violin
Produced of old so harsh, so vile a din;
Whose bow Apollo's malediction had,
Which scraped his history in notes so sad;
Old Chapelain, to honor thy dull Muse,
In me thy genius thou wouldst fain infuse;
But no, I'll none on't, 'tis for me unfit,
Far better suited to Motte Houdart's wit,
Whose brain produced the Iliad Travesty,
Or to some friend, of his academy.

One Easter-tide, good Charles in youthful prime,[3]
At Tours renowned, thought fit to spend his time;
Where, at a ball, for much he loved to dance,[4]
It so fell out, that for the good of France,
He found a maid who beggared all compare,
Named Agnes Sorel,— Love had framed the fair:[5]
Let your warm fancy youthful Flora trace,
Of heavenly Venus add the enchanting grace,
The wood nymph's stature and bewitching guise,

With Love's seductive air and brilliant eyes,
Arachne's art, the siren's dulcet strain,
All she possessed; and, in her rosy chain,
The sage and hero each might have been proud,
And monarchs linked, before her beauty bowed;
To see her, love her, feel the kindling fire,
The ardent flame, the soft, the fond desire;
To tremble and regard with dove-like eyes,
To strive to speak and utter naught but sighs,
Her hands, with a caressing hand to hold,
Till panting all the flames her breast enfold.
By turns each other's tender pains impart,
And own the luscious thrill that sways the heart;
To please, in short, the task is of a day,
For kings in love have a peculiar way.[6]
Agnes, well versed in the seductive art,
'Neath veil mysterious strove to play her part,
Veil of thin gauze, through which will always pry
The envious courtier's keen, malignant eye.

To mask this business, and that none might know,
The king made choice of Counsellor Bonneau;[7]
Sure confidant, well versed in each device,
Who filled a certain post not over nice:
One who at court, where fangled terms they lend,
Is commonly esteemed the prince's friend;
But, in the town, and where vile peasants live,
Pimp is the name such vulgar people give.
Where Loire majestic winds its limpid flood,
A stately castle on the margin stood,

'Twas Bonneau's: thither was one night conveyed,
Upon the silvery stream the blushing maid;
There Charles in darkness to his Agnes hied;
They supped, while Bonneau served the rosy tide;
No pomp was seen, 'twas all for pleasure wrought;
Feasts of the Gods, ye are to this but naught.

Each fired alike with Love's ecstatic ray,
Maddened with passion, to their hopes a prey,
Darted warm looks which every wish inspired,
Forerunners of the pleasures they desired.
Their converse tender, nor with coarseness fraught,
Spurred the impatience that usurped each thought;
The prince inflamed, with eyes her charms devoured,
While in her ear, Love's tender tale he poured,
With feverish touch, her lily hand caressed,
While oft his knees 'gainst hers were closely pressed.

The banquet finished, music played awhile,
The air Italian, in chromatic style;
Flutes, hautboys, viols, softly breathed around,
While three melodious voices swelled the sound;
They sang in allegory, and the strain
Told of those heroes mighty love had slain,
Who fled of sounding glory the career,
To please the tender fair they loved most dear.
The concert echoed from concealed alcove,
Close to the chamber, then the scene of love.
Thus beauteous Agnes, the discreet and wise,
Heard all, but was not seen by human eyes.

The moon's pale course spoke midnight near at hand,
The hour for bliss, which lovers understand.

In a recess adorned, which met the gaze,
Neither obscure, nor filled by splendid rays,
Between two rich embroidered sheets were laid
The dazzling beauties of the heavenly maid.
Near the alcove a portal open stood,
Which gentle Alix, dame expert and good,
The chamber quitting never thought to close.
O! you in whose soft breasts the passion glows,
Lovers, 'tis you can feel the sharp desire,
The strong impatience of great Gallia's sire.
The graceful tresses that adorned his head,
Already were with choicest perfumes spread,
He came! O! tender moment, blissful night,
He sprang towards his mistress with delight!
Quick throbbed their hearts; both tender love and shame
The cheek of Agnes tinged with roseate flame;
But bashfulness soon fled; the lover's arms
Banished all fears, save tender love's alarms;
Dazzled, enchanted were his ardent eyes,
That wildly gazed upon the heavenly prize:
Who but would worship, that like him had pressed
A neck in fairest alabaster dressed;
Two rising orbs at equal distance placed,
Heaving and falling, by Love's pencil traced,
Each crowned with vermil blood of damask rose;

Enchanting bosom which ne'er knew repose,
You seemed the gaze and pressure to invite,
And wooed the longing lips to seek delight.

Ever complying with my reader's taste,
I mean to paint as low as Agnes' waist;
To show that symmetry, devoid of blot,
Where Argus' self could not discern a spot;
But virtue, which the world good manners calls,
Stops short my hand,—And lo! the pencil falls.

In Agnes all was beauty, all was fair,
Voluptuousness, whereof she had her share,
Spurred every sense which instant took th' alarm,
Adding new grace to every brilliant charm
It animated: Love can use disguise,
And pleasure heightens beauty in our eyes.
Three months they shared this ecstasy of joy,
Nor did one envious cloud their bliss annoy.

Love's couch they left, and then to table hied;
There with fresh vigor was each nerve supplied,
Rekindling all that strength which love had tamed;
Anon to join the chase they felt inflamed,
And mounted both on gallant steeds of Spain,
With yelping hounds they coursed the verdant plain:
Returned, they sought the bath's refreshing stream;
Arabian odors, paste and perfumed cream,
All that could soften, polish and delight,
Was spread with bounteous hand, to please the sight.

The dinner served, what dainties met the eyes,
The pheasant and each tender bird that flies;
Ragouts delicious, which exhaled a smell,
Pleasing the nose and palate, passing well:
Wine d'Ai, whose froth in sparks died quick away,
And goblets of the yellow hued Tokay
Warmed the young brain with fire, that could not fail
In sallies of the liveliest wit to exhale;
Brilliant as liquor when the bubbles swim,
And sparkling dance around the goblet's brim:
Bonneau, with peals of laughter loud and free,
Paid homage to his good king's *grand esprit.*

The banquet ended, mirth and jest went round;
Blind to their own, their neighbors' faults were found;
By Master Alain verses loud were bawled,[8]
Then were the doctors of the Sorbonne called,[9]
An harlequin, who wore the motley shape,
Some squalling parrots, and an antic ape.
Forth to the play just as the sun withdrew,
The monarch hurried with a chosen few,
And to conclude once more the blissful day,
The pair, with love overcome, both died away.

Plunged in the soft excess of dear delight,
The pleasure seemed redoubled with the night;
Each moment happy and with ardor fired,
No quarrel, nor no jealousy inspired;

No languor: Time and Love in Agnes' sight
Having forgot to wing their wonted flight:
Charles oft would say when locked in her embrace,
Imprinting burning kisses on her face:
" My love, my Agnes, idol of my soul,
Thy charms are dearer than the world's control.
To conquer and to reign is folly now,
My Parliament forsakes me, and I bow
'Fore conquering England's matchless bravery,
Well, let them reign, but let them envy me;
I have thy heart, and am more king than they."
The speech was not heroical, you'll say,
But when an hero's with his love in bed,
'Tis passion sways alike the heart and head;
Fired with this earthly paradise his lot,
What's said at night, next morn may be forgot.

As thus he lived from every sorrow free,
Just like an abbott, in his rich abbey,[10]
The English Prince, with whom war was the word,[11]
In camp quite armed, well booted too and spurred,
With dagger at his side and lance in rest,
The vizor down of helm that cased his crest,
Trampled contemptuously the conquered land;
He marched, he flew, all fell beneath his hand,
He levelled walls and turrets, spilt our blood,
Robbed, taxed, and pillaged, for his army's good,
Gave mothers, daughters, to his soldiers' rage,
And violated nuns of every age,
Drank of the monks' rich stores of rosy wine,

Nor left one bottle of the muscadine;
Gold they purloined which relics had enchased,
Then into useful coin the ore debased;
Each sacred ordinance by them was spurned,
Churches and chapels were to stables turned:
Just so when greedy wolves, with ravenous eyes,
Spring 'mid the fold and seize the bleating prize,
Tear with their reeking jaws the victim's breast,
While in a distant meadow lulled to rest,
Colin, enfolded in his loved-one's arms,
Sleeps undisturbed, contented with her charms,
While near him, lo! his dog devours the meat,
Which, at his supper, Colin could not eat.

Bright apogeum, golden gleam so high,
Mansion of saints beyond weak mortal's eye;
'Twas thence Saint Denis gazed on Gallia's woes,[12]
The pangs inflicted by its conquering foes;
Paris subdued, enchained its royal sire,
Heedless of all, save Agnes and love's fire:[13]
This Denis, Frenchmen Gallia's patron paint,
As anciently of Rome, Mars was the saint,
Or Pallas, with the brave Athenian race,
Allowing a small difference in the case,
That one bright saint i' the scale will have this odds,
He'll counterbalance all the heathen gods.

"Ah! by the Lord," said he, "it is not just
That mighty France should humble with the dust,
Where I myself Religion's banner spread;

And shall the flower de luce thus hang its head?
Blood of Valois, thy sufferings touch my breast,[14]
Let us not suffer the aspiring crest
Of the fifth Henry's brothers, without right,[15]
The lineal heir of France to put to flight;
I have, though saint, and God accord me grace,
A rooted hatred to the British race,
For, if the book of destiny speaks true,
The day shall come when this bold thinking crew
Will saints and their decrees both laugh to scorn;
The Roman annals will by them be torn,
And yearly they'll in effigy destroy
Rome's sacred pontiff and the Lord's viceroy.
Let us revenge this sacrilegious thought,
And punishment inflict, ere it be wrought;
My French beloved, ye shall be Catholics,
And ye, fierce English, shall be heretics.
Chase hence these British dogs, leave not a man,
Let's punish them by some unheard of plan,
For all this wickedness which they intend."
Thus spoke the patron Denis — France's friend,
Guardian of Gallia's flower de luce so fair,
Then, muttering curses, mumbled the Lord's Prayer.

While thus alone the saint conned o'er the case,
A council then at Orleans [16] took place.
Blockaded was the city round about,
Nor could it longer for the king hold out;
Some grey old counsellors and lords of might,
One half pedantic, t'other bred to fight,

Alike, in doleful tones exclaimed each one,
"Alas! my friends, what further can be done?"
Poton,[17] Dunois,[18] La Hire,[19] could bear no more,
So cried, as in despite their nails they tore:
"Come friends, at once let's bravely death defy,
And prove that for our country we can die."
"By heaven,"[20] cried Richemont, "Wherefore thus sit tame?
Let us at once set Orleans in a flame;
Let us the foe deride, and thus expire,
Leaving them naught but ashes, smoke and fire."
Trimouille[21] exclaimed: "That moment vain I rue,
When parents made me native of Poitou;
For Orleans' town from Milan did I flee,
Quitting, alas! my charming Dorothy;
Though 'reft of hope 'fore Heaven, I yet will fight;
Yet must I die, unblest by her dear sight?"
Louvet,[22] the president, great personage,
Whose grave appearance might have dubbed him sage,
Exclaimed: "'Twould previously be my intent
That we should pass an act of Parliament
Against the British; and that in such case,
Each point be canvassed in its proper place."
Great clerk was Louvet, yet he could not trace,
With mental ken, his sad and piteous case;
Had this been known, his grave thoughts he had bent
On sage proceedings 'gainst dame president.
Of dire besiegers, Talbot, chief of fame,

Burns to possess her — she requites his flame.
Louvet, unconscious of the fateful thrall,
Strives with male eloquence to rescue Gaul.
Amid this council of the wise and brave
Were heard orations eloquent and grave,
Virtue inspiring and the public good;
Foremost in flowing phrase is understood
La Hire, who, though to long harangues inclined,
So ably speaks as to enchain the mind.
Much were their arguments with wisdom fraught;
Their words were gold, but they concluded naught.

While thus haranguing, they beheld in air
A strange appearance, most divinely fair;
A lovely phantom, tinged with vermil dye,
Enthroned on sunbeam, 'mid the azure sky,
Which, through the wide aerial expanse sailed,
A saint-like odor all around exhaled;
This imp, o'er front, a pointed mitre wore,
With gold and silver wrought: behind — before;
A streamer, loosely hung on either side
His Dalmatic, the breezes wafted wide;
With dazzling glory was his front arrayed;[23]
His head reclined, the embroidered Stole displayed;[24]
He bore the pastoral Crozier in his hand,[25]
Which was, in ancient times, the Augur's wand.

Struck with the sight which they but ill discerned,
Each his regard upon his fellow turned;
Trimouille the first, a lecherous devotee,

Began to pray upon his bended knee.
Richemont, whose breast an iron heart concealed,
Blasphemer, and whose lips but oaths revealed,
Raising his voice, exclaimed: " It is the devil
From hell arrived, dread mansion of all evil;
'Twould be, methinks, agreeable and strange,
Could we with Lucifer some words exchange."
Away ran Louvet, in his zeal quite hot,
To fetch of holy water a full pot:
Bewildered Poton, Dunois, and La Hire,
Opened their eyes all three, appalled with fear;
Stretched on his belly every valet laid:
The Saint appeared, in lustrous garb arrayed,
Borne on bright gleam, descended to the ground,
Then dealt his holy benediction round.
They knelt, and crossed themselves; the vision fair
Raised them from earth with kind paternal care,
Then said aloud: " My sons, be not afraid,
My name is Denis,[26] I'm a saint by trade;
Gaul has by me been loved and catechised,
But all my favor now is scandalized,
To see my godson Charles I loved so dear,
Whose land's in flames, whose subjects quake with fear,
Rather than seek to comfort the distressed,
Spend all his time upon a strumpet's breast.
I have resolved, by saint-like mercy led,
To fight for those who in his cause have bled;
I wish to end the woes you have endured,
'Tis said all ills by contraries are cured;

So, if the monarch for an harlot fain
Will lose his kingdom and his honor stain,
I have resolved to save the king and land,
And work my purpose by a maiden hand;
If for protection from on high you'd sue,
If ye are Frenchmen tried and Christians true;
If ye love King, Church, and State, arise,
Assist me in my sacred enterprise;
Guide me where I should seek the bird at rest,
And rouse the glorious phœnix from its nest."

Thus having spoke, the Sire then held his tongue,
When lo! the chamber with loud laughter rung;
Young Richemont, framed for pleasantry and joke,
Anon the learned preacher thus bespoke:
"Ah! wherefore, good Sir Saint, take so much pains,
Abandoning for earth your heavenly plains,
Of us poor sinful mortals to inquire
For this dear treasure you so much admire?
To save a city, I could never see
That there was magic in virginity;
Besides, to seek it, wherefore hither come,
You that already have such stores at home?
The countless tapers at Loretto's shrine,[27]
Are naught in number to your maids divine;
With us in France, there are, alas! no more,
Our convents all are silent on that score:
Our princes, officers, and archers free,
The provinces have stripped of each degree;
Of saints, to prove that they were naught afraid,

More bastards far than orphans have they made.
To finish, Mister Denis, our dispute,
Seek maids elsewhere; there's no one here will
suit."[28]

The saint blushed to hear such loose discourse,
Then quick remounted on his heavenly horse,
Upon his golden gleam; nor word spake more,
Spurred either side, and through the air did soar,
To see if that bright jewel could be had,
So wondrous rare,— for which he seemed stark
mad:
Well, let him go, and while perched on a ray,
Bespeaking the approach of jocund day,
Friend reader, when on love you fix your mind,
May you gain that which Denis went to find.

END OF CANTO I.

NOTES TO CANTO I.

[1] Holy oil, or la Sainte Ampoule, is said to have been a present despatched from heaven to King Clovis, upon his embracing Christianity at the solicitation of his wife, Saint Clotilda, and, we are told, was brought from heaven in the beak of a dove. One might be led to doubt the veracity of this assertion (says my authority gravely) were it not that all historians attach faith to the relation and that the continued miracle of this Ampoule, always furnishing a sufficient quantity of unction for the purposes of the coronation of each succeeding monarch, did not attest the singular interposition of heaven and the puissant effect of Divine Providence. As this prodigy was accorded to France in the time of Saint Remy, Archbishop of Rheims, the precious treasure was confided to him and his successors, who were always to perform the ceremony of the coronation. I shall terminate this note by stating that, after the inauguration of Louis XIV., at the beginning of the French Revolution, when citizen Rhul, a furious Jacobin and a member of the National Convention, was deputed to visit Rheims in order to seize the riches of the churches and monasteries for the benefit of the nation, he, in order to show his contempt for this celestial oil, in presence of a vast concourse of people, caused the blessed vessel to be brought, with the contents of which he most sacrilegiously thought fit to put a fresh polish upon his dirty boots, and then dashed the phial into pieces in the presence of the multitude.

[2] James Chapelain, a poet and member of the French Academy, was born at Paris in 1595, and is frequently mentioned in the works of Balzac. He was the author of several learned works, and particularly distinguished himself by the production of the heroic poem sarcastically alluded

to by Voltaire in the above line, entitled *"La Pucelle, ou la France Délivrée,"* which work occupied several years of his life; so that the public expectation was raised to the highest pitch, and upon its appearance it was as much contemned by some as it was ridiculously extolled by others. Chapelain, who enjoyed the post of king's Counsel, died in 1674. It is rather a remarkable circumstance, in opposition to the general rule among the votaries of the Muse, that this writer was a miser as well as a poet. Voltaire's note upon Chapelain's poem of *"La Pucelle,"* etc., concludes as follows:

"In the time of Cardinal Richelieu lived one Chapelain, author of a famous poem, entitled *'La Pucelle,'* etc., which consisted, according to the opinion of the celebrated Boileau, of twelve times twelve hundred miserable verses. In stating thus much, Boileau, however, was not aware that this renowned poet composed twelve times twenty-four hundred verses; but that he had sufficient discretion to expunge the half." As a further proof of the estimation in which Chapelain's poem was regarded by the satiric Boileau and his witty associates, it is a known fact, that when the author of the Lutrin inhabited Auteuil in the vicinity of Paris, which house still exists near the church in the wood of Saint Cloud, he took delight in assembling under his roof the eminent geniuses of his age, especially Chapelle, Racine, Molière, and LaFontaine. When he had these celebrated writers to dine with him, literature was, as might naturally be supposed, the general topic of conversation, and as the *"Pucelle"* usually lay upon the table, whoever happened to be guilty of a grammatical error in speaking was compelled by way of punishment to read a passage from the work in question.

[3] Charles the Seventh, surnamed The Victorious, succeeded his father, Charles the Sixth, at the age of twenty, in the year 1422, and was crowned at Poictiers, whither he had removed his parliament on the 6th of November in the same year. The commencement of this king's reign was characterized by troubles and disorders fomented by Henry

the Sixth of England, who was proclaimed king of France at Paris. Charles was a weak prince, formed to be governed by his mistresses and ministers; but the former were possessed of virtues, and the latter by no means deficient in talents. In 1428, the siege of Orleans was raised by the English, owing to the enthusiasm produced in the French army by the intrepid and glorious deeds of Joan of Arc, surnamed the Maid of Orleans, and who ultimately conducted the king to Rheims, where he was crowned by the hands of the Archbishop of Chartres. During the conflicts which succeeded, the English were almost uniformly discomfited, so that before the expiration of 1451 they were compelled to abandon France, retaining Calais only in their possession. Charles was espoused to Mary, daughter of Louis, the second Duke of Anjou, by whom he had eleven children, four sons and seven daughters, of whom two sons only survived him, namely, Louis and Charles; he had also three illegitimate children, according to Mezeray. In 1461 Charles died at Meun in the province of Berry, in the sixtieth year of his age and the fortieth of his reign, having abstained from taking nourishment, under the apprehension of being poisoned, through the machinations of his son, the Dauphin, afterwards Louis the Eleventh.

[4] This indolence and nullity of character affords us an insight as to the rest of Charles's conduct, whose pleasures were all enchained, since he only sought to feed the absence of his mind with voluptuousness. France was on the verge of annihilation, and the felicity of the monarch consisted in opening a ball. He suffered Joan of Arc to combat, to triumph and expire in torments without appearing even conscious of the several scenes as they were acted in succession around him.

[5] Agnes Sorel, or Soreau, was a native of Fromenteau, in the vicinity of Tours. She received from Charles the Seventh the title of *Beauté sur Marne* (Lady of Beauty). Agnes bore the monarch two children and he always continued her ardent lover, though, according to the historians of that era, he is stated never to have cohabited with her;

but there is nothing surprising in this, when we consider how *strictly* all historians adhere to veracity when they chronicle the records of a prince *prior* to his decease.

The noble character of Agnes Sorel serves as a veil obscuring all her weaknesses, since the page of history affords us convincing proofs that of her lover she created a king; it was Armida presenting the shield to Rinaldo; a female ranking almost a heroine, regarding the noble allurements of glory as far superior to the frivolous blandishments of pleasure. The queen herself admired Agnes, and even carried her generosity so far as to unite with the mistress in order to raise the pusillanimous Charles above himself. The exalted mind of Mary of Anjou disdained the idea of jealousy; she had not less magnanimity of soul and possessed a greater fund of virtue; her prudent counsels and the intrepidity of her soul combined to maintain the crown upon the brows of her husband. It seems to have been the fate of Charles to grant all to females, to whom he was indebted for everything. In fact four women appear to have been of more real utility to him than all his ministers and generals combined: Jacquelina of Hainault disunited his enemies, Mary of Anjou and Agnes Sorel invigorated his courage, and Joan of Arc led him on to glory and to triumph. It is generally acknowledged that Agnes died from the effects of poison in 1449, administered, as is strongly surmised, at the instigation of Louis the Dauphin, eldest son of Charles the Seventh. The perpetrator of this crime is said to have been Jacques Cœur, master of the Mint at Bourges, and keeper of the king's plate, whose riches were so immense that he was vulgarly supposed to be in possession of the philosopher's stone. At the period of Agnes Sorel's death Charles was at Jumieges, where he comforted himself for his loss by taking to mistress Antoinette de Maiguelais, dame de Villequier, a cousin of Agnes Sorel. Independent of whom he had many other damsels to please his eye, being then impotent.

Agnes Sorel was interred in the centre of the collegiate church of Loches; her effigy was represented in white marble with two angels supporting a slab upon which her

head reposed, while two lambs lay recumbent at her feet. She had bestowed considerable gifts upon this church, notwithstanding which, the prebends, *with true priest-like gratitude,* conceiving that Louis the Eleventh entertained the same hatred towards the beautiful Agnes after her death as he had cherished during her life, requested permission of that monarch to remove the tomb from the choir of the church; to which the prince consented, if they were willing to restore all the riches which they had received at her hands. The following couplets were penned by Francis the First on contemplating a portrait of Agnes Sorel.

> Gentille Agnès, plus d'honneur tu mérite,
> La cause étant de France recouvrer,
> Que ce que peut dans un cloître ouvrer
> Close nonain, ou bien dévot hermite.

[6] Our poet has been guilty of a most flagrant anachronism in making Charles enamored of Agnes Sorel at this period of history; for, by referring to Mezeray, it will be found that he was at the height of his fondness for that lady in 1445, which was fourteen years subsequent to the death of Joan of Arc, executed in 1431.

[7] Under the name of Bonneau, Voltaire is supposed to have satirized Monsieur Bourvalais, a *fermier général,* who was in the habit of giving most sumptuous breakfasts to his master Louis the Fifteenth, whom he equally served in those other employments for which Bonneau is stated to have merited the significant appellation of *pimp.* That the Gallic monarchs, however, were not the sole proprietors of this *pander-employment* is evident, since no less a personage than the warlike Edward the First, surnamed the English Justinian, was not unwilling to perpetuate fame of these courtly sycophants, as will appear manifest on consulting the Blount's Tenures, 39, where, under the head *Pimp Tenures,* appears as follows: *Willielmus Hoppeshor tenat dimidam virgatam terrae, in Rockhampton de Domino Rege, per servitium custotiendi sex demisella, seil: meritrices ad usum: Domin. Reg.* 12 *Ed.* 1*st.*

[8] Alluding to Alain Chartier, surnamed the father of eloquence, a very celebrated writer, who flourished in the fifteenth century, native of Bayeux, and secretary to the kings Charles the Sixth and Seventh, by whom he was respectively employed in several embassies. He was as renowned for his wit as his literary efforts, which were published in 1617, consisting of compositions in prose and verse. He died in 1449, leaving a brother named John Chartier, who was a Benedictine monk and wrote the Great Chronicle of France, from Pharamond to the death of Charles the Seventh, printed in 1493; but his history of Charles the Seventh was not published till 1661.

A curious anecdote is handed down by historians respecting Alain Chartier to the following effect: It is stated that Queen Margaret of Scotland, then wife of the Dauphin, afterwards Louis the Eleventh, happening to pass through one of the chambers of the palace, found Alain Chartier absorbed in sound sleep; upon which, approaching gently, she pressed her lips to his and kissed him; a circumstance that created much astonishment in her attendants, as the physiognomy of the poet was very far from prepossessing; whereupon the queen, addressing her followers, said: "It is not the man I have kissed, but the precious mouth from whence issues words so sweet and enchanting." Alain Chartier was the first French poet who rendered his versification soft and sonorous.

[9] The Doctors of the Sorbonne, against whom this severe sarcasm is levelled, were professors of theology, holding their assemblies in the house of Sorbonne, at Paris, a college founded by Robert de Sorbonne, confessor and favorite of Saint Louis, in the year 1252, from whom it derived its name. One of the rules of this institution, formerly held in such high repute, was, that no student could pass a bachelor's degree without having studied several years at the university, and being capable of maintaining nine or ten public theses; nor could he be invested with the doctor's cap, without performing the Sorbonic act, which lasted from the rising until the setting of the sun, without ever

being permitted to quit the chair, either to eat or to take breath, unless for the purpose of swallowing a little broth or the yolk of an egg, in order to be able to answer all the disputants that might present themselves to oppose the positions laid down, which were generally upon theological topics, and which, according to Martin Scriblerius, served to demonstrate *an præter esse reale actualis essentiæ sit aliud esse necessarium, quo res actualiter existat.* Rabelais, treating upon this subject, says: *"Puis en Sorbonne tint contre tous les théologiciens par l'espace de six semaines, depuis le matin a quatre heures jusques à six du soir: exceptez deux heures d'intervalle pour repaistre et prendre sa refection, non qu'il en gardast les dits theologiciens sorboniques de déopiner et se refraîchir à leurs buvettes accoutumées."* John Duns Scotus, surnamed Doctor Subtilis, as well as Saint Thomas Aquinas (whose notions he opposed, which produced the two parties named Thomists and Scotists) were both members of this celebrated order. It was customary to annex some specific epithet to the name of these famous doctors, such as, Angelicus, Seraphicus, Irrefragibilis, Subtilis, etc. Our Butler, speaking of these deep theologians, says:

> In school divinity as able
> As he that hight irrefragable;
> A second Thomas, or at once
> To name them all, another Dunce.
>
> * * * * * * *
>
> For he a rope of sand could twist
> As tough as learned Sorbonist;
> And weave fine cobwebs, fit for skull
> That's empty when the moon is full;
> Such as take lodgings in a head
> That's to be let unfurnished.

The following ancient epitaph applied equally well to these irrefragable Doctors of school divinity:

> J'ay veseu sans soucy, je suis mort sans regret,
> Je ne suis d'aucun; car je ne plains personne;
> De scavoir où je vay, c'est un trop grand secret;
> Je laisse à juger à Messieurs de Sorbonne.

[10] By an abbey or monastery is understood a sacred asylum against the corruption of the age, which in ancient times, when zealous faith preponderated, was founded and endowed by some saintly vagrant, and destined to receive a certain number of males and females, who consecrated themselves to singing, eating and sleeping, in order that the laborious part of the community might be prosperous in toiling for their support. [In justice it must be admitted that the monasteries were centres of learning, of art, and of broad charities.]

[11] John, Duke of Bedford, third son of Henry the Fourth and uncle of Henry the Sixth, in 1422, had the command of the English forces in France, and the same year was nominated regent of that country by his nephew, Henry the Sixth, whom he caused to be proclaimed at Paris. He defeated the French fleet near Southampton, and made himself master of Cotoi, entered Paris at the head of his army, and beat the Duke d'Alençon, having thus rendered himself conquerer of France. He died at Rouen, 1435, where a sumptuous monument was erected to his memory, which one of the courtiers of Charles the Eighth advised that monarch to destroy, who, we are informed, made the following reply: "No; let him rest in peace now dead, who, while living, made all Frenchmen tremble." It is to be regretted that the Duke of Bedford, as renowned in the field, as consummate in the cabinet, should have completely tarnished his fame by pursuing a line of conduct towards a youthful and heroic female which would have degraded the most ignoble of the human race. We cannot account for the conduct of this nobleman towards Joan of Arc, whom destiny had placed in his power; she nobly combated to emancipate her country from a foreign yoke, and whatsoever might have been the effect produced on vulgar minds from the idea of her supernatural mission, it is scarcely to be believed that the regent of France gave credit to the tales of sorcery and infernal agency attributed to the Maid of Orleans; in which case his mind could only have been swayed by the basest of all human passions: the gratifica-

of a dark and cowardly revenge towards an heroic victim whom fate had placed at his mercy.

[12] The worthy Denis above alluded to must not be confounded with Denis the pretended areopagite, but a bishop of Paris. Abbé Hildouin was the first who wrote concerning this celebrated churchman's decapitation, by whom we are informed that he walked leisurely, with his head in his hand, from the city of Paris to the celebrated town of Saint Denis, distant about five miles; and, in order that posterity might bear this circumstance in mind, large stone crosses were erected on the road at every spot where this worthy patron of France thought fit to halt during his headless progress. Cardinal Polignac, retailing this history to Madame du Deffant, added that Denis found it no difficult matter to proceed with his head in his hand after arriving at the first resting-place; to which that lady archly replied: "I really believe it, for in such cases *ce n'est que le premier pas qui coûte;* — it is merely the first step that is difficult." The ancient chroniclers of the lives of saints were precisely upon a par with the scribes upon knight errantry; for, in proportion as the latter rendered the brave actions of many heroes ridiculous on account of their egregious untruths, in like manner the former have abused the piety of many devout and praiseworthy individuals by imposing upon them such ridiculous stories as the one in question, attributed to our headless Saint Denis.

[13] In the researches of Pasquier we are informed that, from the conclusions drawn from Marigni, the king's advocate, Charles the Seventh, being at that period Dauphin of France, was, by sound of trumpet, at the marble table, three several times expulsed from the throne by the Parliament of Paris.

[14] The race of Valois, or the second branch of the line of Capet, called Capetiens, commenced under Philip the Sixth, called of Valois, in 1328, being the fifty-third monarch; he was eldest son of Charles of France, count of Valois, and of Margaret of Sicily, his first wife, and was

named regent of the kingdoms of France and Navarre; but the queen being two months afterwards delivered of a daughter, Philip was recognized and declared king of France.

[15] The brothers of Henry the Fifth were Thomas of Lancaster, Duke of Clarence; John, Duke of Bedford, regent of France; and Humphrey, Duke of Gloucester, surnamed The Good, charged with the government of England during the minority of his nephew, Henry the Sixth, but poisoned through the machinations of his enemies, of whom Cardinal Beaufort ranked foremost.

[16] Orleans, anciently Cenabum or Genabum, one of the principal cities of the Carnules, is not far distant from Chartres and Dreux, the principal seat of the Druids, or philosophic priests of the Gauls. This city derives its origin from the most remote antiquity in the annals of the civilization of the Gauls or Celts, and under the sons of Clovis was the metropolis of a kingdom. It is surrounded by plains abundantly productive of wine, grains, and fruits, watered by the Loire and various other streams, and from this current the department derives its name of Loiret, of which Orleans is the capital, containing a population of upwards of 40,000 souls. The cathedral is a very fine gothic structure, and there are still traces of the ramparts and towers which anciently protected the city from assailants. In 1458 Charles the Seventh caused the first monument to be erected to the memory of the heroic Maid of Arc, which was in a great measure destroyed during the troubles in 1567; but in 1571 it was recast at the expense of the city, by one Hector Lescot, otherwise Jacquinot. This monument represented the Virgin Mary seated at the foot of the cross, supporting upon her knees the outstretched body of Christ; to the right of which was the statue of Charles the Seventh, and to the left that of Joan of Arc, both kneeling in the act of prayer, and completely armed, with the exception of their heads, the helmets being placed upon the ground. This interesting monument unfortunately shared the fate

of so many other valuable relics during the period of revolutionary anarchy which reigned in 1793: on the 12th of May there was an annual ceremony in commemoration of the raising the siege of Orleans. On the preceding night a young man, who was selected to represent the *Pucelle,* was consigned to prison, from whence he was led forth the ensuing morning, arrayed in the costume of the time. All the constituted authorities then marched in procession to the cathedral, and an eulogium was delivered on the glorious achievements of Joan of Arc, when the cavalcade proceeded to the bridge, at the foot of which the tower originally stood that was taken by the heroine; there, upon a scaffold purposely erected, some Latin stanzas were chanted to the memory of the *Puccelle,* at the termination of which the retinue returned to the cathedral, and the fête concluded with a grand entertainment at the mansion-house, together with a ball at night, accompanied by festivities and an illumination throughout the city.

[17] Jean Poton de Saintrailles, grand Seneschal of Limousin, born of a noble family in Gascony, greatly signalized himself by his services under the respective reigns of Charles the Sixth and Seventh. He made the famous Lord Talbot, Earl of Shrewsbury, prisoner at the battle of Patay, in 1429; as also the Earl of Arundel at the conflict of Gerberoy, in 1435; he also pursued with heroic ardor all the expeditions which tended to liberate Normandy and Guienne from the shackles of the English; and was presented with the staff of Marshal of France in 1454; of which he was deprived in 1461 by Louis the Eleventh, the implacable enemy of the best and most heroic supporters of his father; two months after which Saintrailles died at the castle of Trompette, of which he was the governor. His courage, in conformity with his character, was frank, noble, and decided.

[18] Jean d'Orleans, count de Dunois and Longueville, natural son of the Lady de Coucy and Louis, Duke of Orleans, which latter prince was assassinated by order of

the Duke of Burgundy. He was born on the 23d of November, 1407; and our young hero commenced his career by the defeat of the earls of Warwick and Suffolk, whom he pursued to the walls of Paris. Orleans being besieged by the English, he bravely defended that place; thus affording time for Joan of Arc to bring up her reinforcements. The raising of this siege was followed up by numerous successes on the part of the French, while to the Count Dunois was attributable the major part of the honor of chasing his enemies from the provinces of Normandy and Guienne; to which he gave the finishing stroke at Chastillon in 1451, after having taken from the English, Blaie, Fronsac, Bordeaux, and Bayonne; by which exploits Charles the Seventh was indebted to his sword for the possession of his throne. For these signal services, the king did not prove ungrateful, honoring him with the enviable title of *restaurateur de la patrie,* restorer of his country; he also presented him with the title of Count de Longueville, and honored him with the charge of grand chamberlain of France; nor was he less esteemed by Louis the Eleventh, under whose reign he entered into the league denominated *"bien public,"* of which he proved the very soul by his excellent conduct and consummate experience. This great hero died on the 24th of November, 1468, aged sixty-one; being regarded as a second Du Guesclin, and as much feared by the enemies of the State as he was idolized and respected by all good citizens for his courage and prudence, for his greatness of soul and beneficence, and in fine, for a concentration of all those virtues which constitute a good and a great man.

[19] Stephen de Vignolles, better known by the name of La Hire, was descended from the illustrious house of the Barons of Vignolles; who, being driven from their estates by the English, established themselves in Languedoc. He was one of the most renowned French captains in the reign of Charles the Seventh, who was indebted to him for the raising of the seige of Montargis, which was invested by the Duke of Bedford; La Hire also accompanied Joan of

Arc to the siege of Orleans, where he performed prodigies of valor. This great soldier terminated his brilliant career at Montauban in 1447, and very deservedly holds a most distinguished rank among those heroes who established the unstable throne of Charles the Seventh.

In a very ancient volume of *bons mots* and speeches of distinguished personages, the following anecdote of La Hire is introduced under the ensuing head: *"Paroles hardies de la Hire à Charles Sept."* La Hire being despatched by the army to Charles the Seventh, in order to set before him the real state of his affairs, and that, on account of the want of provisions, money, and other necessaries, the English had taken possession of several cities, and that the French had also lost many battles; the monarch, in order to display his familiarity towards La Hire, set before him those luxuries upon which his delight was placed, his courtezans, his banquetings, his balls, etc., at the same time inquiring what he thought of them; upon which La Hire bluntly replied: *"On n'a jamais vu Roi aussi gaîment que vous se défaire de sa couronne, son royaume, et tout."* No monarch was ever known to resign his crown, his kingdom, and everything, so gayly as yourself.

[20] The above exclamation, placed by our poet in the mouth of Richemont, is extremely appropriate to the real character of that gallant knight, as handed down to us by his biographers; for we find in his memoirs, that, upon first beholding Joan of Arc, he exclaimed, *"Viens-tu de par Dieu, ou de par le diable? Si c'est de par Dieu, je ne te crains guère; si c'est de par le diable, je te crains encore moins."* It was nevertheless this same warrior, so superior, on account of his rare qualifications, to the age in which he flourished, who notwithstanding took honor to himself for having, when in Brittany, caused to be burned all those whom he met reputed to be adepts in sorcery and witchcraft; and of such he states the having found instances at every step. As a further proof of the superstition of that period, when the physicians despaired of curing the malady of King Charles the Sixth, a magician was sent for, in

whose suite were several monks of Saint Augustine's order, together with a company of sorcerers, the least skilful of whom were burned. *Ce Essai sur l'Histoire générale du règne de Charles Six.*

Artus the Third, Duke of Brittany, surnamed the Judge, formerly Count de Richemont and Constable of France, was born in 1393, being the son of John, Duke of Brittany. He was small of stature, but possessed of undaunted courage, and greatly contributed in restoring Charles the Seventh to his throne; he signalized himself at the battle of Agincourt, where he was made prisoner, and in order to recover his liberty was compelled to serve under the King of England. Richemont afterwards overcame the English in Normandy and in Poitou, gaining the battle of Patay, in Beauce, in 1429, and that of Formigni in 1451. His nephew, Peter, called the Simple, dying in 1456 without children, he succeeded to the dukedom of Brittany; from which period he always caused two naked swords to be carried before him; the one as Duke of Brittany, and the other as Constable. He enjoyed his reign but fifteen months, and died without heirs in his sixty-sixth year, A. D. 1458, regretted by his subjects, whom he governed with mildness, as well as esteemed, though hated by the courtiers and troops, because he suppressed the plunderings of both with as much haughtiness as severity.

The favorites of Charles the Seventh were not spared by Artus, when he had charge of the affairs of that Prince; for having perceived that Giac, one of the King's minions, placed to his own account sums destined for the army, he caused him to be seized in his bed, and after some slight formalities of justice, ordered him to be thrown into the river. Camus Beaulieu, another favorite, no less rapacious than Giac, was assassinated in a street of Poitiers by Marshal de Boussac, charged with the constable's orders, the deed being committed almost under the King's own eyes; and La Trimouille was also committed to prison upon another occasion, although Charles the Seventh regarded him less in the light of a courtier than that of a friend.

[21] Trimouille, or Tremoille, Viscount of Thouars, Prince de Talmond, was born the 20th of September, 1460, being descended from one of the most ancient and illustrious houses in the kingdom. He signalized himself for feats of arms at so early a period of life, that when only eighteen years of age, he was named a General of the Royal Army. He gained a signal victory at Saint Aubin du Cormier in 1488; and made prisoners the Prince of Orange and the Duke of Orleans, afterwards Louis the Twelfth; this feat of arms was succeeded by numerous others, while his skill in the cabinet was no less consummate; at length, having followed the fortune of Francis the First in his disastrous expedition into Italy, he gloriously terminated his earthly career with nearly all the remaining veteran warriors of France, at the memorable battle of Pavia, on the 24th of February, 1525, aged sixty-five. His body was transported to the collegiate church of Saint Mary, at Thouars, of which he was the founder; and he was honored with the enviable title of *"Chevalier sans reproche."*

[22] Louvet, who was Minister of State and President of Provence, appears to have been one of the personages most attached to the court, though it seems equally probable that self-interest was the *primum mobile* of all his actions; having the ambition of governing, notwithstanding the great of the kingdom, who almost *en masse* opposed his measures; in fine, the President would have preferred the entire ruin of his master, whom his proceedings had caused to be hemmed in on every side, rather than be separated from him. On this account Louvet found means to bias the monarch's mind against the Constable Richemont, but the latter did not on this account relinquish his authority in the smallest degree; wherefore the King, finding himself abandoned by the major part of the nobility, and his towns and fortifications barricaded against him, was at length obliged to dismiss Louvet and his adherents; upon which the President, as a conclusive trait of the real courtier, caused the Lord of Giac to be the occupant of his post.—*Mezeray.*

[23] The glory radiating from the heads of the saints is in French denominated *Auréole;* and appears to be in imitation of the laurel crown, the leaves of which diverging seemed to environ with rays the fronts of heroes; which is presumed by many to have been the etymology of the term *Auréole de lauram laureola;* others conceive it to be derived from *Aurum.* Saint Bernard states this crown to be of gold, when gracing the brows of virgins: *Coronam quam nostri majores aureolam vocant, credo id circo nominatam.*

[24] The stole is a broad swath, or slip, of stuff hanging from the neck to the feet, having three crosses embroidered upon it; and is worn by the priests above their surplices, as a mark of superiority in their respective churches.

[25] The augural staff, or wand, exactly resembling the form of a cross, was worn as the ensign of authority by the community of the augurs of Rome; a set of persons appointed to foretell future events by the flight, chattering, and feeding of birds, etc.; they were held by the Romans in such high veneration, that, although guilty of flagrant crimes, they were never deposed from their office. The Arabs, says Herodotus, shave their heads in a circle and about the temples, in imitation of Bacchus (that is, the Sun), who shaves himself in a similar manner; and Jeremiah speaks of the same custom. The tuft of hair which the Mahometans preserve is also derived from the Sun, who was depictured by the Egyptians at the winter-solstice as having but a single hair on his head. The stole is his zodiac. The robes of the goddess of Syria and of Diana of Ephesus, from whence are borrowed the dress of the priests, have the twelve animals of the zodiac painted upon them. Rosaries are found upon all the Indian idols, constructed more than four thousand years ago; and their use in the East has been universal from time immemorial. The crosier is precisely the staff of Bootes, or Osiris; and all the lamas wear the mitre or cap in the shape of a cone, which was an emblem of the sun. [The episcopal crozier is symbolical of the shepherd's crook.]

[26] This Denis, patron of France, is saint after the monkish

fashion. See his legend in the Philosophical Dictionary, under the article Denis; where it will be found that he was first created Bishop of Athens by Saint Paul; that he went to pay a visit to the Virgin Mary, whom he complimented upon the death of her son; after which he relinquished the See of Athens for that of Paris; that he was hanged, and preached very eloquently from the top of the gallows; upon which the executioner cut off his head to prevent him from speaking; a most summary method, it must be allowed; that he then very cordially supported his caput in his arms, which he kissed while pursuing his route some miles distant from Paris, in order to found an abbey which was to bear his own name.

[27] Loretto, a town of Italy, containing the Santa Casa, or house of Nazareth, wherein it is asserted that Jesus was brought up; and of which miraculous legends further assert, that it was transported by angels into Dalmatia, and from thence to the spot where it now stands. Within the chapel is a statue representing the Virgin Mary, better known by the designation of our Lady of Loretto, whose garments were decorated with precious stones of every description, presented at this revered shrine by her votaries, which were all exchanged for mock jewelry by the reverend guardians of this aerostatic mansion. The countenance of the Virgin is scarcely discernible, owing to the volumes of smoke issuing from the lighted lamps and tapers, which are unceasingly burning around her sanctified effigy.

[28] One might really be led to conjecture that Voltaire foresaw events which would occur in other countries; as nothing can be much more applicable to the present state of affairs in Great Britain than this reply of the gallant Richemont. Were Saint George of England to visit our island upon a similar errand, I much doubt whether we should not have to dismiss the celestial missionary, who would return to his glowing empyreum,

> Not like Saint Denis with a virgin Joan;
> But, after searching Britain through — alone.

CANTO II.

ARGUMENT.

JOAN, ARMED BY SAINT DENIS, REPAIRS TO THE COURT OF CHARLES THE SEVENTH, AT TOURS.—OCCURRENCES UPON HER JOURNEY, AND HOW SHE RECEIVED THE BREVET OF VIRGINITY.

HAPPY the man whose smiling destiny
Rewards his wishes with virginity;
Great is the blessing, but to touch the heart
Is to my mind a far more pleasing part;
To be beloved is bliss beyond compare;
What matters it, alas! the flower to tear?
To cull the rose, my friend, to love is due.
In every act may honor govern you.
Some learned clerks have spoiled my comments keen —
A text so fine; thence thinking, would be seen,
That pleasure of our duty forms no part.
To combat them some day I mean to start;
Of living well I'll show the sovereign goal,
I'll prove that passion, kept within control,
The duty is which takes from pleasure rise.
In this my kindly, learned enterprise,

From heaven's empyreum Denis aid will lend;
His praise I've sung, and succor he'll extend;
In hopes of which I'll show, with kind intention,
The effect produced by saintly intervention.

Close to the confines of wide Champaigne's land,
Where full a hundred posts in order stand,
On which are graven Marlets three, to say,
That on Lorraine's[1] rich soil you wend your way,
By ancients little known, there stands a town
Which has in history acquired renown.
Since thence came Gallia's glory, England's hate;
Saviour of France, its people and its state.
Let us all sing of famous Domremi,[2]
And waft our praises to posterity:
Oh Domremi! though thy surrounding fields
No muscadine, no peach, no citron yields,
No damning wine, no gold or precious stone,
Yet, 'tis to thee France owes her glorious Joan.
There was Joan born! A curate of the place,
Anxious that all his flocks should merit grace,
In bed, at table, and in prayer, on fire;
Such was the monk whom Joan claimed for a sire.
A chambermaid, robust and hale to view,
Was the blessed mold wherein our pastor threw
This beauty, who, by inspiration led,
Saved Gallia's land, and struck the foe with dread.

'Twas at an inn, her age not quite sixteen,
That Joan the stable there engaged to clean;

At Vaucouleurs,[3] already had her name
Around been trumpeted by clarion fame;
Fierce was her air, but gentle all she said;
Two large black eyes stood even in her head;
To grace her vermeil mouth, of lily hue
Were ranged her teeth, in number thirty-two,
Whose even rows, stretched wide from left to right,
Were edged with gums like coral purely bright;
Firm was her bosom, though of color brown,
Tempting the cowl, the helmet and the gown;
Both active, vigorous, and full of blood,
Her large plump hands for every work were good,
She'd carry burdens, empty cans of wine,
Serve peasant, noble, citizen, divine,
And walking, sturdy blows would often deal
On giddy youths, whose meddling hands would feel
Her well turned limb and heaving bosom bright;
Cheerful she was, though working day and night,
Nor ever would her dauntless spirits flag;
She curried, watered every ambling nag,
With her soft limbs oft pressed its polished hair,
Like Roman straddling o'er its back, quite bare.[4]
To thee, bright Wisdom, sacred depth of thought,
The poor weak pride of greatness is but naught;
How trifling are the haughty in thine eyes,
How great the little are whom they despise.
Thy servant Denis went not to the court,
Of nobles and princesses the resort;
No, nor to ye, dame duchesses so fair,
For well he knew the jewel was not there;

He ran — he sought — the tale is marvellous,
And found this gem, lodged in a public house!

'Twas then high time that to our maiden Joan
Saint Denis should his every wish make known;
The public safety for prompt succor called,
For Satan's malice had all France appalled,
And had the saint in his research been crossed
For one poor moment, Gallia had been lost.

A cordelier, by name Roch Grisbourdon,[5]
Who, with John Chandos, sailed from Albion,
Had at this pot-house for a period staid,
For as his country he loved Joan the maid;
Such was the honor of this monk of grace,
On mission journeying from place to place,
A confessor, a preacher and a spy,
And more, a learned clerk in sorcery,[6]
Versed in that art which once was Egypt's boast,
That art by sages taught, a mighty host,
To Jews renowned; but in our days unknown,[7]
Degenerate days, how stupid are we grown!

As he turned o'er his books of mystery,
He found to England Joan would fatal be;
That France and Britain's destiny she bore
Beneath her petticoat, so short before.
Encouraged by the aid his genius lent,
He swore by Francis that 'twas his intent[8]
To make this bright palladium his spoil;[9]

" Joan I shall catch," said he, " within my toil;
Briton I am, to serve my land therefore,
Much shall be done; but for myself still more."

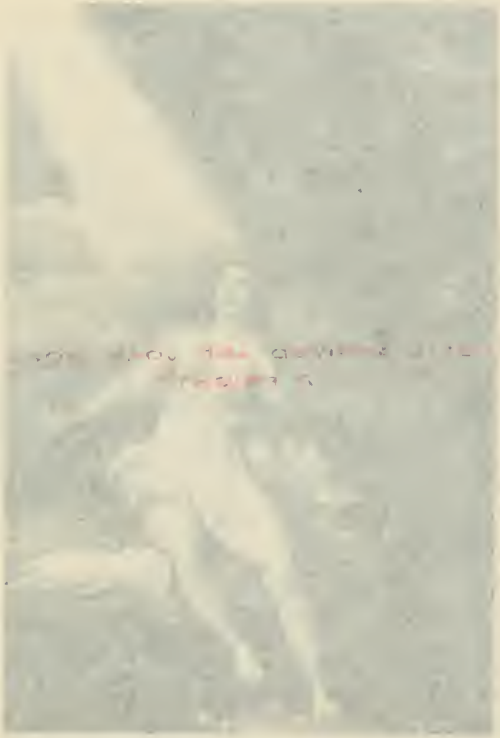
Meantime a boor in ignorance arrayed,
With him disputed the illustrious maid;
This rustic was well worth a cordelier,
For, you must know, he was a muleteer;
By day, by night, he specified no term,
But proffered constant service, love most firm.
The occasion and the sweet equality
Made Joan regard him with complacency;
But chastity the flame could still control,
Which, through her eyes, slipped straight into her soul.

Roch Grisbourdon beheld the kindling fire;
Than Joan he better knew her heart's desire.
This dreaded rival straight he came to find,
Then thus bespoke him, speciously and kind:
"Puissant hero, thou, whose talents rare
Those subjects watch committed to thy care,
To Joan I know thy passion thou would'st prove;
I, too, regard her with no lukewarm love,
My heart is hers, as are thy vows and tears;
As ardent rivals each the other fears,
For her with amity let's both agree.
Rivals no more, we'll friendly lovers be,
And both partake of the delicious treat
Which both might forfeit in the conflict's heat;

Conduct me to the couch where rests the fair,
The fiend of sleep anon shall join me there,
Her eye-lids closed, no power the spell shall break,
And each in turn shall for the maid awake."

The monk forthwith, bedecked with cord and cowl,
To magic flew, invoked the demon foul
Who anciently the name of Morpheus bore,[10]
That leaden devil who in France will snore,
When pleaders (as the matin ray gains force)
Speed to descant on *Cujas* till they're hoarse;[11]
With them he rings at audience nasal round;
The dinner o'er, at sermons sleeps profound,[12]
By Massillan's poor journeyman preached o'er
On topics three, quotations too a store,
At their resorts of eloquence so bright;
Then to the playhouse drawls to gape at night.

The demon roused, ascended his black car
By two owls drawn, and through the mist afar
His dun course bent; 'mid realms of air he rode,
And passed the misty shades, night's drear abode.
Asleep and yawning he first felt the maid,
Then down his leaden form beside her laid,
Shook the narcotic poppy, while around
His vaporous breathings shed a sleep profound:
So Father Girard, who confessed the fair,[13]
Breathed, as 'tis said, on gentle Cadiere,
Infused into her soul his foul desire,
Whose breast for demons was an ample fire.



"DENIS ARRIVED AND JOAN WOKE IN A FRIGHT"

During this heavy sleep our gallant twain,
Spurred by their waking thoughts, could not refrain,
But tore from Joan the covering in a trice,
Already on her bosom rolled three dice,
Whose numbers were to seal, at one dread cast,
Who should the first attack, and who the last;
The monk proved victor, for magicians thrive,
Roch Grisbourdon, to his desires alive,
Seized and embraced poor Joan — oh, wondrous sight,
Denis arrived and Joan woke in a fright.

How sinners shrink before one saint's bright look!
Our rivals overturned with terror shook,
And fled; each bearing in his guilty soul
That lust which held o'er either's heart control.
A constable by night, you've doubtless seen,
Searching a convent of Cytheria's queen;
A young disciple, with her breast half bare,
Springs from the bed disrobed, and with a stare,
Runs from the haggard officer dismayed;
So fled our lechers, palsied and afraid.
Denis advanced the maiden Joan to cheer,
At the late dire attempt appalled with fear,
Then thus bespoke her: "Blessed maid elect,
By thee the god of kings will France protect,
And vengeance deal upon the oppressive band;
Then drive again to their detested land
This English horde, a brutal, bloody crew.
God all puissant can all things subdue;

The reed transform into the cedar tree,
Make level hills and dry the raging sea;
With ease repair the ruins of the world;
Before thy steps, his thunder shall be hurl'd,
Terror shall round thee spread contagious fear,
Bright victory shall crown thy bright career,
Conduct thee in the path of high renown,
And for thy temples weave a glorious crown;
Follow, and leave thy humble trade alone,
Joan is a hero, Charles is but a Joan."

At this harangue, so well framed to beguile,
And which was not in the academic style,[14]
Joan, quite astonished, opened wide her beak,[15]
Then cried: "Good lack! why speak to me in Greek?"
That moment from above a heavenly ray
Beamed on her mind and wisdom then held sway;
Joan felt those flights which learning can impart,
Deeply the ardor struck into her heart;
No, 'twas no longer Joan the chambermaid.
'Twas Cæsar, 'twas a soul for war arrayed:
So when we view a coarse, unpolished bear
Of some old miser's store become the heir,
Transformed his house is to a palace wide,
His timid look assumes an air of pride,
To praise his mien the great alike accord,
And his inferiors call him then — My Lord.
"Or rather such the happy, homely she,
Formed both by nature and by art to be

The lover of a brothel's wanton joy,
Or fill an opera dancer's loose employ;
Whose mother's circumspect, considerate head
Had reared her for a wealthy farmer's bed,
But whom the hand of love, expert in feasts,
Transported 'neath a monarch 'twixt two sheets.
Her lively beauty bears the stamp of queen,
Armed with sweet majesty her eyes are seen,
Her voice at once assumes the sovereign sound,
And mounting with her rank, her spirit's found." [16]

Wherefore to hasten the august intent,
Joan and Saint Denis to the chapel went;
Where on the altar lay, to please the eyes,
Oh, Maiden Joan, how great was thy surprise!
A handsome harness, dazzling to the sight.
Forth from the arsenals of the empyreal height
Just at that instant was the armor ta'en
By the archangel Michael, free from stain.
Of Deborah were seen the arms entire; [17]
The nail that proved to Sisera so dire; [18]
That round, smooth stone the faithful shepherd threw
Which great Goliath's temples split in two;
That jaw wherewith the furious Samson fought,
Who snapped new cords, regarding them as naught,
When by his wife he found himself betrayed;
Those pots with which good Gideon dismayed [19]
Of Midian the unbelieving band;
That sword which graced the lovely Judith's hand,

That fair so treacherous, whose daring pride
For heaven committed cruel homicide,
By stealing to her sleeping love in bed,
And thus defenceless, cutting off his head.

Astonished at these sights was Joan the Maid,
Who in these arms was speedily arrayed;
Gauntlets, arm coverings, and helm she took,
Of thigh pieces and breast-plate fixed each hook,
With stone, nail, dagger, jaw-bone, javelin, lance,
Marched, tried herself, and burnt, for fame and
France.

As coursers are by heroines required,
Joan of the muleteer a steed desired,
When instantly there stood before the lass
A polished, gray-haired, loudly braying ass,
Well curried, bridled, saddled, and his head
A plumage bore; rich clothes his back o'erspread;
The ground he pawed quite ready for the course,
Just like a Thracian or an English horse.
This creature on his beauteous shoulders bore
Two wings, with which through airy realms he'd
soar;
Thus to the summit of those hills divine
Would Pegasus oft bear the maidens nine,
And Hypogryphus when to Luna gone [20]
Astolf conveyed to country of Saint John.
To learn what this ass was that fain would bear [21]
The maiden Joan, is now my reader's care;

Be patient and accord a little grace,
Friend, thou shalt know it in another place;
Till then this happy ass I bid thee fear,
Mysterious is he — tremble and revere.

Joan quickly mounted on her glossy gray,
And Denis too, reseated on his ray,
Held converse on the future grand intent,
As toward the banks of Loire their course they bent,
To tell the king what shortly would accrue,
How Joan would conquer and the foe subdue.
Sometimes the ass would trot and sometimes fly,
Winging its course 'mid regions of the sky.

Ever with lust inspired, the cordelier,
Somewhat recovered from his shame and fear,
Using in short the dire magician's rule,
Transformed the muleteer into a mule;
Then mounting, spurred and swore he'd trace her rout,
That Joan he'd follow the wide world throughout.
The muleteer, concealed in mule's disguise,
Thought by the change that he should share the prize;
His filthy soul so lost was to all grace,
As scarcely to discern its change of place.[22]
Joan and the Saint toward Tours still bent their flight,
To seek the monarch plunged in soft delight.
As thus near Orleans they journeyed fast,

Together through the English camp they passed;
Those fiery Britons, having quaffed full deep,
Their wine digested in profoundest sleep.
Drunk was each soldier and each sentry found,
Nowhere was heard the drum or trumpet's sound;
One naked lay asleep within his tent;
T'other, stretched near his page, snored vehement.
Saint Denis then, assuming a soft tone,
Held this paternal converse with our Joan:
"Oh, blessed Maid! 'tis fit that I should tell
How Nisus on the host of Turnus fell,[23]
And, seconded by Uriel beloved,
The night to the Rutulians fatal proved;
So happened it with Rhesus when of old [24]
Tydides' son, the valiant and the bold,
Aided by famed Ulysses and black night,
Sent, without hazarding the dangerous fight,
So many Trojans who had nobly bled,
To the cold slumber of the kindred dead.
Thou mayest alike enjoy such victory,
Speak, tell me, is such glory framed for thee?"
To which our Maiden Joan submissive said:
"I never yet the page historic read;
But strange would be the courage, in my sight,
That slaughtered enemies who could not fight."[25]

Thus having spoke, the maid beheld a tent,
Whereon the moon her silvery radiance bent,
Which to her dazzled eyes appeared to be
A chief's or some young lord's of high degree —

A hundred flasks of richest wines were there;
Joan, whose assurance beggared all compare,
The ample remnants of a pie then seized,
With Mister Denis six times drank, well pleased,
The health of Charles, his kingdom, state, and laws:
The tent was that of famous John Chandos,
Hero renowned, that on his back then snored;
Joan instant seized his much redoubted sword,
And slashed his velvet breeches various ways:
So David, loved of Heaven, in ancient days,
When Saul had entered in a certain cave,
Wherein he might have sent him to the grave,
Content was, part of his own shirt to have,[26]
That he might prove to kings, the chosen crew,
What he then might have done — but did not do.

Near to John Chandos laid a youthful page,
Fair to behold and fourteen years of age,
Two globes displaying to the gazer's sight,
Which might have passed for Love's, they were so white,
An inkstand stood the gentle youth beside,
That served him, as he quaffed the rosy tide,
In tender strains his wishes to impart
To that seductive fair who ruled his heart.

Joan seized the pen, and with a hand refined,
Three flower de luces on his breech designed;
This presage for the good of France was sent,
'Twas of its monarch's love the monument:

Denis at ease, and quaffing the rich juice,
Saw on an English rump Gaul's flower de luce.[27]

Who with the sense of shame next morning shrunk?
'Twas Chandos, who the night before was drunk;
For, when awake, he saw upon his page
The flower de luces: Burning with just rage,
He cried, "Arouse" — he thought they were betrayed.
To fetch his sword he ran, somewhat afraid;
In vain he sought it — struck with dread surprise,
Vanished his breeches too! — he rubbed his eyes,
He grumbled, swore, and then most firmly thought
That the great devil himself, those feats had wrought.

Ah! that a golden sunbeam and an ass,
That winged beast that bore blessed Joan the lass,
So quickly round the globe should thus have flown!
Arrived — to court went Denis and our Joan:
By long experience had the prelate proved,
That joking at the court of France was loved;
That insolent harangue was still in mind

At Orleans held, by Richemont, wit refined.
A similar adventure to escape,
He thought it better to transform his shape,
Nor more the bishop's holy form expose;
Wherefore our saint the sad resemblance chose
Of Roger, noble Lord of Baudricourt,[28]
Brave warrior and a Catholic most pure,

Bold speaker, loyal, and to be believed,
Who, in spite of this, at court was well received.

To princely Charles he cried: "Ah! godlike day,
Why thus in province languish time away?
A slave you are and fettered by love's chain,
What! can that arm from valiant feats refrain?
That royal front is but encircled now,
With myrtle, tinsel, and the rose's bough;
You leave your cruel enemies alone
To govern France and occupy your throne;
Go forfeit life, or once more gain that land,
By robbers ravished from your rightful hand;
To grace your front the diadem was made,
For you with verdure is the laurel 'rayed,
God, who with courage has my soul inspired,
God, who my speech with energy hath fired,
Is ready now his favor to impart.

Dare but believe, dare rouse your softened heart,
Follow at least this amazon elect,
She is thy stay, thy throne she will protect;
The King of Kings by her puissant arm
Will save our altars and our laws from harm;
Joan shall with thee this family appal,
This English family; the scourge of Gaul.
Become the man, and if you needs must doat
On being governed by a petticoat,
Fly her at least, whose soft but treacherous chain
Your heart subdues, and is at once your bane;

Then, worthy of this succor from above,
Your guardian follow — fly the wiles of love."

However, vice Gaul's monarch may control
There's still a fund of honor in his soul.
" 'Twas but of late, my friend, you learned the truth,
When Louis fled the arms of blooming youth,
That beauty exorcised by Liniere [29]
In the Low Country, on Rhine's banks so fair,
He came to rouse him with Fame's clarion breath,
And instant vanished every dread of death." [30]

The veteran soldier's words propitious proved,
They struck the prince, who fairest beauties loved,
And roused him from the dreadful lethargy;
Thus, when the angel sailing from on high
With trumpet's blast proclaiming the world's doom,
Enlivening dust and bursting ope the tomb,
To light shall summons millions of the dead;
So Charles was roused, new ardor fired his head;
He cried aloud: " To arms, my friends, to arms! "
Since nought but combats then for him had charms,
The lance he seized, inflamed with martial pride;
But soon he felt the energy subside
Of these warm transports which his breast had fired;
To see the elected maid the king desired,[31]
And judge at once her mission and intent,
If Satan or if heaven the maid had sent,
Whether as truth the prodigy to treat,
Or deem the whole a fiction and a cheat;

Turning his head towards the dauntless Joan,
Thus spoke the king, in a majestic tone
Which any might have feared, but she alone:
" Joan hear me: Joan, if thou'rt a maid, avow."
Joan answered: "Oh! great sire, give orders now
That doctors sage, with spectacles on nose,
Who versed in female mysteries can depose,
That clerks, apothecaries, matrons tried,
Be called at once the matter to decide;
Let them all scrutinize, and let them see."

By this sage answer Charles knew she must be
Inspired and blessed with sweet virginity.
" Good," said the king, " since this you know so well,
Daughter of heaven, I prithee, instant tell,
What with my fair one passed last night in bed?
Speak free." " Why nothing happened," Joan then said;
Surprised, the king knelt down and cried aloud —
"A miracle!" then crossed himself and bowed.

Immediately appeared the fur-capped band,
Their bonnets on, Hippocrates in hand,[32]
They came to view the bosom purely fair
Of warrior chaste committed to their care.

Naked they stripped her, and the senior sage,
Having considered all that could engage,
Above, below, on parchment then displayed
An attestation, that Joan was a maid.

This brevet bold, replete with sacred grace
Joan took and marching on with measured pace
Straight to the king returned upon her knee,
Then spread the spoil magnificent which she
Had ta'en when passing through the English host:
" Permit," said she, " great monarch, Gallia's boast,
That subject to the law thy servant's arm
Dares France avenge and banish her alarm;
Fulfilled shall be the oracles, I swear;
Nay, by my courage, in thy sight I dare,
By this my sword and by my virgin power,
Vouch that ere long 'neath Rheims' cathedral tower
Anointed you shall be with holy oil;
Of conquered English you shall reap the spoil,
Who now the gates of Orleans surround;
Come and fulfil the destiny profound,
Come, and abandoning the banks of Tours,
Let me be henceforth ranked a slave of yours."

Around her pressed the courtiers in amaze,
Some looked toward heaven, some bent on Joan the gaze,
Each seconded alike the bold discourse,
And joyous shouted till they were quite hoarse.
No warrior was there in this noble crowd,
But as a squire to serve her had been proud
Her lance to bear, and gladly life resign;
Not one there was but owned the glow divine,
The thirst of fame, and felt a wish most strong
To ravish that which had been kept so long.

Mad for the field, each officer made haste;
Some coldly their old mistresses embraced;
One sought the usurer in want of gold,
Gave good security, and paid six-fold;
Another of the host claimed his account,
But quite forgot to pay him its amount.

Denis unfurled the Oriflamme so bright,[33]
Fired was the king with glory and delight;
His hopes were equal to his bravery,
His standard fatal to the enemy;
This heroine and ass adorned with wings
Promised the palm immortal and rare things.

Denis desired, on quitting this retreat,
That the two lovers should by no means meet;
Too bitter would have been each sigh and tear,
And hours would have been lost that were most dear.
Agnes still slept, though it was somewhat late,
Poor soul, she little dreamt of her sad fate;
Her fancy then a happy scene retraced,
The vision pictured joys by time effaced:
She fancied that she pressed within her arms
The lover who enslaved was by her charms;
Deceitful dream to flatter thus the sense,
Thy lover fled, 'twas Denis forced him thence.
At Paris thus a doctor of great skill
Will let the glutton eat but half his fill,
Inexorable proves to every wish,
And forces him to quit his favorite dish.

Saint Denis scarce had torn the king of Gaul
From that delicious sin, his country's thrall,
Than to his flock by saintly impulse led,
To Joan the warrior maid anon he sped;
He had resumed his beatific air,
His tone devout, his flat and short-cut hair,
With pastoral crozier, fingers circlet-blessed,
With cross, with gloves, in bishop's mitre dressed:
"Go," he exclaimed, "thy monarch serve and
France,
On thee I'll always cast benignant glance;
But with the laurel of heroic fame,
With rose-bud chastity combine thy name.
Thy steps will I to Orleans safely lead.
When Talbot, mighty chief of miscreant breed,
By lust infernal fired, with heart enchained,
Shall think dame president impure is gained,
Beneath thine arm robust shall end his fame;
Punish his crime, but ne'er enact the same;
Of courage and devotion own the power;
I go — adieu! — think of the virgin flower."
The fair one proffered vow to shun earth's leaven,
When lo! her patron saint, winged flight to heaven.

END OF CANTO II.

NOTES TO CANTO II.

[1] There were formerly placed on the frontiers of Lorraine a number of posts, ranged at certain distances, upon which were delineated the armorial bearings of the Dukes of that province, which consisted of three Martlets.

[2] Domremi, a small village near Vaucouleurs, situated in a barren soil, was the natal place of Joan of Arc, the heroine of our poem. She was the daughter of Jacques d'Arc and his wife Elizabeth, or rather Isabella Romée; being then about twenty-seven years of age, and serving in a public-house; from which it is obvious that her father was not a curate; such statement being a poetic licence, which should not have figured in a poem so truly heroic and grave as the present.

[3] Vaucouleurs, a small city and formerly a provostship, is very agreeably situated on the slope of a hill, at the base of which is a meadow, watered by the river Meuse, which stretches itself till lost in the distance. This place belonged to the Dukes of Lorraine, until Philip of Valois purchased so important a key to the empire in 1335. Joan of Arc being born in this provostship, the territory was in consequence highly favored by Charles the Seventh, who bestowed upon it great immunities and exemptions.

[4] This description of our heroine is strictly correct; for by referring to Monstretet, we find that Joan of Arc "*montait chevaux à poil, et fesait apertises qu'autres filles n'ont point coutume de faire.*" Our satiric Butler, adverting to the Maid of Orleans, in the second canto of Hudibras, says:

> He Trulla loved; Trulla more bright
> Than burnished armor of her knight,
> A bold virago, stout and tall
> As Joan of France or *English Mall.*

This last-mentioned personage refers to a notorious female plunderer of the period of James the First, who assumed the masculine manners and attire; and on account of her infamous practices was known by the appellation of Moll, or Mall Cut-purse.

On consulting the page of history for a description of the Maid of Orleans, we find it stated that the knight Danlon, who was deputed to arm Joan of Arc, affirmed that she was young and rather lusty; that he had seen her fine white bosom, while occupied in the performance of his duty; that he lived with her for the space of one year; during which period he states, in the most expressive terms, that she always pursued the same modest line of conduct; in which assertion he is supported by the testimony of the Duke d'Alençon; who sometimes during the war slept in the same apartment as the Pucelle, *à la paillasse;* that is to say, "on a straw mattress;" and who further attests that her bosom, which he had seen by chance, was particularly beautiful.

[5] The cordeliers are gray friars of the order of Saint Francis, who retired in the year 1206 to a small chapel near Assisy, called "Our Lady of the Angels." These monks were clothed in thick gray cloth, with a little cowl, a chaperon, and a cloak of the same, and round their loins was tied a rope, having three knots, from whence their name was derived. It is recorded, that they acquired this appellation during the war of Saint Louis against the Infidels; at which period these friars having repulsed the barbarians, the King, upon inquiring the name of their order, was informed that they were *"Corde-Liers,"* or *"Tied with Ropes."* The members of this fraternity were professed *Scotists.* In speaking of a man whose conscience is not over fastidious the French apply the following phrase: *"Il a la conscience large comme la manche d'un Cordelier,"* and when designating an individual who descants upon a subject before persons more conversant with it than himself they also proverbially and figuratively exclaim, *"Il parle latin devant les Cordeliers."*

[6] At the period of Charles the Seventh the occult sciences were so much in vogue that Joan of Arc was herself afterward burned as a sorceress at the instigation of the learned Doctors of the Sorbonne. We ought not, however, to feel much astonishment at the ignorance and prejudices prevailing at the commencement of the fifteenth century in France, when we call to recollection that in England at a much later period these extravagant notions were carried to the greatest excess. In the reign of James the First, who wrote a quarto volume upon demonology, a fellow of the name of Matthew Hopkins, styling himself a witch-finder, paraded the country and was the cause of the death of nearly eighty innocent victims, and during the reign of Presbyterianism a regular witch-finder was despatched, provided with a commission for the purpose of hunting out witches, who, during his progress through the county of Suffolk, caused upwards of sixty individuals to be hanged in the space of twelve months, and among the rest an old clergyman who had been a painful preacher for many years. Butler, referring to this fact, says:

> Has not this present Parliament
> A *Ledger* to the devil sent,
> Fully empowered to treat about
> Finding revolted witches out?
> And has not he, within a year
> Hanged three-score of 'em in one shire?
> Some only for not being drowned,
> And some for sitting above ground
> Whole days and nights upon their *breeches,*
> And feeling pain, were hanged for witches.

[7] According to Holy Writ our forefathers were implicit believers in sorcery, although the system is supposed to be altogether exploded. If this continues we shall soon believe in nothing at all.

[8] Francis of Assisi, in Italy, a Roman saint, was the founder of a religious order called after his name. Born in 1182 and brought up a merchant, he led for some years a very debauched life, until a severe illness produced such an effect upon his mind that he resolved to retire from the

world, and accordingly he renounced all claim to his paternal estate. Having collected several disciples, and their number increasing, Pope Innocent the Third confirmed his order in 1210. He died in 1226, and was canonized by Pope Gregory the Ninth, in 1230.

[9] Palladium, a celebrated statute of Pallas, upon which it is universally agreed by ancient writers that the safety of Troy depended, from whence it is stated by some historians to have been stolen by Ulysses and Diomedes during the Trojan war, while others observe that the true Palladium was not obtained by the Greeks, but merely a statue of similar size placed near it to deceive any sacrilegious persons who might attempt to obtain it. It is therefore said that the Palladium was safely conveyed from Troy to Italy by Æneas and preserved by the Romans with the greatest secrecy and the most profound veneration in the temple of Vesta. It is almost needless to remark that every other nation has imbibed a similar species of superstitious awe for some particular tutelary saint.

[10] Morpheus, sometimes called in fabulous history the god of sleep, or, according to other writers, the son and minister of Somnus. He is styled by Ovid the kindest of deities, and is usually represented as a sleeping child of extreme corpulence, bearing wings and holding poppies in his hand. To this divinity was attributed drowsiness and the representation of dreams.

[11] Cujacius, or Cujas, a celebrated French pleader, was born at Toulouse in 1520. He became professor at Bourges, where his lectures were attended by students from all parts, and he was hailed by the title of *The Father of His Scholars*, owing to his treating them with particular kindness and friendly familiarity. He died in 1590, and his works were printed at Paris in 1659 in ten volumes folio.

[12] John Baptiste Massillon, a celebrated French prelate, was born at Hieres, in Provence, in 1663. Having attained his thirteenth year he entered into the congregation of the

Oratory and acquired a superiority over all the preachers of his time, in consequence of which Louis the Fourteenth once said to him, *"Father, when I hear other preachers I go away much pleased with them; but when I hear you I retire much displeased with myself."* He was appointed bishop of Clermont in 1717, and in 1719 was admitted a member of the French Academy. He died in 1742, and his works have been printed in fourteen volumes 12mo.

[13] John Baptiste Girard, a native of Dole and a Jesuit, had the reputation of creating saints, which was extremely dear to him, so that if he possessed the talents of an able Jesuit he was no less gifted with the vanity attachable to those of his order; which feeling, however, was carefully concealed under an air of penitence and mortification. This famous director was sent from Aix to Toulon in 1728 to take upon himself the directorship of the Royal Seminary of Marine, where, among the penitents resorting to him, he particularly noticed Marie Catherine Cadière, a young woman between eighteen and twenty years of age, possessing a very sensitive heart and uniformly bent upon having her virtuous qualifications highly extolled. This young penitent, inflamed with pleasure at having for director one who praised her everywhere, became desirous of extending her reputation, in consequence of which she was seized with visions and ecstasies; but all this terminated in Cadière's making a confession that Father Girard, after having ruined her and been guilty of the most revolting obscenities upon her body, had further caused a miscarriage; but, as by such declarations she would have rendered herself equally culpable, in order to save her recourse was had to the only means which remained, however ridiculous; and this was a plea of enchantment and sorcery practised by Father Girard. The affair was in consequence carried before the parliament of Aix, which absolved the latter from the accusations preferred against him, the decree being pronounced on the 6th of December, 1731.

[14] The word *academic* originated in a species of philosophy practised by the academists, which was derived from

Socrates and illustrated and enforced by Plato. From the sense, however, in which Voltaire has introduced the word it appears probable that he alludes to the academic philosophy as corrupted in the second school by the subtle reasonings of Arcesilaus and Carneades, who were skeptical in all their opinions; whereas our sublime Saint Denis lays down the causes and effects of things. This jocular allusion of our poet to the Academy brings to mind the well-known couplet which appeared upon Piron's being refused admission as a member of the French Academy:

> Ci-gît Piron, qui ne fut rien,
> Pas même académicien.

[15] Should any of my readers take offence at the word *beak,* introduced by the translator, they are requested to consult the original, where the two lines thus rendered run as follows:

> Jeanne étonnée, ouvrant un large bec,
> Crut quelque temps que l'on lui parlait grec.

[16] These lines are a variation of the poet which is to be found in the edition of 1756, page 33, and refer to the celebrated Jeane Antoinette Poisson, Marchioness of Pompadour, mistress of Louis the Fifteenth, who was the daughter of a corn-dealer and wife of Etoile, nephew of the Farmer Gerenal Normand Tournhem. The King being engaged upon a hunting party in the forest of Senar, near which Tournhem possessed an estate, had, from a preconcerted plan, an opportunity afforded him of seeing Madame Poisson, with whose charms he became enamored. This aspiring courtezan was created Marchioness of Pompadour in 1745, and acquired a complete ascendancy over the heart of the monarch until the period of her death, which occurred in 1764, when she was in her forty-fifth year.

[17] Deborah is the first female warrior of whom mention is made in Holy Writ. She was a prophetess, who governed the people of Israel conjointly with Barak. It was this female who ordered him, in the name of God, to make war against Jabin, king of the Canaanites, giving him the

assurance of victory, which proved the case, as the army of Jabin was cut to pieces After this signal victory Deborah and Barak sang a song of thanksgiving to the Lord.

[18] Jael, the wife of Heber the Kenite, is another heroine recorded in the Bible, to whose dwelling Sisera, general of Jabin, king of the Moabites, fled for safety; of whom, having asked some drink, which she gave him, he then sank to sleep overcame by fatigue; and in this defenceless state his hostess killed him by driving a large nail into his temple; which act, it is said, fulfilled the prognostic of Deborah, who had predicted that Sisera should fall by the hand of a woman. This celebrated nail is said to be preserved as a precious relic in many convents of the Greek and Latin churches, as well as the ass's jaw-bone used by Samson against the Philistines, the sling of David, together with the scimitar used by Judith in cutting off the head of Holofernes after sharing his bed for the night.

[19] Gideon is celebrated in the book of Judges for being the deliverer of his country. The Jews, having drawn down upon themselves the wrath of heaven in consequence of their impiety and idolatry, were delivered up to the Ammonites, the Moabites and the Mideonites; but the Israelites, being at length touched with repentance, had recourse to the Lord, who sent an angel to Gideon for the purpose of announcing to him that he was the man chosen to deliver the people from the persecution of their enemies, which soon after proved the case; for Gideon, advancing by night with only three hundred men, each bearing a pot with a burning lamp concealed therein, together with a ram's horn, or trumpet, and having given orders that all the pots should be broken at the same moment in order to display the burning lamps, while each man was to blow a loud blast from his trumpet. By this stratagem the enemies, conceiving they were attacked by a puissant army, fled in disorder, and were smitten and completely overcome by Gideon and his followers.—*Judges,* chap. vi and xii.

[20] Alluding to Ariosto's account in the poem of Orlando

Furioso, where he depicts the famous knight Astolf conveyed to the moon on the back of Hypogryphus, whither he repaired in quest of the senses which his friend Orlando had inevitably lost.

[21] It is not to be wondered at that, in a poem so sublime as the present, our poet should have made this animal play so conspicuous a part. Have we not in Holy Writ the ass of Balaam, who was gifted with the powers of speech upon the appearance of an angel? Does not Ammonius Alexandrinus, the master of Origen, inform us of a donkey which proved a pattern of wisdom, while the golden ass of Apuleius renders this beast renowned forever. It was with the jaw-bone of an ass that Samson butchered the Philistines by thousands; while, to render her skin whiter, the Empress Poppea, as we are told, was in the habit of drinking this animal's milk. Midas was honored with the donkey's ears; Mahomet's jackass was so intimate with him that his votaries believe the beast transported him to heaven; and, lastly, do we not call to mind who entered Jerusalem upon one of these creatures? for which reason it has ever since borne the cross upon its shoulders as the badge of a blessing even to the present hour. In the city of Beauvais, on the fourteenth of January, was formerly celebrated the Ass's festival, or holiday, being a representation of the Virgin's flight into Egypt. Upon this solemn occasion, all the clergy of the city being assembled in the cathedral, a beautiful damsel was presented to them, placed upon a donkey most sumptuously caparisoned, and thus conducted from the principal church to that of St. Stephen, into the chancel of which the maid and her bearer were escorted and stationed on the right side of the altar. During the service which followed the whole congregation at intervals imitated the brayings of a donkey, and at the conclusion of the mass the deacon, in lieu of repeating the *ita missa est,* articulated three stentorian brays, whereto his auditors gave the loudest nasal responses. The whole of this ceremony, together with a hymn in Latin sung upon the occasion, have been pre-

served by Charles du Cange, the French antiquary, who transcribed it from a manuscript five hundred years old.

[22] Observe the acute sarcasm conveyed in the above couplet, which gives a superlative idea of the degraded condition of human nature in an uncultivated state and is a sufficient testimony of the poet's sovereign contempt for boorish ignorance and brutal insensibility.

[23] Nisus, the son of Hyrtacus, born on Mount Ida, near Troy, went to Italy with Æneas and signalized himself by his valor against the Rutulians. He was the sworn friend of Euryalus, a young Trojan, and with him entered in the dead of night the enemy's camp. Returning, however, victorious after great slaughter, they were perceived by the Rutulians, who attacked Euryalus, and Nisus, endeavoring to rescue his friend from the enemy, perished with him. Their heads being cut off, they were fixed on spears and thus carried in triumph to the camp. Their deaths were lamented by the Trojans, and their inviolable friendship, like those of a Pylades and Orestes, or of a Theseus and Brithous, are become proverbial.—*Æneid*, b. ix, ver. 176.

[24] Rhesus, King of Thrace, after many warlike exploits in Europe, marched to the assistance of Priam, king of Troy, against the Greeks, who awaited his arrival with the greatest impatience. As an ancient oracle had declared that Troy would never be taken if the horses of Rhesus drank the waters of the Xanthus and fed upon the grass of the Trojan plains, and this oracle being well known to the Greeks, two of their best generals, Diomedes and Ulysses, were commissioned to intercept the Thracian prince. They surprised and slew him in the night and then carried away his horses to the Grecian camp.—*Iliad*, b. x.

[25] This is a very appropriate sarcasm upon the treacherous actions of those brutal cut-throats who are blazoned forth as heroes by the renowned poets of antiquity.

[26] When David, in order to escape the wrath of Saul, fled for safety to the wilderness of Ziph, secreting himself in the

caverns near the city of Engedi, it was in that concealment he twice spared the life of Saul; once by cutting off the skirt of his raiment and in another instance by taking away the lance from beside his bed while he slept.

[27] The above line is supposed to allude to the ancient custom of princes, nobles and knights wearing over their armor a vestment resembling the herald's tabard, upon which was embroidered or painted in front as well as upon the back the armorial bearings of the wearer.

[28] As it may not prove uninteresting to the public, some curious historical notes respecting the Maid of Orleans, which are little known to the generality of readers, will be found interspersed among the notes by the translator.

Joan of Arc was conducted by her uncle, Durand Lapart, to Vaucouleurs, where she was first presented to Robert, and not Roger, de Baudricourt, governor of Vaucouleurs, but without success; he notwithstanding went himself to her, accompanied by the parish curate, arrayed in a stole, when the latter began by performing exorcisms upon Joan, bidding her *not to approach if she was wicked, but to approach if she was good,* upon which Joan was angry and taxed the priest with being indiscreet, he having heard her at confession. Baudricourt, after this interview, advised Lapart to conduct his niece back to her parents, yet thought it expedient to write to the King upon the subject, to whom he detailed the promises made by Joan and her assurances so often repeated that God would afford him succor before the middle of Lent.

It appears that Joan shortly after returned to Vaucouleurs with her uncle, bearing these delays with that violence of temper which was a leading characteristic of her conduct. The Duke of Lorraine being desirous to see her, she presented herself before him by means of a pass wherewith she was furnished. Nothing, however, is detailed in history respecting the nature of that conference. Our heroine was at length so anxious to see the King that she determined to set out on foot, when two gentlemen being at Vaucouleurs, named Jean de Novelompont, surnamed of Mets, and Ber-

trand de Poulangies, introduced themselves to Joan and ultimately conducted her to Chinon. During the long and tedious journey through a country full of English and Burgundians, they were filled with the greatest disquietude; but Joan incessantly told them to fear nothing, that she was ordered to proceed, that her brothers in paradise had instructed her what was to be done; and in this manner, after the expiration of eleven days, they arrived at Chinon, where the court then resided.

[29] When Louis the Fifteenth was taken dangerously ill at Metz his ghostly confessor, Father Liniere, working upon the monarch's enfeebled mind, insisted that he should send away his mistress, the Duchess of Chateauroux, whom, upon his recovery, he restored to all her former favor. Upon this she gave free vent to her vindictive passions by taking ample vengeance upon all her enemies, who were banished the court, and not without strong suspicion of her having caused many of them to be poisoned.

[30] The above lines are a variation, to be found in the edition of 1756, page 38.

[31] Joan of Arc was presented to the King by the Count de Vendôme, and without hesitation recognized the monarch at first sight, although there was nothing particular in his attire, or exterior appearance, and he was indiscriminately mingled with the crowd; she immediately made a profound reverence, and thus addressed him: *"Gentil dauphin, j'ai nom Jeanne la Pucelle, et vous mande le roi des cieux, par moi, que vous serez sacré et couronné à Rheims; vous serez le lieutenant du roi des cieuxqui est roi de France."* Charles, removing from those that surrounded him, conversed with Joan in their presence, but without being overheard; which conference lasted for some time, and all the courtiers perceived that a degree of satisfaction was legibly depicted on the countenance of their sovereign during this parley, who afterwards declared to several personages that a revelation which she had made to him of a secret known only

to himself gave birth to the confidence with which she inspired him.

Before definitely employing Joan, Charles was determined to put her to the last proof; he was desirous of ascertaining if the purity of her conduct had always answered to appearances; wherefore she was confided to the care of the Queen of Sicily, his mother-in-law, and to the ladies of her suite. She was then visited in secret by proper medical personages, after which a report was made to the King by her Sicilian majesty, in presence of Daulon and many other individuals, purporting that she was *"entière et vraie pucelle;"* entirely and in every respect a virgin. Daulon, afterwards Seneschal de Beaucaire, and whom the Duke d'Alençon represented as the most upright knight of his court, had the charge of superintending the conduct and preservation of the Pucelle. It was the secret so revealed by Joan to the monarch which afterwards prompted him to erect, in 1458, the bronze effigies of the Virgin with the dead Christ on her lap, together with himself and the Pucelle kneeling, which were placed upon the ancient bridge at Orleans, and taken down upon its reparation in 1745; after which it was completely destroyed, from the effects of revolutionary fanaticism, in 1793. Upon the pedestal which supported these effigies was this inscription:

In mysterium simulachri Aureliæ.
Ponti super impostii.
Ante Deum supplex, quas Carole rebus in arctis
Fudisti tacitus corde loquente precas;
Audierat nullus per sacra silentia testis,
Conscius oranti nec locus ipse fuit:

Has factura fidem, tibi concita numine Virgo
Retulit et faciles in tua vota deos.
Mox eadem sævum, bellatriæ terruit hostem
Fæminea quatiens arma tremenda manu.
Nunc vos arcani salvo miracula regno
Posteritas voti spectat in ære reos.

Le roy seul d'un costé, mais pourquoi la Pucelle
Seule aussi d'autre part font leur prière telle
A la mère de Dieu; c'est pour ce qu'elle sçeut
De Dieu ce grand secret que le roy seul conçeut,

Par le moyen duquel après toute victoire,
Le roy veut ce signal donner à sa mémoire.

Qu' aussi, avant que la Pucelle d'Orléans arriva á Chinon, où estoit le Roy Charles VII., il luy avoit esté prédit, que luy et son Royaume seroient fort affligés, mais que devers luy il viendroit une pucelle qui le délivreroit.— *Gerson, Pasquier, Hordal, Dupleix.*

Auxquelles révélations estoient jointes les prophéties des Anglois, qui disoient qu'ils avoient une certaine prophétie de Merlin, leur prophéte, qui leur prédisoit qu'ils devoient estre destruits en France par une Pucelle.—*Hist. et Antiq. de la Ville d'Orleans, par Francoise le Mair,* 1648, *fols.* 187, 188.

[32] Alluding to the writings of Hippocrates, the famous physician of Cos, one of the Cyclades, who died in the ninety-ninth year of his age, three hundred and sixty-one years prior to the Christian era, free from all disorders of mind or body, and who, after death, received with the title of Great the same honors as were conferred upon Hercules.

[33] The *Oriflame, Oriflamb, Auriflamb,* was the famous holy purple standard of Saint Denis, said to have been transported by an angel into the celebrated Abbey church of that saint, and served as the royal banner of the French monarchs in their wars against the Infidels. This flag was formerly committed to the charge of the family of the Counts of Vexin.

Joan of Arc caused a banner to be made at Blois conformably to that which she stated to have been indicated to her in her visions. It was her chaplain who conducted this work, which represented our Saviour seated upon clouds and an angel holding in its hand a flower de luce.

CANTO III

ARGUMENT.

DESCRIPTION OF THE PALACE OF FOLLY.—COMBAT NEAR ORLEANS.—AGNES DISGUISES HERSELF IN THE ARMOR OF JOAN, IN ORDER TO GO IN PURSUIT OF HER LOVER: SHE IS TAKEN PRISONER BY THE ENGLISH, AND HER MODESTY PUT TO GREAT STRAITS.

'Tis not enough to boast the hero's fire,
An eye intrepid 'midst the conflict dire,
To look unmoved on carnage, death, and pain,
And lead a countless phalanx to the plain;
For acts like these to foreign climes are flown,
And each in turn has this advantage known.
Who shall instruct me, if in war's dread art
Our ardent French more learned to play their part,
Than England's valiant sons? Intrepid band!
If Germany excels Iberia's [1] land?
Beaten has each, and each alike been beat:
Turenne [2] forced Condé [3] to a quick retreat;
Villars [4] was worsted by the bold Eugene; [5]
Of Stanislaus, the virtuous friend I ween,[6]
This kingly soldier; Northern Quixote [7] brave,

Who more than human valor seem'd to have:
Did not his blooming wreath receive a stain,
When, at Pultowa, deep in the Ukraine,[8]
The din of war his martial legions bore,
That rival fighting, so despised before?[9]

An happier secret far, might I advise,
Would be to cheat and dazzle vulgar eyes;
In my esteem, 'tis far the surest way,
To rank a God, thus leading foes astray;
The mighty Romans, to whose power all bowed,
Europe subdued mid miracles a cloud:
Mars, Pollux, Jupiter, the gods all sought,
To guide the eagle; each for Romans fought:
Great Bacchus, who all Asia rendered slave;
Old Hercules, and Alexander brave,
That each with awe the conquered might inspire,
Proclaimed alike great Jupiter his sire;
Wherefore, proud monarchs of the earth with dread,
Whene'er it thundered, knelt, and bowed the head.

Denis full well these famed examples knew,
And to the marvellous had recourse too;
He vowed that maiden Joan, with Albion's race,
Would pass for holy, and a girl of grace:
That Bedford, Chandos, Talbot[10] would be tools,
And brave Tyrconnel — who were no such fools;
All this would credit, and that in their eyes,
Joan would their scourge appear, in heavenly guise.

To prosper in this enterprise so bold,
He sought a Benedictine [11] friar old;
Not one whose labors famed were to enhance
The literary stores that blazon France;
But a gray prior, fat, with brains of lead,
Who, save his Latin Missal, nought had read:
Good brother Lourdis was the monk discreet
By Denis chosen for this novel feat.

Beside the moon, where formerly 'tis thought,
A paradise [12] was placed — the fool's resort;
Near that abyss profound, where endless night
And Erebus and Chaos meet the sight,
Which ere the time the universe was made,
Knew no control, and their blind power displayed,
Is a vast cavernous and dismal place,
Whose gloom did never yet Sol's radiance chase!
Where nothing save a light terrific gleams,
Diffusing pale, deceitful, trembling beams:
For stars appears the *ignis fatuus* glare,
With pygmy sprites abounds the foggy air:
Of this fell country Folly is the queen,
An infant old, who with gray beard is seen,
With mouth like Danchet,[13] long eared and squint eyed,
Club footed, — moving with a limping stride;
Of ignorance, 'tis said, the child is she:
Around her throne is ranged her family,
Obduracy and Pride in Folly's dress,
Credulity and sluggard Idleness:

Each flatters, idolizes and reveres —
In fine the dame a sovereign queen appears;
But this a phantom is, a powerless thing,
Another Childeric,[14] poor idiot king;
A greedy cheat's her minister adored,
And all is ruled by this perfidious lord.
On Folly he exerts his wily skill,
Her ample court he furnishes at will,
With students in astrology: [15] — black arts;
Sure of success, but playing ill their parts,
Dupes, knaves, who in their tombs are still believed;
The wise in alchymy [16] were well received,
Metal transmuters, making gold so shining,
Without one coin to garnish pocket's lining;
The Rosicrucians; [17] fools of each degree,
Disputing points of deep theology.[18]

Of all the brothers of fat Lourdis' sect,
Himself the saint thought fitting to elect;
When day's bright canopy was veiled in night,
By vaporous whirlwind, very far from light,
Was Lourdis borne, absorbed in soundest sleep,
To the Fool's Paradise, drear, dark, and deep.

Arrived, he scarcely felt astonishment;
All pleased him and so strange was his mind's bent,
He still believed himself in his convent.[19]
Within this antique mansion, met his view
Grand emblematic paintings, chastely true;
Caco [20] the demon, who this temple graced,

Scribbled at pleasure, and its walls defaced;
Depicting all the follies of mankind,
Their errors and stupidity refined;
Their plans ill executed, which we see
Loudly extolled in *Monthly Mercury*.

In this strange mass of wonders which confuse,
Amidst impostors, who good sense abuse,
Above the rest, appears that Scotchman famed,
New king of France — John Law [21] the cheat is named;
A crown of choicest paper decks his head,
And on its front is *System* plainly read;
Around him float huge bags, puffed up with wind,
Caught at by those whose reason is quite blind;
Priests, warriors, strumpets, think to gain ten-fold,
And thus from each he bears away the gold.

Ah! what a sight, and are mine eyes there greeted,
With Escobar,[22] Molina [23] too conceited,
And little Doucin,[24] who so well could gull,
Presenting to be kissed the holy Bull,
Which was by Tellier [25] dully planned at Rome;
And even raised the secret laugh at Rome:
That Bull, which since the origin has been
Of those divisions and cabals we've seen;
And, what is more, of books profoundly wise,
Filled, as 'tis said, with heresies and lies;
All acting on the sense as poisons chill,
Infusing soporific draughts at will.

The several combatants, inveterate dons,
Appeared so many new Bellerophons;[26]
Striding chimeras;[27] each in this dull night,
Hook-winked pursued his foe, red-hot for fight;
Long whistles served them for the trumpet's sound,
And in their saint-like frenzy they were found,
At random wielding, (fools were never madder)
And pell mell striking with a puffed-up bladder.
Ye Gods, what scribbling then appeared to view;
What precepts, orders, expositions too,
Which still explained are, and by learned scanned,
For fear mankind the truth should understand.

O Chronicler of great Scamander's[28] tribe!
Thou, who of yore did'st frogs and rats describe!
Who sang so learnedly their combats dire;
O! quit the tomb, and strike thy frenzied lyre,
To celebrate this war, which for the Bull
Shall rend the earth with strife unmerciful:
The Jansenist,[29] of destiny the slave,
Lost to all hope of grace, whom nought can save,
Upon his standard Saint Augustin bears,
For numbers marches and for nothing cares;
While foes bent double, crawl to the attack,
Each borne upon a little Abbé's[30] back.
O! cease vile discord, nor the land disgrace!
All soon must change: you idiot tribe give place.
A tomb with no rich ornament o'erspread,
Near to Saint-Medard[31] rears its lofty head,
France to enlighten; heaven above conceals

Beneath this tomb its power, nor aught reveals.
Thither the blind his course unsteady wends,
Then stumbling home again, his footstep bends;
The lame appears, on blessed Hosanna calls,
Halts 'fore the sepulchre, jumps, capers, falls.
The deaf approaches, listens and hears nought:
Anon come others, with vast riches fraught,
True wonder-vouchers lost in ease and bliss,
Of Paris these the tabernacle kiss.
Lourdis his large eyes rolls; and, like a clod,
Looks on the work, then renders praise to God;
Grins like a fool, and joins the applauding bands,
Well pleased with all, yet nothing understands.

Ah! here's the judicature, learned crew,
Monastic half — half prelates sage and true;
Inquisitors [32] profound, by God placed there,
All under constables' especial care;
Enthroned in judgment, each saint doctor wears,
For robe, the plumage which the screech owl bears.
Their heads august the donkey's ears display;
And that the just and unjust they may weigh,
Their hands the balance hold, both false and true,
Two ample bowls appearing fixed thereto.
One filled, displays the gold by cheating gained,
The wealth and blood from penitents they've drained;
The other's crammed with bulls [33] and briefs enough,
Fine chaplets,[34] agnusses,[35] and blessed stuff.
O! see'st thou not, before the doctors sage,

Poor Galileo [36] harassed in old age;
Who claims forgiveness with a heart contrite,
Justly condemned for being in the right.

Wherefore, ye walls of Loudun,[37] blaze fresh fires?
Lo! 'tis a curate 'midst the flames expires:
To stamp him sorcerer, the wretches toiled,
And Urbain Grandier the villains broiled.
O! dearest Galigai,[38] to fame well known,
Ill treated by the Parliament and Throne;
That stupid cohort, venal, insincere,
Consumed thee 'midst a fire both hot and clear,
For having with the devil compact made.
How men of sense should be of France afraid;
Where you must Pope and hell at once believe,
A *Pater* all the learning you receive:
While further, true decree salutes my view,
For Aristotle,[39] 'gainst emetic too.

Come, good, good Father Girard,[40] 'fore the throne,
For something should be sung of you alone;
So then you're there, my confessor of maids,
My monk devout well versed in double trades.
What say you of the pentitent's rare charms,
The tender fair converted in your arms?
Much, Father Girard, I esteem this fact,
We all are mortal, speaking of the act;
It is no sin for nature to deplore,
How many men devout have done still more.
Yet friend, I must avow, I little thought

To see the devil on the *tapis* brought:
O! Girard, Girard, thine accusers fell —
Scribes, Jacobins,[41] and Carmelites [42] pell mell;
Judge, witness, enemy or friend so rare,
Not one a conjurer was; that I declare.
Lourdis,[43] in fine, old Parliaments discerned,
Of twenty prelates saw the mandates burned;
And by decree expelled the tribe ungracious,
Pupils of certain fool dubbed Saint Ignatius:[44]
But they themselves in turn were all destroyed;
Quesnel [45] shed tears, Ignatius was o'erjoyed:
Paris felt sorrow at their fate so tragic,
And was consoled with comic Opera's [46] magic.

O! thou dull Folly, goddess ever blind,
Parent through ev'ry age of humankind;
Of men producing more than Cybele [47]
Erst gave of Gods in her fecundity:
Whose large eye heavy views with bliss around
Thy countless race with whom these soils abound;
Compilers stupid, and translaters dull,
Sad authors, readers too, as thick of skull:
Thee I interrogate, O Goddess dense!
Deign tell me of this multitude immense,
Of all thy children which are cherished most,
Fecund in yielding of dull scribes a host,
Those who can stumble just as well as bray,
At every step in their dull plodding way?
Ah! now I know thy tender cares eternal,
Are for the author of Trevoux's [48] famed Journal.

As Denis neared the moon these sights were prepared,
Wherewith the foe was shortly to be scared;
Another wond'rous scene just then had birth,
With the great idiots of our nether earth:
Charles is to Orleans flown; his standard fair
Waves on the bosom of the ambient air:
Beside him Joan, with helm upon her head,
Vows that to Rheims he shall anon be led.
Ah! see you not the youthful squires advance,
Right loyal cavaliers, the flower of France?
With spear in rest, these nobles, every one,
Respectfully surround the Amazon:
Thus at Fontevrault [49] woman's rights prevail,
The female sex commanding there the male;
In Madame's grasp, the ruling sceptre's pressed,
And by my Lady,[50] Father Anselm's blessed.

The lovely Agnes now each hour deplores,
No longer viewing him her soul adores;
And yields at once to the excess of woe:
Her senses chill; her blood forgets to flow.
Her friend Bonneau exerts his every art
To pour re-animation in her heart.
Her eyes again unclose, of azure hue,
Glazed with the pearly drops of crystal dew:
On Bonneau then reclining her poor head —
"'Tis done; I am betrayed!" the fair one said.
"Where strays he, and what will he undertake?
His vows and oaths he only meant to break;

Which were so often swore, when first he strove
To gain my acquiescence with his love.
Without my charmer, must I rest by night
Upon that couch, the scene of our delight;
And yet, that dauntless female warrior Joan,
Not England's enemy, but mine alone,
Against me strives to prepossess his mind;
Gods! how I loath such creatures unrefined;
Soldiers [51] in coats; viragos changed to knights,
Of the male sex affecting valor's rites;
Without possessing all the charms of ours,
Of both pretending to engross the powers,
And who the attributes of neither know."
Speaking she blushed, as tears began to flow;
With rage she trembles, and with grief she cries,
The gust of rage shot lightning from her eyes,
When, on a sudden, tender love benign
Instilled into her brain a new design.

For Orleans town anon her course she bent;
With her Dame Alix and good Bonneau went;
Fair Agnes gained an inn, where then at rest
Slept Joan, who with hard riding had been pressed;
Agnes inquired the chamber of the maid,
And where her armor and her harness laid;
Then waiting till each inmate soundly slept,
Slyly into the room fair Agnes crept;
And into Chandos' breeches pass'd her thighs,
Laced the projecting front of monstrous size,
In the bright breast-plate her fair form array'd.

The impenetrable steel for combats made,
Tore the white skin unused to such a trade.
Supported by the arm of good Bonneau,
From Agnes gently thus the accents flow:
"Love! love! my soul obeys thy soft command,
Give nerve then to this weak and trembling hand;
O! grant me force to bear this ponderous steel,
To melt his soul for whom these pangs I feel,
A female warrior now my love requires,
Infuse in Agnes then the hero's fires;
I'll follow him: O! grant that I this day,
May dauntless brave for Charles the bloody fray;
And if toward him war's tempest should be led,
And showers of English darts surround his head,
Let Agnes' tarnished charms receive them all,
Let him be saved at least, by my sad fall!
Let him live happily, so my latest sigh
Be wafted in his arms — content I die!"
While on each word fair Agnes laid a stress,
And Bonneau 'tired her in the massive dress,
The monarch Charles, escaped bright beauty's wiles,
Tarried just distant from her some three miles.

Agnes would fain, at that dread hour of night
The monarch join, her doting soul's delight;
So thus arrayed, and sinking 'neath the weight,
Cursing her arms, and wailing her sad fate,
She oft on palfrey's back got rueful bump,
Her legs were torn, and sore was either rump;
Fat Bonneau on a Norman courser proud,

Rode heavy at her side and breathed full loud —
Love, tender love, gazed on with tearful eye,
Beheld her start, and heaved a rueful sigh.

Scarce had sweet Agnes her escape made good,
When straight was heard within a neighboring wood
The tramp of steeds and clank of arms most clear.
The noise redoubling, soldiers soon drew near
In scarlet clad; and to increase her pain,
'Twas Chandos' troop, who this night scoured the plain;
One forth advancing cried: "Who passes there?"
At this commanding voice our lover fair
Thought of the King, and all evasion fled:
"'Tis Agnes, long live Love and France!" she said.
At these two names, which the just power on high,
Wished to unite by the most lasting tie,
Agnes and lusty Bonneau both were ta'en,
And captives led to John Chandos amain:
Before this hero, dreadful in his ire,
Who for late insult threatened vengeance dire
Against the sneaking robbers who had fled,
Stealing his sword and breeches while in bed.

Just as the power beneficent and wise
Dispels the balm of sleep that veils our eyes;
When tuneful birds begin the matin lay,
And man with soul enwrapt salutes the day;
When, with rekindled vigor all his fire,
Within the bosom glows with love's desire:

Just then to Chandos was the fair one brought,
The lovely Agnes with each beauty fraught
Which Phœbus boasts when rising from the flood;
Chandos awake — how flowed thy boiling blood,
When at thy side thou sawest the fair one sad,
Bearing thy sword and in thy short-clothes clad?

The hero warmed by every witching grace,
Gazed with lascivious eyes on Agnes' face:
She trembled, and then muttering, heard him say,
"Anon my breeches I shall bear away:"
First on the bolster placing his fair prize,
"Quit my sweet captive," said he, "this disguise;
Cast off these ponderous arms, unfit for thee,
And shine arrayed in beauty's livery."
He ceased, then filled with hope and ardor too,
Her helmet and her breast-plate quick withdrew;
Struggling, the fair defended each bright charm,
And blushed, for modesty had taken alarm,
Thinking of Charles, and bowed to conqueror's will.
Bonneau by Chandos destined was to fill,
Within his kitchen the chief's grand employ,
And thither instantly he sped with joy:
Of puddings white, inventor famed was he;
And O French people! 'tis to him that ye
Indebted are, for eel pies which ye praise,
And for the much loved *gigot à la braise.*[52]

Agnes exclaimed in tender trembling tone:
"Oh! Mister Chandos, leave me now alone;

What are you doing? Prithee, Sir, forbear."
"Ods zounds," quoth he—(all English heroes swear),[53]
"Some one was guilty of a crying sin,
Those are my breeches which your limbs are in,
And when I find that which by right is mine,
I'll have it, I protest, by powers divine."
To argue thus and Agnes to unclothe,
Was the same thing; the fair one, something loth,
Wept struggling in his arms against the intent,
Then screamed full loud—"No, I do not consent."

Just at this epoch a loud din was heard,
To arms, to arms! was everywhere the word;
The trumpet's clangor, death's portentous sound,
Called to the charge, and shrilly echoed round.
Joan, when awake, astonished, found no more
Those manly trappings she so lately wore;
Her helmet shaded by the rich aigrette,
The coat of mail,[54] and eke the huge braguette:[55]
Ne'er balancing in doubt, brave Joan anon
A lowly squire's plain armor buckled on,
Vaulted her winged ass, and loudly cried:
"Come, cavaliers, support your country's pride."
Of knights and soldiers, straight obeyed her call,
Six hundred one score fighting men in all.

From the gay region where dame Folly reigns,
Lourdis just then alighted 'midst the plains;
And at this juncture critical appeared,

Amidst the British phalanx so much feared:
His bulky structure atoms gross surround,
And on his broad back fooleries abound:
Dull ignorance and works of monks he bore;
Thus saddled he arrived, and then his store
Forth from the full robe he contented shook,
And on the British camp dropped every book;
Of filthy ignorance his treasures vast,
Treasures throughout all France profusely cast.
So when of night the sable deity,
Mounted on spangled car of ebony,
Charms with profoundest sleep our weary eyes,
And all our senses lulls 'midst dreams and lies.

END OF CANTO III.

NOTES TO CANTO III.

[1] Iberia, an ancient name of Spain, derived from the river Iberus.

[2] Turenne, Henry de la Tour d'Auvergne (Viscount de), second son of the Duke de Bouillon and Elizabeth of Nassau, daughter of William the First of Nassau, Prince of Orange, was born at Sedan in 1611. He acquired the art of war under Prince Maurice, his maternal uncle, and became the first general of his age. After several great and successful campaigns he took part in the civil wars which then devastated France, acting in the first instance against the court, but in 1651 he was reconciled to the king and became general of the royal army, in which capacity he was opposed to the Prince of Condé, whom he defeated at the famous battle of Dunes, near Dunkirk, being the warlike achievement adverted to by the poet. In 1667 Turenne was elevated to the dignity of Marshal of all the French armies and had the honor of instructing his monarch in the art of war, when he renounced the protestant religion, which he had previously professed. After conquering Franche Compté, defeating the Duke of Lorraine, and gaining two splendid victories over the Imperialists, the famous Italian General Montecuculi was sent against him, and while the two armies were in view of each other Turenne was killed by a cannon ball at Sultzbach in 1675.

[3] The illustrious Louis, Prince de Condé, Duke d'Enghien, commonly surnamed the Great, was the son of Henry, Prince of Condé, and born at Paris in 1621. Cardinal Richelieu, conversing with him when a boy, predicted that he would certainly become the first general in Europe and the greatest man of his time. After a series of the most illustrious actions this renowned warrior was compelled, on

account of the gout, to retire to the Château of Chantilly, where he expired in 1686.

[4] Louis Hector Villars, Marshal of France and Grandee of Spain, was born at Moulins, in the Bourbonnais, 1653. He distinguished himself on various occasions as a military character and was made Marshal-de-Camp in 1690. In 1733 he was sent into Italy, where he took Pizzighitone, but died soon after at Turin in 1734.

[5] Francis Eugene, Prince of Savoy, was born in 1663 and intended for the Church, but the demise of his father altered the design and prompted him to follow a military life. After many signal victories obtained over the Turks, the French, and the Imperialists, he was at length associated in the command of the Allied Army with the great Duke of Marlborough, and in 1704 he had a principal share in the memorable battle of Blenheim. From this epoch he was constantly employed and almost uniformly victorious, and in 1709 defeated Villars at the famous battle of Malplaquet, near Mons, alluded to by Voltaire. Eugene died at Vienna in 1736. He was a prince remarkably amiable in his private deportment, correct in his manners, serious, sincere and devout.

[6] Stanislaus, the first King of Poland, was born in 1677, and in 1704 was deputed by the Assembly at Warsaw to Charles the Twelfth of Sweden, who had just conquered Poland and who caused him to be crowned king in 1705, but when Charles was in turn defeated at Pultowa, in 1709, Stanislaus was obliged to leave his kingdom. He died in consequence of his nightgown taking fire, in 1766.

[7] Charles the Twelfth, King of Sweden.

[8] The Ukraine forms a part of Poland.

[9] Czar Peter the Great.

[10] John Talbot, Earl of Shrewsbury, was born of a noble family in Herefordshire and displayed great valor in the reduction of Ireland, where he was commander-in-chief for

Henry the Fifth. He afterwards went to France, serving under the Duke of Bedford, where he was made prisoner at the battle of Patay, but not long after recovered his liberty, and then returned to Ireland, from which country he was once more recalled to France, where he gained several victories and took some strong places, so that his name became a terror to the French until the period of his death, which occurred at the battle of Chastillon, where the great and valiant Earl of Shrewsbury and his son were slain, in 1453.

[11] Benedictine Monks were of the order of Saint Benedict, or Benet, who flourished about 480, having embraced the ascetic life. In 528 he retired to Mount Cassino, where he founded a monastery, and died between 540 and 550. This fraternity was formerly so flourishing that there were no less than sixteen thousand monasteries of the order. The name *Lourdis,* derived from *lourd,* heavy, is admirably adapted to convey an idea of the opacity which characterized the intellect of our Benedictine friar, of whose tenebrous family the ramifications were beyond all calculation. In book the first, chap. 20th, Rabelais gives an excellent picture of those priests whose whole stock of learning is comprised in the Latin of their breviaries and the stores of the kitchen. Yet, in spite of these sarcasms, let us not despise Father Lourdis. Ignorance, after all, merits the highest commendation, for what can be advanced to the contrary when we read in the works of that learned and ghostly doctor Saint Jerome passages like this: "*Geometrica, arithmetica, habent in sua scientia veritatem, sed non ex scientia illa, scientia pietatis. Scientia pietatis est nocere scripturas, et intelligere Prophetas, Evangelia credere, Prophetas non ignorare.*" — *Ep. ad Titum.* It must be confessed that the Benedictines have produced men of the greatest talents and erudition. It is to this order that we owe the elaborate researches of a Montfaucon, the *"De Re Diplomatica"* of a Pere Mabillon, *"L'Art de Vérifier les Dates,"* together with countless works of a similar description tending to enlighten the mind and induct us into the paths of scientific literature.

[12] The Paradise of Fools, or Limbo, as it is called, a term said to have been invented by one Peter Chrysologus, is a region to which were said to be consigned the souls of all such persons after death, as well as those of infants dying without baptism; consequently not guilty of crimes to condemn them to hell, nor yet pure enough to be admitted into heaven. This Limbo was supposed to be placed near the confines of the moon. Milton thus speaks of it in the course of Satan's journey in pursuit of the newly created world:

> ——— Then might ye see
> Cowls, hoods and habits then with wearers tossed
> And fluttered into rags; then reliques, beads,
> Indulgences, dispenses, pardons, bulls,
> The sport of winds. All these upwhirled aloft
> Fly o'er the backside of the world far off,
> Into a limbo large and broad, since called
> *The Paradise of Fools;* to few unknown
> Long after: now unpeopled and untrod.

[13] Antoine Danchet was a native of Riom and born in 1671. He was a theatrical writer, and also produced several pieces of poetry. He died at Paris the 21st of February, 1748, aged 77. As Danchet had not only a stupid air, but rather the exterior appearance of a simpleton, it was owing to that circumstance the following famous couplets, written in 1710, were constantly repeated when quoting this author, and for the same reason we may very naturally infer the allusion of our poet, as made in the above line:

> Je te vois, innocent Danchet,
> Grands yeux ouverts, bouche béante,
> Comme un sot pris au trébuchet,
> Ecouter les vers que je chante.

[14] Childeric the Third, called the idiot, was proclaimed King of France in 742, and deposed in 751 by Pepin, who confined him in the monastery of Saint Himeran at Ratisbon, where he terminated his days.

[15] Astrology is an art which derives its origin from astronomy, wherefore astrologers pretend to divine the past and the future by observing the aspect of the planets and

possessing a knowledge of their influences. It is also called Judicial Astrology, as presiding over the judgment of persons and things. Speaking of this ridiculous pursuit, La Fontaine has very aptly said:

> Un astrologue un jour se laissa cheoir
> Au fond d'un puit; on lui dit pauvre bête,
> Tandis qu'à peine à tes pieds tu peux voir,
> Penses-tu lire au-dessus de ta tête?

[16] Alchymy, a name applied to the art of purifying metals and transmuting the less valuable into silver and gold, as well as extracting the spirits from minerals and plants. The followers of this art pretend that Adam taught it to Enoch, from whom it descended to Moses, and was by other channels handed down to Solomon. Pliny assures us that the Emperor Caligula was the first who undertook to produce gold from a preparation of arsenic, which project he abandoned, finding that the expense far exceeded the profit to be derived. Some attribute this mystery to the Egyptians, but it is more probable that the invention is due to the Arabians, who have had an infinite number of adepts in whose crucibles were never found anything but cinders. This latter assertion may, perhaps, give umbrage to the believers in Nicholas Flamel, of whom so much has been written, but until the quadrature of the circle, perpetual motion, the inextinguishable lamp and the philosopher's stone are made manifest, all of which alchymists pretend to, I shall beg leave, with Voltaire, to join in the laugh against them. *Ars est sine arte, cujus principium est mentiri, medium laborare, et finis mendicare.*

[17] The Rosicrucians were a sect that appeared in Germany at the commencement of the seventeenth century. They are also styled Enlightened, Immortal, and Invincible. They were extremely enthusiastic, professing opinions the most wild and extravagant. *Hudibras* puts it:

> As Rosicrusian virtuoses
> Can see with ears and hear with noses.

The Rosicrucians bear a strong resemblance to the sect of the ancient Gnostics, who so designated themselves from

the deep learning to which they laid claim, although in reality they were a most ridiculous race. In another part of *Hudibras* we find:

> Knew many an amulet and charm,
> That could do neither good nor harm;
> In Rosicrucian lore as learned
> As he that *Vere adeptus* earned.

Vere adeptus was the term applied to one of this fraternity who had commenced his career in their fantastic extravagances.

[18] Theology, as accepted by the masses, is a science profound, supernatural and divine, which teaches how to reason upon everything we do not comprehend, and bewilder our ideas upon every topic we really understand; from whence it is apparent that theology is the most noble and useful of sciences, all the others being limited to objects already known, and consequently of little or no value. Without theology, empires could not exist, the Church would be lost, and the multitude become incapable of appreciating grace and gratuitous predestination, upon which points it is extremely essential that precise ideas should be formed.

[19] All good Christians, like Lourdis in his convent, will maintain that there is nothing so contrary to religion or the clergy as a sensible and reasoning intellect, which is never requisite to faith, nor sufficiently susceptible of fervor and zeal. The Mussulmans have a great veneration for fools, and among the Christians the greatest saints were evidently those whose pericraniums proved the most deranged.

[20] Caco, or Cacodœmon, derived from two Greek words signifying Evil and Spirit, or a Devil.

[21] John Law, a celebrated projector, was born at Edinburgh in 1671, and acquired a considerable knowledge of practical mathematics, particularly excelling as an accountant. Having seduced the daughter of a gentleman in Eng-

land, he slew the brother of his mistress and, to avoid being hanged, absconded to Holland; from whence he repaired to Italy. It is stated that he afterwards returned to his own country, where he made proposals to parliament for a paper currency, which were rejected. Law then visited the continent a second time and settled at Genoa; after which, in 1716, he established a bank at Paris under his own name, but with the authority of the Duke of Orleans, then Regent; to which was annexed the Company of the Mississippi, a pretended scheme for paying off the national debt and enriching the subscribers. This project became popular in the extreme, so that every one was anxious to convert his specie into paper, and in 1720 Law was made Comptroller of the Finances. But the whole cheat was at length discovered, when the enraged sufferers besieged the palace of the Regent, crying out, as they held up their hands full of bills, "See the fruit of your system." Law was in consequence exiled to Pontoise, from whence he escaped to Italy, and died at Venice in 1729. The following *jeu d'esprit*, written at Paris in 1720, sufficiently exemplifies the detestation in which this empirical financier was held by the deluded inhabitants of that city:

La Généalogie de Monsieur Law.

Belzebub	engendra	Law.
Law	engendra	La Banque.
La Banque	engendra	Mississippi.
Mississippi	engendra	Système.
Système	engendra	Papier.
Papier	engendra	Billet.
Billet	engendra	Agio.
Agio	engendra	Larron.
Larron	engendra	Souscription.
Souscription	engendra	Dividende.
Dividende	engendra	Escompte.
Escompte	engendra	Intrinsèque.
Intrinsèque	engendra	Argent fort.
Argent fort	engendra	Compte ouvert.
Compte ouvert	engendra	Registre.
Registre	engendra	Billon idéal.
Billon idéal	engendra	Zéro.
Zéro	engendra	Nihil.

à qui la puissance d'engendrer fut ôtée.

[22] Two personages of the name of Escobar figured as Jesuits; the one, Bartholomew, who went to the Indies and died at Lima in 1624; but the individual to whom Voltaire alludes was named Anthony Escobar, who wrote a commentary upon the Bible, in 9 vols. folio, and a work entitled "*Theologia Moralis,*" 7 vols. folio.

[23] Louis Molina, a famous Jesuit, was a native of Cuenca, in New Castile, descended from a noble family, and born in 1535. He completed his studies at Coimbra, after which he became Professor of Divinity at Ebora for twenty years. He died at Madrid in 1600. His works were Commentaries on the "*Summa*" of Aquinas; a "Treatise *de Justitia et Jure;*" another, "*De Concordia Gratiæ et Liberi Arbitrii.*" The last is a work of merit and gave rise to great disputes between the Jesuits and the Dominicans, the latter order accusing Molina of reviving Pelagiarism. Molina is styled conceited, or self-sufficient, by Voltaire, in allusion to the efficient grace upon which he formed a system just as absurd as that disseminated by his opponents.

[24] Louis Doucin, an expert Jesuit, was the first minister and *factotum* of Le Tellier, without whom no favor was to be found with the latter personage, who exercised an unlimited influence over his royal master, Louis the Fourteenth. Doucin was the author of a curious History of Nestorianism and other works in favor of the constitution of *Unigenitus,* and it is this same person who also produced the famous ecclesiastical problem. Doucin was a native of Vernon and died at Orleans in 1716.

[25] Le Tellier, the celebrated Jesuit, and confessor of Louis the Fourteenth, was the son of an attorney at Vire, in Lower Normandy, and the author of that famous Bull and all the dreadful troubles and disputes which resulted from its promulgation. Le Tellier was afterwards exiled during the Regency, and his memory, for more than half a century, was held in just abhorrence by the whole French nation. Respecting this very interesting Bull of the Holy See, better known by the appellation of *Unigenitus,* being the

word with which it commenced, no instrument ever caused such an increase of the sale of paper, as no less than two hundred thousand *lettres de cachet* for the Bastille and other state prisons were in consequence issued by Le Tellier, without calculating a million mandates and the myriads of disquisitions and disputations to which they gave birth, for the instruction of the devout and babbling minions of the court.

[26] Bellerophon, in profane history, was the son of Glaucus, King of Epirus, by Eurymede, and was first called Hipponous; but having murdered his brother, named Beller, he was from that circumstance called Bellerophon. Being despatched with a letter from Prætus, King of Argos, to Jobates, King of Lycia, wherein the latter was desired to put him to death, from thence all letters of an unfavorable tendency to the bearer have been styled letters of Bellerophon. It is also this personage who is said to have slain the hideous monster *Chimæra.*

[27] These besotted scribbling Dons, so justly ridiculed by Voltaire, merited well an application of the following lines from Hudibras:

> A strange chimera of beasts and men,
> Made up of pieces heterogene,
> Such as in nature never met
> *In eodem subjecto* yet.

[28] Alluding to the Batrachomyomachia supposed to have been written by Homer, wherein he describes the Combat between Frogs and Mice.

[29] The Jansenists followed the tenets of Cornelius Jansenius, Bishop of Ypres, who adopted the opinion of Saint Augustine concerning grace, and opposed the Jesuits, maintaining that the Messiah did not come as the Saviour of mankind in general, but only of a certain portion of the human species. Upon the appearance of the Bull called *Unigenitus,* which was in favor of the Jesuits, upwards of one hundred and fifty controversial volumes issued from the press.

[30] In reference to the Abbé Paris, see the ensuing note.

[31] In the church of Saint Medard was interred a silly fellow named Paris, who was a deacon, and being one of the most zealous and accredited Jansenists was by the multitude regarded as a saint. It was about the year 1724 that his followers first took it into their heads to go and pray at the tomb of this stupid priest in the burying ground of the above-named church, erected at Paris in honor of this Medard, a personage but little known. We cannot trace a single miracle performed by this canonized individual, and what is a saint without a miracle? The Abbé Paris, however, amply compensated for this deficiency, being, as we are assured, the author of a multitude, the most renowned of which was that celebrated in a song written by the Duchess of Maine, who thus treats the subject in question:

> Un décroteur à la royale,
> Du talon gauche estropié,
> Obtint, pour grâce spéciale,
> D'être boiteux des deux pieds.

Saint Paris performed three or four hundred miracles of this nature. It is even supposed that he would have raised the dead if he had been left alone, but the police thought requisite to take the affair in hand, upon which the following well-known distich was penned:

> De par le roi, défense à Dieu
> D'opérer miracle en ce lieu.

In Bolingbroke's "Letters on the Study of History," is the following passage relating to this Abbé Paris. "A sudden frenzy of devotion seized the people of Paris for a little priest (the Abbé Paris), undistinguished during his life and dubbed a saint by the Jansenists after his death. Had the first minister been a Jansenist, the saint had been a saint still, all France had kept his festival, and since there are thousands of eye-witnesses ready to attest the truth of all the miracles supposed to have been wrought at his tomb, notwithstanding the discouragement which these zealots have met with from the government, we may assure our-

selves that these silly impostures would have been transmitted, in all the solemn pomp of history, from the knaves of this age to the fools of the next." There are extant five thick quarto volumes entitled *"La Vérité des Miracles opérés par l'intercession de Monsieur de Paris démontré contre Monsieur l'Archevêque de Sens, par Monsieur Carré de Montgeron, Conseiller du Parlement,"* 1739. This work is embellished by a multitude of plates, and was presented by its author to Louis the Fifteenth.

[32] The sacred tribunal of the Inquisition is composed of priests and monks, independent of the civil power, who of course have the right to judge without appeal in their own cause, and condemn those to be burned who plead against them. By the assistance of this holy tribunal, the princes who authorize it have the advantage of governing subjects at once orthodox, devout, and beggarly, being always well disposed to espouse the cause of the clergy against the temporal power.

[33] A Bull is a strip of parchment whereto is affixed a leaden seal which the servant of the servant of the Most High fulminates either for the purpose of exacting gold or exciting some saintly fermentation in a country which stands in need of exercise.

[34] A string of beads used by Roman Catholics when they repeat their Pater-nosters and Ave Marias.

[35] The figure of the Holy Lamb supporting a Cross stamped upon a piece of white wax mixed with the powder of saints' bones and blessed by the Pope as a precious relic, which is supposed to possess the miraculous virtue of dispersing illusions, enchantments, and storms It is on this account that thunder never falls in countries which abound with this species of merchandise.

[36] Galileo Galilei, a celebrated astronomer, was born at Pisa in 1564. Having constructed a telescope, he discovered the irregularities of the moon's surface and that of Venus, as also that the *Via Lactea* is an assemblage of

fixed stars; and pursuing his researches with infinite application, he made many other important discoveries in the heavenly space; but his assertion of the earth's motion gave such offence to the Holy Inquisition that in 1615 he was cited to Rome, there imprisoned and treated with the greatest rigor, not only as heretical, but as ignorant, for having demonstrated the motion of our terrestrial sphere; which truth he was compelled to recant in order to save himself from the stake. This is upon a par with the fate of a poor German bishop, who was deposed from his See and declared a heretic, for maintaining that we had our antipodes. Saint Augustine also treats of the absurdity of this idea; and Lanctantius, speaking upon the same subject, says: "Can there be any people so mad as to believe that there exist men whose heads are lower than their feet?"

[37] Urbain Grandier, curate of Loudun, was condemned to the flames in 1629 by a commission from the council for having possessed some nuns with the devil, wherefore Butler says:

> Appear in divers shapes to Kelly?
> And speak i' th' nun at Loudun's belly?

[38] Eleonore Galigai, a lady of high quality, attached to the suite of the queen, Marie de Medicis, and her lady of honor; also the wife of Concino Concini, a Florentine, Marquis d'Ancre, and Marshal of France, was not only decapitated at the Place de Greve in 1617, as it is stated in the "Chronological History of France," but was also burned as a sorceress; and her estates, goods, and chattels delivered over to her enemies. There were only five counsellors who, indignant at an iniquity so horribly flagrant and absurd, would not assist at this infamous judgment.

[39] The Parliament under Louis the Thirteenth prohibited, under pain of the galleys, the teaching of any other doctrine but that of Aristotle; and the very same assembly decreed that emetics should no longer be administered, but without condemning the doctors or their patients to the

galleys. Louis the Fourteenth was afterwards restored to health when at Calais by taking an emetic, and in consequence this most sapient edict of the parliament completely lost its credit with the nation.

[40] For Father Girard see Note 13 of the preceding Canto.

[41] Jacobins were monks and nuns of the order of Saint Dominic.

[42] Carmelites, an order of friars founded by Almericus, Bishop of Antioch, at Mount Carmel in Syria in 1122.

[43] The French bishops were nearly divided upon the subject of the famous Bull called *Unigenitus,* one-half being Jansenists and the other half Molinists, while the parliament, on the contrary, consisted of members for the most part Jansenists, on which account they ultimately expelled the Jesuits from France. All the mandates issued by the bishops who adopted the principles of Molina, were by the parliament condemned to be burned by the hangman, but in the end the parliament was in its turn expelled and disgraced and all its decrees upon the subject repealed. It is on this account that Quesnel, the staunch Jansenist, is represented by the poet as weeping the event, while Ignatius Loyola, on the contrary feels delighted, from a sentiment diametrically opposite.

[44] Ignatius Loyola, founder of the order of Jesuits, was born of a good family in the province of Guipuscoa in Spain in 1491. He was educated to the military profession, but having broken his leg at the siege of Pampeluna, he made a vow to the Virgin that, in case he recovered, he would devote the residue of his life to religion: in consequence of this Loyola became a preacher and ultimately established the order of Jesus, which was confirmed by Pope Paul the Third. He died in 1556 and was canonized by Gregory the Fifteenth in 1622. The order of Jesuits, after being expelled from Portugal and France, was finally suppressed by Pope Clement the Sixteenth in 1773

but has been revived in Russia and is supposed to subsist secretly in several countries. We are informed in the legend of Ignatius Loyola, that his zeal and devotion were so great, and transported him so marvellously beyond himself, that while at his prayers he had been seen raised from the ground for a considerable length of time together.

[45] Pasquier Quesnel was born at Paris in 1634. He studied theology in the Sorbonne with great reputation: after which he entered the Congregation of the Oratory, and was distinguished by his learning and piety. In 1675 he published an edition of the works of Saint Leo, but being a zealous Jansenist, he was obliged to retire to Brussels, where he published his "Reflections on the New Testament," which work was attacked by the Jesuits and occasioned so much controversy, that Pope Clement the Eleventh issued his famous Bull called *Unigenitus,* against Quesnel's book; who was imprisoned and put into irons by means of the Jesuits, but effected his escape and retired to Amsterdam, where he died in 1719.

[46] The above line is intended to elucidate the versatility of the Parisian character, which is so pliant, that however disastrous the events of the day may have proved, all is forgotten at the theatre in the evening, a circumstance which cannot be denied, when the translator was himself a witness of the balls and pastimes which took place on the boulevards and in the Champs-Élysées at Paris on the Sunday evening when the artillery of the victorious allies was every moment heard to resound from all the heights and plains which environ the capital.

[47] Cybele was the daughter of Cœlus and Terra and the wife of Saturn.

[48] Trévoux, Trivoltium, or Trivultium, of the Romans, a small city of Bresse in France, was, under the old régime, the capital of the principality of Dombes and situated on the river Soane three leagues above Lyons. At this place was established a very extensive printing-

office, from which issued a number of celebrated works; among others the famous dictionary, in eight volumes folio, which has ever since borne the appellation of *"Le Dictionnaire de Trévoux,"* while at the same press was also executed the journal above alluded to, which treated upon literature, sciences, and arts, consisting of upwards of a hundred volumes, which were never so well edited as when under the auspices of Father Berthier, a Jesuit, against whom Voltaire directs his attack, and concerning whose journal our poet further states in his works that, being one day travelling, he was taken with a particular fit of drowsiness, for which he could by no means account, until he discovered that his servant had placed under the seat of his carriage two or three volumes of the publication in question.

[49] Fontevraud, Fontevraux, or Fons-Ebraldi, is a town of Anjou, situated three leagues from Saumur and formerly celebrated for its famous abbey, containing a mixed order of both sexes, whereof the weaker sex commanded the stronger. This institution derived its origin in the year 1100, some time after the celebration of the Council of Poitiers, its founder being one Robert d'Arbrissel, born in 1047, and who died in 1117. He was first Archdeacon of Rennes and received a special mission from Pope Urban the Second to go and instruct the people by his preaching; he obeyed accordingly and his efforts were attended with such success that, finding himself followed by crowds of both sexes, he caused cells to be erected for them in the forest of Fontevraud; still continuing to wander bare-footed through the adjoining provinces in order to exhort the multitude, but more particularly prostitutes, whom he conjured to abandon their infamous courses and perform acts of penitence in the cloisters of his sanctuary; and in effect it appears that he wrought wonderful conversions of this nature, more particularly in the city of Rouen. He persuaded the famous Queen Bertrade, wife of Philip the First, to assume the habit of his order, which was finally established throughout all France, under the special

protection of Pope Paschal the Second, in 1106. Some time previous to his death, Robert d'Arbrissel conferred the generalship of his institution upon a lady named Petronilla de Chemille and willed that ever after one woman should succeed another in the dignity of chief of the order, commanding alike the religious of both sexes. There are reckoned among the thirty-five abbesses who succeeded, viz. to the period of Voltaire, no less than fourteen princesses, whereof five were of the royal line of the Bourbons. See Sainte Marthe, in the fourth volume of *"Gallia Christiana,"* and the *"Clypeus Ordinis Fontebraldensis"* of Father Mainferme. Robert d'Arbrissel, by thus subjecting men to women, pretended that he did honor to the holy history related to Saint John, wherein we find that our Lord being upon the cross, recommended His beloved disciple to the Virgin Mary and commanded him to acknowledge her for his mother. This order was under the rule of Saint Benet, Robert having only added some constitutions to it. There existed sixty monasteries in France: the nuns wore a black habit with a white veil, and when at church a long black gown with ample sleeves; the monks were habited in black, as secular priests, but upon their cassock was a capuchin similar to those worn by the French bishops, at the bottom of which hung two small square pieces of the same stuff, one before and the other behind.

[50] Alluding to the benediction bestowed by the females upon the monks at Fontevraud.

[51] It appears very probable that our poet had in view the heroines of Ariosto and Tasso; they certainly must have savored something of dirtiness, but the knights of those days were not over fastidious. The young Spaniards of quality, for instance, signalized their valor before the ladies at bull feasts, which often proved hazardous and sometimes fatal; they were performed by attacking wild bulls trained for the purpose, which were let loose upon the combatants, and he who slew the most, attained the highest rank in the favor of the ladies. Butler upon this subject says:

So Spanish heroes with their lances,
At once wound bulls and ladies' fancies;
And he acquires the noblest spouse
That widows greatest herds of cows.

[52] The receipt for a *gigot à la braise* is as follows: let a tender leg of mutton be completely boned except the knuckle, then larded and seasoned with fine spices, salt, powdered basilisk, pepper, parsley, and onions, well chopped together, after which let the meat be tied up, preserving its natural form: arrange some slices of meat, five or six onions, and as many carrots in the stew-pan, and upon these place the gigot, moistened with some rich gravy and half a glass of brandy, to which add two laurel leaves, three cloves, two cloves of garlic, and a little thyme; cover the whole well with paper and let it stew gently for four hours with a fire on the cover as well as under the stew-pan: when cooked let the gigot be drained and served up with endive and its own gravy or with any other ragout that may be thought preferable.

[53] This oath, uttered by Chandos, must have sounded very offensive to the ear of the belle; and it would certainly have proved more decorous in the poet had he made use of some decent ejaculation; yet what is to be said? every nation has its mode of swearing; for instance, the Germans growl *"Sacrament!"* the Spaniards *"Voto a Dios!"* while the French vociferate a word which is, to the oath of Italians, what the action is to the instrument. The Romans had particular oaths for men and women to swear by, wherefore Macrobius says, *"Viri per Castorem non jurabant antiquitas, nec mulieres, per Herculem; Œdepol autem juramentum erat tam mulieribus, quam viris commune,"* etc. alluding to which we find the following couplet in Hudibras:

They would not suffer the stoutest dame
To swear by Hercules's name.

"Ods zounds" is a corruption of "by God's wounds."

[54] The coat of mail was usually composed of numerous

small plates of iron stitched in waddings of wool and covered over with silk; it had large sleeves and a gorget.

[55] I have, for very cogent reasons, thought fit to insert the French instead of the English appellation to this part of the male attire used in ancient days; it is derived in French from *de braie, bracca.* Long braguettes were worn, detached from the summit of the short clothes: and frequently at the bottom of these appendages an orange was deposited for the purpose of being presented to the ladies.

Rabelais speaks of a very entertaining work entitled *"De la dignité des Braguettes;"* and in the Memoirs of Brantôme, where he treats of *Les Vies des dames galantes de son temps,* may be found many curious stories appertaining to the braguette, which was the peculiar prerogative of the most noble of the sexes; wherefore the Sorbonnic doctors presented a petition that the Maid of Orleans might be burned for having worn short-clothes with the braguette: six French bishops, assisted by their mitred brother of Winchester, condemned her to the stake; which, considering all things, was very proper; nay, it is much to be regretted that this does not occur more frequently; but let us despair of nothing.

CANTO IV.

ARGUMENT.

JOAN AND DUNOIS COMBAT THE ENGLISH.—WHAT OCCURS TO THEM IN THE CASTLE OF HERMAPHRODIX.

Were I a king, I'd always justly deal,
Give peace at home, and guard the public weal;
And in my august reign each setting sun
Should chronicle some worthy act I'd done:
If of finance I had myself control,
I'd give to men of sense; to men of soul
On every side my bounty I'd accord;
For, after all, they merit due reward.
Or were I an archbishop,[1] I would seek
To tame the Jansenist [2] and make him meek;
But if I loved a young and tender fair,
To stay with her would be my constant care;
And every day my love fresh sights should see,
While banished thus dull uniformity,
Her heart I'd keep, and she should live for me.
What pangs must absence cause the lover's heart,
What dangers are endured when lovers part:
Alas! we risk, when from the fair away,

To be at least cornuted thrice per day.[3]
Bold Chandos scarce awhile had been enjoying
With lovely prey the bliss of amorous toying;
When through each rank our maiden Joan the Good
Dealt pallid death, and spilt whole seas of blood.
Of Deborah the much redoubted lance
Fregona[4] pierced, so fatal erst to France,
Which Clairvaux's[5] treasures pillaged every one,
And at Fontevraux[6] ravished each fair nun;
In twain the eye she split with fateful brand
Of Fonkinar,[7] well worthy hangman's hand;
That daring fellow born in climes unkind,
Hibernian climes, 'mid frost, and snow, and wind,
Who for three years made love as if at home,
Like one of Florence or of stately Rome:
She overturns the great Lord Halifax;
His cousin, too, the impudent Borax.
Midarblou, who his worthy sire denied;
And Bartonay, who kissed his brother's bride.
From her example there was not a knight,
A squire, a soldier, in this bloody fight,
Who did not with his lance transpierce some ten
Of these redoubted, hardy, Englishmen;
Terror and death preceded their career,
No man but fought divested of all fear;
Their bosoms glowed with superstitious pride,
For each believed the Lord was on his side.

Amidst this tempest and this bloody brawl,
Lourdis roared out as loud as he could bawl:

" She is a maid, so tremble England's crew;
'Tis good Saint Denis who is armed 'gainst you:
She is a maid, and miracles hath wrought;
Against her arm your prowess is as nought.
Quick, bend the knee, each British renegade,
And ask a benediction of the maid."
Fierce Talbot, foaming at the mouth with ire,
Seized instantly upon the babbling friar,
They bound him, yet the monk their rage defied;
He moved not, but, with his mouth distended, cried:
" Martyr I am; but, Britons, ye shall see
That Joan's a maid, and that she'll conquer ye."

Man's credulous, and by his wavering mind [8]
All is received; it is a clay refined;
With ease impressed, what strongest will appear
Is dire surprise or unexpected fear.
These words of Lourdis failed not to impart
More dread effect to every soldier's heart
Than troop heroic and Joan's martial charms,
Aided by courage and their conquering arms.
This instinct old, that prodigies believes,
Erroneous sense, which troubles and deceives,
Illusions and chill fear their poisons shed,
And through each Briton's mind their influence spread.
These sons of Albion, with fierce courage blessed,
No rays of bright philosophy possessed;
Heavy was then the sconce of cavalier,
Ours are the days when brilliant wits appear.

Full of assurance, Chandos to his band
Exclaimed, " My children, conquerors of the land,
Wheel to the right." These words he scarce had said,
Ere to the left they veered, and swearing fled.
'Twas thus of old, upon the fertile ground
Which billows of Euphrates now surround,
When proud capricious man with heaven dared vie,
Rearing a fabric which should touch the sky,[9]
That such a race empyreum might not shame,
Confusion marked their tongues, till then the same.
So, when the one required a draught of water,
The others brought him straight some bricks and mortar;
The people thus, who caused celestial fun,
Marched various ways and left their work undone.

Soon at the ramparts of great Orleans town
Was clarioned of this combat the renown;[10]
Thither with outstretched arms flew trumpet Fame,
Spreading of Joan around the sainted name.
You know the ardor of the Gallic host,
Those fools who such a fund of honor boast,
To battle flying just as to a dance.
Of Bastards, Dunois was the famed in France;
Dunois, that with the Greeks a Mars had been,
Trimouille, la Hire, and Saintrailles, all were seen,
And Richemont, who had left the city wall,
Counting already on the Britons' thrall,
Crying: " Where are they?" loud as they could bawl.

They were not far, for near the gate we find
Stood Talbot, hero of capacious mind.
To check French ardor, this bold chief had laid
Ten stout battalions in snug ambuscade.

For one day past Sir Talbot had aloud
To George his patron saint and Cupid vowed,
That he the city thus besieged would enter,
Of feelings twain his soul the very centre;
For him fat Louvet's rib felt ray divine,
More ardent than pertains to friendship's shrine;
And this choice hero, nerved with hope's bright flame,
Aspired to storm the city and the dame.
Scarce through the gate had passed each cavalier,
When hardy Talbot fell upon their rear;
Whereat our French were not surprised at all.
O plain of Orleans! noble stage, though small,
From this brave conflict, stubborn on each side,
Flowed human blood that all thy verdure dyed,
Which fattened for a hundred years the ground.
At Zama, nor Pharsalia was there found,[11]
Nor could Malplaquet's [12] sanguinary field
For raging Mars a scene more glorious yield;
No, not e'en those where thousands found a grave
A combat fiercer boasted — feats more brave;
There might be seen of glittering spears a crowd
Shivering in air with crash, discordant, loud;
Riders and palfreys sprawling on the plain,
Remounting straight and to the fight again;

Sparks issuing from the weapon's fateful blow,
Augmenting lustre of bright Phœbus' glow.
On all sides flew and fell 'mid these alarms
Noses, chins, shoulders, heads, legs, feet, and arms.

Those angels who fought heaven's great cause of old,
Michael,[13] exterminating champion bold,
And flagellator of proud Persia's band,[14]
Had eyes all bent upon our pygmy land,
With horror gazing on this direful fray,
Awaiting close of this portentous day.

Michael raised high, amid the gazing throng,
The balance which decides both right and wrong;[15]
Those scales wherewith mankind is weighed on high,
With steady hand, to try the destiny
Of Albion's heroes and the sons of France.
Our knights thus justly poised, such proved the chance
That Gaul unluckily was light of weight,
Since veteran Talbot shared the smiles of Fate.
Such was of heaven the secret judgment just;
And joking Richemont found himself the first
Pierced through the haunch; Saintraille felt jeopardy,
An arrow entering just above the knee;
La Hire was wounded where I must not say;
Ah me! how will his mistress curse the day;

Devout Trimouille could not escape from harm,
Plunged in a bog, he stuck with broken arm;
Thus wounded back to Orleans were they led,
And each incontinent consigned to bed;
Just judgment this of heaven omnipotent,
For mocking Denis such the punishment.

God can or pardon or condemn, we know:
Quesnel [16] has said it, and it must be so:
Then in his judgment he thought meet to spare,
Nor fate of giddy friends made Bastard share.
On litter, in sad plight, each uttered moan,
Cursing sad destiny and maiden Joan.

Not even a scratch had Dunois' body scored,
Who swift as lightning on his foes then poured;
He breaks their ranks, day darts athwart the band,
Pierces to where the Maid had ta'en her stand,
And Britons conquering there, put all to flight.
Thus when the countryman, in fell affright,
Beholds two torrents from the mountains roll,
Mingle their currents, and without control
Drown the ripe crop and banish hope of gain;
Joan and Dunois united on the plain
Were far more sweeping and more dread than they;
So dire their ardor in this fell affray,
Such was their rage in chasing Albion's host
That soon to their own party they were lost;
Night closing in our Bastard and the Maid,
Nor French nor Chandos hearing on the glade,

Their converse checking, waved aloft the lance,
And halting cried: " For ever flourish France!"

By moonlight, as drear silence reigned around,
A pathway leading through a wood they found;
Forward they sped, then turned, but all in vain;
O'ercome with toil and hunger's gnawing pain,
With searching tired, their palfreys weary too,
Each their adventure now began to rue:
'Twas hard to vanquish, and then lack a bed
Whereon to rest the aching limbs and head:
Thus ships bereft of compass and of sail,
By Neptune tossed and the Eolian gale.
A dog just then appeared to our sad pair,
Seeming expressly sent to soothe their care;
He barked, then wagged his tail, and straight drew near,
And fondled each, divested of all fear,
Seeming by friendly gestures thus to say:
" Come, follow gentles, lo! this is the way;
Come, come, I prithee; lodging rare you'll meet,
And at the board partake delicious treat."
Our heroes by mute language understood
That this kind dog strayed thither for their good;
Wherefore, with Hope for guide, they followed straight,
Praying that France might share propitious fate,
And praising each the other's warlike soul,
Which naught terrestial ever could control.
Spite of his caution, Dunois with a sigh,

Would ofttimes leer on Joan with wanton eye;
But when he knew that Gallia's fate must rest
With that choice jewel which the fair possessed
And France be abandoned by promised power
If, ere a year, was cropped this fragrant flower;
He therefore nobly quelled the foul desire,
And for the State subdued love's wanton fire;
And yet on route whene'er some rugged place
Caused saintly ass to stumble in its pace,
Dunois, officious and with ardor warm,
The valorous maid supported with right arm;
As twinkling oft her eye whence beamed love's
spark,
With left arm stretched behind, our Joan of Arc
The virtuous hero's passion felt full oft.
Thus riding on, it happened in moments soft
Their mouths would frequently in contact meet,
As striving nearer to breathe converse sweet,
Touching the welfare and impending fate
Of Charles their monarch and the Gallic State.

Report hath told me, Konigsmark so fair,[17]
That the twelfth Charles, of humor passing rare,
He who could conquer kings and love subdue
Ne'er at his brutal court dared suffer you;
Charles felt and feared to render thee the arms,
Wherefore he cautious shunned thy brilliant charms;
But Joan to clasp, and yet not touch the treat,
To sit at table hungry and not eat,
More perfect conquest was o'er beauty's spell:

Dunois was like that Robert Arbrissel,[18]
Great Saint, whose pleasure was in arms to rest
Of nuns a pair, who ample charms possessed,
Four limbs whereof he pressed the smooth white skin,
Four heaving breasts — yet guiltless was of sin.

With dawn of day expands before their eyes
A costly palace of tremendous size;
Reared were the walls of marble white and clear,
There lofty doric colonnades appear,
Whereon was seen, with China balustrade
A wide balcony of pure jasper made.
Enchanted both beheld this edifice,
Conceiving they had entered Paradise.
The dog straight barked, and twenty trumpets then
Were heard to sound; and forty serving men,
In rich wrought short-clothes which the gaze invite,
Came to attend the maid and valorous knight.
Two youthful pages with a gallant air
Led them within the palace gate with care;
To spacious baths they went, where, plunging in,
Fair maids of either cleansed with care the skin,
Anointed with perfumes, the couple led
To table, where an ample meal was spread;
Then on rich couches, lost in sweet delight,
From morning, heroes like, they snored till night.

'Tis fitting to my readers I record
Who of this sumptuous mansion was the lord:

This edifice for master owned the son
Of one of those grand geniuses who run
A course eternal mid heaven's region bright,
Whose grandeur oft abandons such delight,
To humanize with our poor feeble race:
This spirit, mingling then celestial grace,
Joined every carnal lust that thrilled his breast
With nun of Benedict; and so was blest; [19]
Whence sprang Hermaphrodix the mighty sage,
Grand wizard, worthy of his parentage,
Worthy nun Alix and such filthy sin.
His fourteenth year he scarce had entered in,
When from on high the parent winged his flight,
Crying: "My child, to me thou owest the light;
Make known the wishes of thine heart, and I
Will speedily with each desire comply."
Hermaphrodix, who had from childhood been
Voluptuous, worthy his foul origin,
Replied: "My bosom glows with heavenly fires,
I know myself divine by my desires;
All pleasures I would taste, I must confess,
And glut my soul with hot voluptuousness.
'Tis my desire as either sex to love,
Wherefore by night let me the female prove,[20]
And with returning day man's form resume."
The sire replied: "Be such, my son, thy doom."
Since which the monster has by day and night
Of either sex assumed the form to sight:
Thus Plato, who to confidence aspires [21]
Of gods, pretends that our primeval sires,

Kneaded from purest clay by hands divine,
Were all framed Androgynæ, superfine;[22]
Each with the power of either sex supplied,
And with inherent virtues satisfied.

Far above this Hermaphrodix must go,
For, to dispense on self transporting glow
Is not the destiny divinely fair;
'Tis better far with neighbor joys to share,
And thus celestial bliss in couples taste.
His courtiers vowed, as he by turns embraced,
'Twas Venus now performing tender rite,
Now Love allaying wanton appetite;
In all directions maids they sought to find;
Young, lusty bachelors and widows kind.

But when Hermaphrodix this boon desired,
He never asked what still was most required;
A gift without which every joy must freeze,
A charming gift — and what? The art to please.
For this unruly wish 'twas fate's decree
That uglier than Sam Bernard [23] he should be;
No conquest ever could his glance command,
In vain were fetes dispensed with liberal hand,
Long banquets, balls, and concerts to invite,
Nay though he sometimes too would couplets write;
Yet when by day the fair one he would see,
Or when at night his female vanity
Subjected was to some audacious swain,
By fate betrayed, his wishes all proved vain.

For fond embracings he was then accurst
With injuries, contempt, rebuffs, disgust,
Just heaven brought this conviction to his eyes,
That pleasure gives not to our greatness rise.

"What," would he cry, "the chambermaid most vile
Enjoys upon her breast a gallant's smile;
Love's tilt, lieutenant with his fair will run,
And in the convent, monk enjoys his nun;
While I, a genius, rich, who grace a throne,
I on this moving orb stand all alone,
Of bliss deprived which others boast a store."
By all the elements anon he swore,
That punishment on either sex he'd deal
Who should disdain for him Love's glow to feel;
And that examples bloody each should share,
The youth ungrateful and obdurate fair.

As king, he greeted each chance guest, I ween;
Of Sheba [24] erst the famous tawny queen,
Thalestris, who at Persia's court sojourned,
Presents less costly from those monarchs earned,
Who for each dame confessed himself Love's slave,
Than he to errant knights his largess gave,
To bachelors and every beauteous miss;
But when a restive soul denied him bliss,
Fell short in complaisance he might require,
And shunned in trivial point his lewd desire;
For such affront his anger did not fail
Alive the poor offender to empale.

The night arrived, and owning female flame,
Four fawning pages from my lady came,
Praying young Dunois, the bold bastard, straight
To follow and enjoy a *tête-à-tête,*
As Joan with company then took her seat,
And of the supper ate, a sumptuous treat.
Our perfumed Dunois, by this escort led,
The boudoir entered, where was supper spread;[25]
Such as the sister erst of Ptolemy,[26]
Yielding to every pleasure licence free,
To those illustrious Romans amply gave,
Heroes at once voluptuous and brave,
To Cæsar, Anthony, with passion drunk;
Such as myself once shared at board of monk,
Proclaimed the victor o'er each stupid foe,
And dubbed with tonsure, Abbot of Clairvaux.[27]
Or such the feast that graced heaven's conclave blue,
If Naso and friend Orpheus tell us true,
And brothers Homer, Hesiod, and Plato,
When the great lord of infidels,[28] you know,
With Semele, supped far from Juno's view,
With Iris, Europia, and Danaë too;
On board divine the dishes then we see,
Arranged by hand of sweet Euphrosine,
And by Thalia, and Aglai the young,
As Graces three, of old so often sung,
Whose law our pedants seldom make their guide;
Of nectar Hebe served the luscious tide,
And the sweet son of him who founded Troy,
The famed Mount Ida's eagle-wafted boy,[29]

Who caused in secret his great master joy:
Such of Hermaphrodix the feast was then
With Dunois shared, 'twixt hours of nine and ten.

Madam with lavish hand had decked her head,
Surcharged the front, with glittering diamonds
spread;
To add new lustre to her brilliant charms,
Decked was her yellow neck and brawny arms
With finest rubies and with pearls most clear,
Which made the dame more hideous far appear,
Who from the table rising, amorous pressed
The handsome Dunois to her loathsome breast.
He, for the first time, trembled with affright,
Of valiant knights though ranked the most polite,[30]
And therefore strove with courtesy, at least,
To treat the liberal donor of the feast.

Thus eyeing of his dame the ugliness,
His honor told him he could not do less
Than as his well-beloved the lady greet;
Yet stoutest courage sometimes shares defeat.
Hermaphrodix, who keen affliction felt,
For Dunois suffered still his heart to melt;
His soul in secret flattery's power obeyed,
At mighty efforts by sad champion made;
His probity and good intents succeed,
This time reputed for the noble deed.
Quoth she: "The morrow, for a feat so rare,
May offer you revenge — go, and prepare,

That to warm love your cold respect may bend;
Be ready, Lord, and better serve mine end."

But now Aurora 'gan to unfold the day,
The orient streaking with the empurpled ray,
And such the moment was when destiny
Ordained Hermaphrodix no dame should be;
Wherefore anon, in manly guise array'd,
The vicious monster sped to Joan the maid,
Undrew the curtains, and her snowy breast
With rude, unlicenced impudence caressed;
Her lip so pure the kiss immodest warms,
As boldly he insults her sainted charms:
As vile Hermaphrodix lascivious grew,
More hideous was his person to the view;
Joan, animated by celestial glow,
With nervous arm on visage dealt a blow.[31]
Amid my fertile plains, 'tis thus I've seen
One of my mares upon a meadow green,
Unequal spotted, of the tiger-die,
Possessing lightsome hoofs, hams bounding high
With direful and avenging kick reprove,
An ass's colt with crupper thus in love,
Which so caressing grossly in the rear,
Thought itself blessed, and high-upraised the ear.
That Joan in this was faulty is most true;
Respectful feelings to her host were due;
The claims of modesty my thoughts control,
That virtue is not banished from my soul;
But when a prince, and more than all a wit,[32]

Seeks to embrace you, seized with amorous fit,
'Tis surely very wrong to smack his face;
Tho' Alix' son possessed not beauty's grace,
He yet had never found a fair so stout
In palace walls to knock his head about.
He cries; guards, pages; valets in a band,
Arch imps arrive, obedient to command;
One telling him, the maiden fierce could be
Less cruel to her friend in chivalry.
O Calumny! thou poison fell of courts,
Converse malign, slandering, and false reports;
Cursed serpents, must your hissings dire appal
The lover's bliss — alike, with court of Gaul!

Our tyrant wronged thus, in a twofold way,
Resolved upon revenge without delay;
Pronouncing to his myrmidons thus hailed
The dreadful sentence: "Let them be empaled."
Obedient they erect in due position
The apparatus for this fell punition;
Dunois and Joan, so worthy Gallia's praise,
Are thus condemned in springtide of their days.
Naked and bound the Bastard then they take,
Straight to be placed upon a pointed stake;
And at this juncture, by a troop profane,
To scaffold, fierce and lovely Joan is ta'en.
When graces all and boxes of the ear
Must punished be, by lingering death severe.
From Joan's fair form the lily shift they tore,
And, as she passed, her lovely body bore

Stripes from the rods of her infernal jailors,
Who then consigned her to the fierce empalers.
Not all their rage could Dunois' firmness blast,
Though every hour he thought must prove his last;
Resigned, he oft addressed the omnipotent;
But when from time to time around he bent
A glance imperious, each was thrilled with dread,
All was heroic that he did or said;
And as on Joan the Bastard cast his eye,
Guardian of France, beloved of saints on high,
When the protectress of Gaul's pallid flower
He saw condemned to perish in the hour,
Inconstant fate, his bosom's throbs deplore
The charms of Joan he gazed on o'er and o'er;
Beholding too the apparatus dread,
For Joan he shuddering wept and hung his head;
Such tears he for himself disdained to shed.

Equal in charity and just as proud,
Attacks of fear our maiden ne'er allowed,
On Dunois languidly she cast her eye,
For him alone her bosom heaved the sigh;
Beauty, grace, nudity woke pity's ray,
And spite of courage, tenderness held sway;
Thus, till on verge of death, fate willed it so,
Neither the other's secret flame should know.
The animal amphibious, at the sight,
Mingling his jealousy with bitter spite,
Straight to attendants gave the signal dire
That doomed on stakes the couple to expire.

A voice that moment, like the thunder's shock,
Making the earth and airy regions rock,
Cried: "Hold each executioner his hand;
Empale them not." These words soon awed the band;
The lictors gazed around and then withdrew,
For 'neath the gate a churchman struck their view;
Saint Francis' girdle and the frock he'd on,
'Neath which appeared the friar Grisbourdon.

Thus, when a hound within the neighboring wood,
Reared for the chase, with nose both staunch and good,
Scents the fleet hart that courses o'er the lawn,
Roused by the echo of the bugle horn,
The dog runs lightly on the course intent,
Sees not the game, but follows by the scent,
Leaps the wide ditch and clears the hedge by force,
No other stag can then avert its course:
So did the worthless monk of Francis steer,
Supported by the beastly muleteer,
And followed maiden Joan where'er she hied,
Pursuing still — fatigue the monk defied.

Arriving thus, he cried: "Hermaphrodix,
In Satan's name, and by the flood of Styx,
By demon, ranked thy sire; by psalter lore
Of the nun Alix, who thy person bore,
Save her who hath my vows and plighted troth;
Behold me, I am come to ransom both.

So if this hero and this maid unskilled
Have not with thee their duty well fulfilled,
I will myself assume the place of two,
And prove at once what feats a monk can do.
Nay more, this famous animal you see,
This mule, so aptly formed to carry me,
Henceforth he's thine, for thee the beast was made;
Like monk, like mule, both follow the same trade.[33]
Command that straight the guard be sent away,
Let him be freed, young Joan shall be our prey;
She is the price — we both demand no more
Than that rare beauty whom our hearts adore."

Joan shuddering, listened to a theme so fell;
Her holy faith, her cherished virgin spell,
Those thrills which love and grandeur's powers
impart,
Were, than her life, far dearer to her heart,
And saint's protecting grace, of gifts the best,
Warring 'gainst handsome Dunois in her breast;
She weeping, to high heaven her pangs disclosed,
And blushed, that naked she was thus exposed;
From time to time her eyelids shut would be,
Naught seeing, she believed that none could see.[34]

Good Dunois' breast was rent with keen despair;
"What," he exclaimed, "and shall a maid so rare,
Shall this unhooded monk enjoy my Joan,
Shall lecher vile our gracious sire dethrone?

Must all things to his hell-fraught charm obey,
Whilst I discreet and guarded to this day,
My fervid love have never dared impart,
Veiling with modesty my burning heart?"

Of Grisbourdon the offer thus polite,
On senses five of the infernal sprite,
A good effect produced; he calmed his ire,
And well content, exclaimed: "'Tis my desire
That you and mule to-night both ready be;[35]
I pardon — set these French at liberty."

The monk in gray possessed good Jacob's wand;
The ring that graced of Solomon the hand;
His clavicule and famous switch enchanted,
To Pharaoh's necromancing sages granted;[36]
And that some besom whereon rode of old
The toothless sorceress of Saul the bold,
When, to that Prince, of prudence the neglector,
At Endor she produced from grave a spectre:
Our Cordelier as wise, a circle traced,
On rump of mulish beast some dust then placed,
Pronouncing words with wond'rous magic fraught,
Which to the Persians, Zoroaster taught.[37]

At these dread sounds, commanding, full of evil,
And uttered in the language of the devil,
Our mule upon his hindmost legs uprose;
His oblong head a longer semblance chose,
His stiff black hair more soft and short became,

But 'neath his cap his ears were still the same.
So anciently that emperor so grand,[38]
Whose proud obduracy, by God's command,
Was punished by condemning him to pass
Seven years an ox, and feed upon the grass;
Yet when the guise of man anew he bore,
He proved no better than he was before.

From the celestial vault, the azure sky,
Denis beheld, with a parental eye,
Of maiden Joan the sad and piteous plight,
He fain from heaven had winged to earth his flight;
But troubled was the Saint and full of care,
His journey thither proved a bad affair;
Bold George, of England [39] was the Patron Saint,
'Gainst Mister Denis he had lodged complaint,
Alleging, that without permission he
Had warred 'gainst Albion's race, most cruelly.

'Twixt Denis and Saint George high words arose,
Spurred to the quick they almost went to blows;
With British Saints there is I know not what,
A something insular, bold, fiery, hot.[40]
The nature of our soil holds strong control,
In vain may rest in Paradise the soul,
All is not pure, provincial twangs will reign,
Although we join a prince's courtly train.

But now I'll pause — my reader, 'tis high time,
Much have I still to say, and that in rhyme:

My breath is short, and yet I ought to tell
This wondrous business, and what more befell,
How Joan the dreadful peril 'scaped at last,
How all unravelled was, and what then passed
In hell, on earth, and in heaven's concave vast.

END OF CANTO IV.

NOTES TO CANTO IV.

[1] The title of archbishop was altogether unknown in the primitive ages of the Church, but subsequently invented by the humility of our reverend pastors, who, after elevating themselves on the backs of the profane, sought to rise by degrees on the backs of one another, in order to be the better enabled to peep into the hidden mysteries of their calling.

[2] The Jansenists, who were a very intractable sect, were followers of the tenets of Cornelius Jansenius, bishop of Ypres, who held Saint Augustin's opinion concerning grace, and were strenuous opposers of the Jesuits. *See Note 29 to the third Canto.*

[3] It is to be hoped that our poet did not intend a sarcasm when alluding to cuckoldom, since many renowned men in history have enjoyed that honorable dignity, not to make mention of the myriads who have been cornuted, never dreaming of the branches sprouting from their brows. Lucullus, Cæsar, Pompeius, Antonius, Cato, and other brave men were cuckolds, without raising the least disturbance; there was only one stupid fellow, named Lepidus, father of the Triumvir, who died of grief, as we are told by Plutarch, when he states that his illness was not so much the effect of the ruin of his affairs, as the agony which he experienced on account of a letter falling into his hands, whereby the infidelity of his wife was made manifest.

[4] Concerning the Fregona of the Italians, Burchard, Bishop of Worms, says, in his *Decret. lib.* XIX. *"Fecisti quod quædam mulieres facere solent, ut faceres quoddam Molimen aut machinamentum in modum virilis membri ad mensuram tuæ voluntatis."* It is thus our venerable author desires that all such as go to confession may be interrogated

upon this subject. In *"Le Cabinet Satirique, ou Recueil de Vers piquans et gaillards,"* will be found a poem upon this topic, containing as follows:

> Ceux de velour ne coulent pas,
> Ceux de satin deviennent gras,
> Et sont rudes à la cousture;
> Et ceux de verre en leur chaleur,
> S'il se cassait par un malheur,
> Vous pourraient blesser la nature.

[5] Clairvaux, Clervaux, or Clara Vallis, founded by Robert de Molesme, was one of the most celebrated and beautiful monasteries in France, situated in Champaigne, at two leagues from Bar-sur-Aube, in a prolific valley, surrounded by woods and mountains. Clairvaux was chief monastery of the fraternity of Citeaux, which was founded by Saint Bernard in 1115. This abbey was renowned for the famous tun bearing the name of the Saint and containing eight hundred barrels of liquor, which, when full, was very justly esteemed the most valuable appendage of the institution.

[6] Fontevraux. *See Note 49 to the third Canto.*

[7] The name of Fonkinar and those which follow in the above lines, are supposed to be mere effusions of the poet's brain; for, although he attaches a certain Italian *penchant* (not over delicate) to the above-mentioned Hibernian, and equally brands Midarblou and Bartonay with peccadilloes of a different description, yet it does not appear from any traditionary tale handed down to us that our author intended to satirize any particular personages that figured at the period of his composing the *"Pucelle."*

[8] Every good Catholic should be in that credulous state of simplicity which disposes him to believe without examination the most improbable things upon the mere *ipse dixit* of his spiritual advisers, who are evidently incapable of deceiving themselves, and therefore, it may be supposed, less given to delude others, which would certainly be extremely improper and very unpardonable.

[9] The Tower of Babel, a word signifying confusion, built in a plain in the land of Shinar, was erected, according as we are taught to believe, one hundred and twenty years after the universal deluge. Flavius Josephus states it to have been constructed by Nemrod or Nimrod. A very judicious personage, one Augustin Calmet, of Benedictine celebrity, who flourished in the eighteenth century, has gravely handed down to us a profile of this same tower, at the period when it was raised to the eleventh story, and has ornamented his dictionary with numerous engravings of a similar description, after documents, no doubt, of equal authenticity. A book of Jaleus, the learned Jew, computes that the Tower of Babel was twenty-seven thousand paces in height, which was in all human probability its precise altitude; and it is said that many travellers have seen the remains of this structure.

Alexander Eutychius, a saintly patriarch, who flourished in the sixth century, assures us in his annals that seventy-two men built this tower: it was, as is universally known, the period of the confusion of tongues, prior to which, according to the famous George Becanus, the Flemish writer, High Dutch was the language which Adam and Eve spoke in Paradise, a fact proved to demonstration by the author in question.

The Tower of Babel may be regarded as a parable or allegory, under which the Bible, to all appearance, intended a prophetic designation of theology, thereby wishing us to understand that all those who seek to place themselves on an equality with the deity and reason upon the divine essence, would prove as comprehensible as a Hottentot to an Englishman or a Bonze of the East to a Lapland hunter.

[10] Joan from this epoch directed nearly all the attacks which were made, and early on the morning of the ensuing day, awaking suddenly from her sleep with a start, she forthwith summoned Daulon, exclaiming, to use her own words as handed down to us by the historians of her time: *"En nom de Dieu, mon conseil m'a dit que je vaisse contre les Anglais; où sont ceux qui me doivent armer?*

Car le sang de nos gens coule par terre." In the name of God, my counsel has told me that I should go against the English; where are those that should arm me? For the blood of our people flows on the ground.

[11] It must be remembered that at the battle of Zama between Publius Scipio and Hannibal, there were French troops who, according to Polybius, served in the Carthaginian army. This writer, who was a friend and contemporary of Scipio, states that the number was equal on both sides; Chevalier de Folard, however, differs in opinion, maintaining that Scipio attacked in columns; whereas it appears that such could not have been the case, since Polybius affirms that the troops fought hand to hand: upon this point therefore, we must be guided by the learned in forming any positive determination.

It may be requisite to remark that Pompey at the battle of Pharsalia had fifty-five thousand men; whereas Cæsar commanded but twenty-two thousand; the carnage was dreadful and terminated by the latter defeating the former after a most obstinate battle. This conflict decided the fate of the Roman republic, by placing at the disposal of the favorite and minion of Nicomedes, Greece, Asia Minor, Italy, Gaul, Spain, etc.

The ultimate consequences of this sanguinary struggle were, however, far more eventful than what followed this petty conflict of our maiden Joan; but in short, it was Joan, it was the *Pucelle* of Arc; let us therefore take it kindly on the part of our poet, his thus comparing the exploits of this illustrious maiden to those of Cæsar, who certainly was not in possession of his pudicity. Did not those reverend fathers the Jesuits compare Saint Ignatius to Cæsar and Saint Francis Xavier to Alexander the Great? They just bore the self-same resemblance as the twenty-four old blind men of Pascal did to the twenty-four aged personages in the Apocalypse.

[12] At the battle of Malplaquet, twenty-eight thousand seven hundred men measured their lengths, not upon the

plain, as stated by an historian, but in the mud and carnage; they were counted by the Marquis of Crevecœur, aide-de-camp to Marshal Villars, charged with the care of burying the dead.— *Siècle de Louis XIV., A. D.* 1709.

Malplaquet is a village of the Low Countries in Hainault, near which was fought this famous battle, gained over the French forces by Prince Eugene and the Duke of Marlborough.

[13] We are informed in holy writ that Michael, the archangel, fought at the head of the good spirits against the bad, whom he precipitated into hell; and that he had a contest with the devil concerning the body of Moses.

[14] Our profound author apparently gives the appellation of Persians to the soldiers of Sennacherib, who were Assyrians, because the Persians for a long period held dominion in Assyria; but it is a known fact that the Angel of the Most High killed with his own hand one hundred and eighty-five thousand soldiers of the army of Sennacherib, who had had the temerity to march against Jerusalem; and who, on beholding these dead bodies, thought fit to retrace his steps and march back again. All this came to pass in the year of the world 3293, as we are informed; notwithstanding which, many learned personages pretend that this occurrence in the scale of wonders was effected in the year 3296; we believe in this last-mentioned statement, as will afterwards be demonstrated.

[15] These lines appear to be an imitation of Homer; Milton also causes the destinies of men to be weighed in the sign of Libra or the Scales.

[16] Alluding to the opinions disseminated throughout the works of Quesnel, a priest of the Oratory. *See Note* 45 *to the third Canto.*

[17] Aurora Konigsmark was the mistress of Frederick Augustus the First, King of Poland, who joined Russia and Denmark against Charles the Twelfth, King of Sweden; and was for some time successful, but at length

fortune changing, Charles took Warsaw and defeated Augustus at the battle of Clissow. The lady here adverted to by our poet was mother of the celebrated Count de Saxe.

[18] Robert d'Arbrissel, founder of the famous order of Fontevraux, in the year 1100, converted at one stroke, as we are very gravely informed, by preaching a single sermon, all the prostitutes of the city of Rouen. This enthusiast imposed upon himself a new species of martyrdom, which was to lie every night between two young nuns in order to cheat the devil by conquering the workings of the flesh; but whether Satan returned the compliment or not, monkish legends do not inform us; of this, however, we may rest assured, that Robert could have been no friend to the Salique law, since he created a female Abbot, General of the Monks and Nuns of his renowned institution. *See Note 49 to the third Canto.*

[19] How far the carnal appetites of Benedictine friars may be justly delineated by our poet, I will not take upon myself to determine; but if one may be permitted to judge of their fleshly lusts from the boundless ambition and love of riches evinced by their order, notwithstanding the humility laid down in the rules of its founder, Saint Benet, they were certainly no flinchers in regard to incontinence; for we find upon record that the monastery of Mount Cassin, which was founded by Saint Benet himself on the ruins of a Pagan temple, possessed no less than four bishoprics, two dukedoms, twenty counties, thirty-six cities, two hundred castles, three hundred territories, one hundred and ninety-five villages, three hundred and six farms, twenty-three seaports, thirty-three islands, two hundred mills, and one thousand six hundred and sixty-two churches. This was renouncing the world and all its vanities with a vengeance; and by way of finale in Prosper Stellatius' "History of Monastical Rules" may be found a Title of the Abbots of Mount Cassin, wherein are perfectly well expressed the six degrees of humility, which follow verbatim according to my authority. *See Pros. Stell. de Monast. Cassin, fol. 404.*

Tituli Abbatis Monasterii Cassinensis.
Patriarchæ Sacræ Religionis; Abbas Sacri Monasterii Cassinensis; Dux et Prince psomnium Abbatum et Religiosorum: Vice-Cancellarius Regnorum utriusque Siciliæ, Hierusalem et Hungariæ: Comes et Rector Campaniæ, Terræ Laboris, Maritiruæque Provinciæ: Vice-Imperator et Princeps Pacis.

1, Patriarch of the Sacred Religion; 2, Abbot of the Sacred Monastery of Cassin; 3, Duke and Prince of all Abbots and Religious; 4, Vice-Chancellor of the Kingdoms of both the Sicilies, of Jerusalem and Hungary; 5, Count, Governor of Campania and Ferrara de Lavoro, and of the Maritime Province; and 6, Vice-Emperor, and the Prince of Peace.

[20] Hermaphrodix, in this respect, was altogether unlike Hermaphroditus, the son of Venus and Mercury, who, on arriving at Caria, bathed himself in a fountain; when the nymph presiding over it became enamored of his beauty and sought to seduce him, which he refusing, they were, at her entreaty, changed into one body by the gods.

[21] According to Plato, man was originally formed of the two sexes; Adam appeared as such to the devout Bourignon and her preceptor, Abbadie. Antoinette Bourignon, a celebrated fanatic, was born at Lisle in 1616: she took the habit of Saint Augustin and became the head of a religious society in that city; but some of her nuns, filled with enthusiasm, either believed or pretended that they were possessed, which occasioned so much noise that she removed to Amsterdam and gained many proselytes, particularly one de Cost, a man of considerable property, who left her an estate. She published a book, entitled "The Light of the World," wherein she maintained that Christianity does not consist in faith or practice, but in an inward feeling and supernatural impulse: she wrote many works in support of this doctrine and gained numerous followers; and after rambling from place to place in order to disseminate

these opinions, died at Franeker, in the Low Countries, in 1680.

[22] A fabulous nation of Africa beyond the Nasamones, every one of whom bore the characteristics of the male and female sexes; one of their breasts being that of the man and the other that of a woman.—*Lucret. Plin.* vii. *c.* 2.

[23] Our poet was in the habit of saying that he only knew of three Bernards, the first of whom was the Saint so called, the second Gentil Bernard, a poet and operatic writer, who was the author of Castor and Pollux, and an admired Ode upon Friendship, sung at the French Opera and esteemed a *chef-d'œuvre;* and lastly, our Sam Bernard, a banker of the period of Voltaire, who, if not adorned with the lineaments of an Adonis, as appears probable from the above line, was so overburdened with wealth as to be incapable of appreciating himself the extent of his immense riches.

[24] The Queen of Sheba paid a visit to Solomon, by whom she had a son, who was most assuredly of the branch of the kings of Ethiopia, a fact incontestibly proved. It is not known what became of the progeny of Alexander and Thalestris, Queen of the Amazons, who, accompanied by three hundred women, performed a journey of thirty-five days in order to meet Alexander in his Asiatic conquests, that she might raise up children by a man whose name was so universally known and whose courage was so uncommon.

[25] "Le boudoir est à la toilette ce que le champ de bataille est à l'arsenal;" so says *"Le Dictionnaire de la Cour,"* and such proved the effect upon our gallant Dunois, who fell, on beholding his mistress, "never to rise again."

[26] Referring to the famous Cleopatra, sister of Ptolemy Dionysius, so renowned for her intrigues with Mark Antony and other celebrated characters.

[27] We cannot pretend to determine, whether Voltaire was present at the inauguration of an abbot of Clairvaux, but

of this we are assured, that in such case he might have quoted the following lines:

> ———— Oh! 'tis glorious mischief
> When Vice turns holy, puts Religion on,
> Assumes the role pontifical, the eye
> Of saintly elevation blesseth sin,
> And makes the seal of sweet offended Heaven
> A sign of blood, a label for decrees,
> That hell would shrink to own.
>
> GUSTAVUS VASA.

[28] For the numerous intrigues of Jupiter, consult the Fabulous Pantheon.

[29] Ganymedes, a beautiful youth of Phrygia, son of Tros, and brother to Ilus and Assaracus, who was taken up to heaven by Jupiter as he was hunting or tending his father's flocks upon Mount Ida, and became the cup-bearer of the gods in the place of Hebe; some historians assert that he was carried away by an eagle in order to satisfy the shameful and unnatural desires of Jupiter, to which latter suggestion Voltaire alludes in the above line.

[30] Dunois' situation with Madame Hermaphrodix brings forcibly to our recollection what we are told of the situation of a certain abbé, who vainly endeavored to offer his amours at the shrine of the notorious Donna Olympia's beauty; whereupon she exclaimed, *"Fate qualche cosa, Signor Abate, sarà Cardinale:"* whereto the tormented and worn-out abbé replied in a rage: *"Per Dio quanda sarei Papa non si puofar piu."*

[31] This box on the ear, so lustily dealt by our Joan on the visage of Hermaphrodix, reminds us of the conduct which she adopted towards the Duchess of Bedford, after being made prisoner and delivered over to the English, upon which occasion we find that the virgin state of Joan being avouched to the Duchess, she gave orders to the guards that no violence should thenceforth be used towards her; the princess, however, sought in vain to make her resume the female attire, for which purpose she had

caused a tailor to prepare for her a complete woman's habiliment; but in these endeavors the Duchess proving strenuous, and having gently placed her hand upon Joan in the act of persuasion, the latter, conceiving her modesty wounded, raised her fist and gave the Duchess a hearty slap on the face.—*Extracted from a MS. of the time in the Royal Library.* The *"Pucelle,"* however, was not singular in this predilection, since we find that Peter the Great was a famous advocate for ear-boxing, as, upon consulting the private anecdotes of his life, it is astonishing what countless blows he daily dispensed to his courtiers and officers; but this was an imperial custom, and the subjects of the czar conceived themselves honored by its application; Le Blond, the French architect, however, whom Peter had invited to Russia, having received a blow from the emperor on account of a false report which had been made by the envious favorite Menzikoff, the architect, yielding to despair at this affront, was seized with a fever which terminated his existence.

[32] May not our poet have intended an allusion to Frederick, king of Prussia, who certainly ranked as a royal author, and whose propensities are reported to have been somewhat singular; added to which, the quarrel between that monarch and our satirist might have instigated this sarcasm. It affords no feasible argument to state that the *"Pucelle"* was commenced in 1730, at which period Frederick was only eighteen years of age; for the poem was not published until 1755, after which epoch the numberless editions that appeared were replete with emendations, corrections, and additional lines, introduced to gratify the playful tenor of our author's mind.

[33] Par nobile fratrum.

[34] It has frequently been a matter of dispute, in case a modest woman was discovered by one of the opposite sex *in puris naturalibus,* to what use she would apply her hands; a point now rendered clear from the action of our

Joan, as there can be no doubt but her hands would be instinctively raised to cover her eyes.

[35] Jejunus raro stomachus vulgaria temnit.—HORACE.

[36] Jugglers have the wand of Jacob, and magicians the books of Solomon, entitled *"Clavicule,"* or the Ring and the Key. The counsellors of the king and the sorcerers at the court of Pharaoh, who performed the same prodigies as Moses, were denominated Jannes or Mambres, being Egyptian magicians, who presented themselves to oppose the supernatural agency of the Israelitish leader. As to the name of the Pythoness of Endor, who invoked the shade of Samuel, it remains to the present day unknown; but we are perfectly aware of what a shadow is, and that this female had the spirit of a Pythoness. The author of *"Magia Adamica"* endeavors to prove the learning of the ancient magi to be derived from that knowledge which God himself taught Adam in Paradise before the fall; wherefore Butler, adverting to this subject, says:

> Whose primitive tradition reaches
> As far as Adam's first green breeches.

[37] Zoroaster, king of Bactria, who lived long antecedent to the Trojan war, is supposed to have been the inventor of magic and the doctrines of the magi as well as to have made great researches in astronomy; he was consequently as notorious a necromancer and magician as Albert the Great, Roger Bacon, and our right reverend Father Roch Grisbourdon.

[38] Nebuchadnezzar besieged and took Jerusalem and loaded with irons Joachim, king of Judah, whom he sent prisoner to Babylon in the year of the world 3429. This monarch is reported to have had a vision which totally escaped his memory, so that neither the magicians, astrologers, nor wise men were able to divine it; in consequence of which, an officer of his household named Arioch, received orders to cause them to be put to death. The youthful Daniel at length found out this dream and

explained it to the monarch; some time after which, Nebuchadnezzar caused a colossal statue of pure gold to be raised, sixty cubits in height and six in width, which he commanded all his subjects assembled to adore at the sound of horn, trumpet, harp, sackbut, and psalter; and on refusal of compliance being made by Shadrac, Meshac, and Abednego, young Jews, and the companions of Daniel, the King commanded them to be thrown into a furnace, which was heated upon that particular occasion seven times hotter than usual; from whence, however, they came forth hale and hearty. After this Nebuchadnezzar dreamed a second time, that he beheld a flourishing and tall tree, whose summit touched the heavens, and that the birds inhabited its branches: a saint then descended and cried "Cut down the tree and lop its branches." Daniel again explained this vision, predicting to the King, that he would be driven from the haunts of men; that during seven years his habitation would be with wild beasts, that he should crop the herb with the oxen, until the hairs upon his body were like the coat of the eagle, and his nails as the talons of birds; which happened accordingly. Tertullian and Saint Austin state, that Nebuchadnezzar imagined himself to be an ox from the effect of a disease called lycanthropy; at the expiration of seven years this monarch recovered his reason and remounted his throne; but lived only one year after such restoration to sanity; which transient period he however, so well employed, that Saints Augustine, Jerome, Epiphany, Theodoret, et al. quoted by Pererius, affirm he stood in a very fair way of enjoying salvation.

[39] We must not confound George, the patron of England, with Saint George, the monk, who was massacred for having fomented the populace to rise against the emperor Zeno. Our George is the Cappadocian Saint, and a colonel in the service of Diocletian, who became, as we are told in legends, a martyr in Persia, at a city called Diospolus; but as the Persians have no city so called, the spot of his martyrdom has been shifted to Mitylene, in Armenia; now it so happens that there is no more a Mitylene in Armenia than

a Diospolus in Persia; be this, however, as it may, one fact is incontestable, viz., that Saint George was a colonel of cavalry, since he still retains his palfrey in the stables of Paradise.

[40] The following Epigram, which is, I believe, falsely attributed to Voltaire, might well illustrate this hit at the English character:

Fier et bizarre Anglais! qui des mêmes couteaux
Coupez la tête aux rois et la queue aux chevaux;
Nous Français, plus humains, laissons aux rois leurs têtes
Et la queue à nos bêtes.

Ferocious English, with the selfsame knife
Cut horses' tails, and rob their king of life;
While Frenchmen, more enlightened, never fail
To leave each king his head, each horse his tail.

CANTO V.

ARGUMENT.

GRISBOURDON THE CORDELIER, WHO SOUGHT TO VIOLATE JOAN, IS JUSTLY CONSIGNED TO THE INFERNAL REGIONS, WHERE HE DETAILS HIS ADVENTURE TO THE DEMONS.

Oh, let us keep the Christian path in view!
Believe me, friends, we should that track pursue;
Each must at length his bounden duty own;
As for myself, in youth my mind was prone
To sin; and oft I flew the dance to grace,
Ne'er casting thought upon a sainted place;
Supping and sleeping with the nymphs of love,
And mocking those who serve the power above.
What happens then? Death, flat-nosed Death uprears
His murderous scythe, and to the view appears;
Thus visiting, at length, our free-born wits,
Whom fever changeful, shakes with varied fits:
Bailiff of Atropos,[1] of Styx the child,
Thou rulest their scanty brains, of sense beguiled,
While near the bed's head nurse and lawyer stay,
Crying, 'tis time, poor friend, thou must away;
Where would'st thou after death thy bones should lay?

As tardy issues the repentant breath,
Still lingering to proclaim its wish in death;
Some to his aid Saint Roch,[2] Saint Martin,[3] call;
Another prays Mitouche [4] to end his thrall;
Some psalmody, some drawl the Latin strain,
Sprinkle with holy water, but in vain;
At bed's foot crouching, the infernal sprite,
With open claws, awaits the soul's dread flight
Which, once escaped, its airy course entraps,
And in the passage, trembling spirit snaps;[5]
Then bears it to the depths profound of hell,
Fit region formed for souls perverse to dwell.

'Tis time, dear reader, I should now record
How Satan,[6] of infernal realms the lord,
To all his vassals banquet gave in state;
'Twas at his mansion house a hellish fete.
A vast recruiting had of late been made,
And demons quaffed to brethren of the trade;
A pope and cardinal well stored in paunch,
A northern king, and fourteen prebends staunch,
Intendants three, and lazy monks a score,
Trios of counsellors to swell the store,
All fresh arrived from playing mundane games,
Escheated thus to hell's eternal flames.
The horned chief his black imps' shouting hears,
And yields to mirth, surrounded by his peers;
They quaff infernal nectar half-seas o'er,
And songs in praise of drinking loudly roar;
When, at the gate a sudden cry is heard:

" Good day — arrived — what here!"— was straight
the word,
"Brothers, 'tis he, great envoy from our realm;
'Tis Grisbourdon, sworn pilot of our helm —
Come in, right welcome to our roasting fire."
Then arm in arm they seize the monkish sire,
Arch-Satan's doctor, Grisbourdon renowned,
Son and apostate of the devil crowned;
In twinkling of an eye, embraced by all,
He gains the festive board of Moloch's hall.[7]

Satan arising, cried: " O hell-born child!
Pride of all debauchees, by sin defiled,
Thus soon I did not think thy face to see;
On earth thy presence useful was to me:
Than thou none better could my realms advance,
Through thee my luminary reigned in France;
For, while in Gallia, thou gavest sin full scope:
To view thee here extinguishes my hope;
But fate's puissant will we can't command,
So drink, and set thyself at my right hand."

The monk, o'ercome by saintly tremor dire,
Kissed the sharp talons of his dreaded sire;
Then bent his saddened gaze on depths profound,
Where naught but flames illumed the vasty round:
Dire realms of fire, wherein forever rest
Death, crimes, and those by torments fell oppressed;
Eternal throne, where sits the unclean sprite

Dooming the world to sad and endless night,
Entombing hoar antiquity so sage,
Love, talent, wit, grace, beauty, every age,
That crowd unnumbered and immortal crew,
True heaven-born race, O Satan! made for you.
Reader, thou knowest that in this fiery place
The best of kings share pangs with tyrant race:
Here Antoninus,[8] Marc Aurelius,[9] roast;
And matchless Trajan [10] of all kings the boast;
The gentle Titus,[11] by mankind revered;
Two Catos,[12] who as plagues of vice appeared;[13]
That Scipio,[14] who his courage could subdue,
That conquered Love and with it Carthage too;
Divinest Homer; Plato, sage, thy toil,
With Ciceronian eloquence, must broil;
Pure Socrates, true son of Wisdom's reign,
The great God's martyr in his Greece profane;
Aristides,[15] thy justice has no plea;
Thy virtues, Solon,[16] prove no shield for thee;
All, all alike to burning climes are sent,
Because they never to Confession went.[17]

But that which Grisbourdon astounded most,
Was to behold, amid this impish host,
Some certain saints and kings whose names we trace
Emblazoning history, whom legends grace.
First of this number, Clovis met his eyes;[18]
Reader, methinks I view thy fell surprise.
That king, by subjects deemed devoid of vice,

And on the road to sainted Paradise,
Could not enjoy salvation which he taught.
Ah! who could think a king, so early fraught
With sacred Christian knowledge, e'er should be
With pagans damned to all eternity?
But, reader, thou wilt call to mind, I'm sure,
That being washed in font with water pure
Cannot from soul corrupt efface the stain,
And Clovis was so linked in vice's chain,
Within his breast a heart so direful beat,
Of bloody deeds inhuman 'twas the seat;
Therefore Saint Remi [19] strove to cleanse in vain
From Gallia's king the black and gangrened strain.

Among these great, these monarchs of the world,
Within hell's gulf illimitable hurled,
Appeared famed Constantine,[20] at sight of whom
Our monk in gray, astounded at his doom,
Exclaimed aloud: "O hard, O cruel fate!
Can this be true? what he! who shone so great!
This hero, who first made the world obey
The Christian creed, and chased false gods away!
Is he alike subdued to Satan's yoke?"
When lo! the monk, thus Constantine bespoke:
"The worship of false gods I overturned,
And on the ruins of their temples burned
Incense to God above, with hand profuse;
But in such show external, where's the use?
My cares for the Supreme, though none could see,
Were not for heaven, they centred all in me;

In my esteem, the sacred altars shone
As footsteps to ascend great Cæsar's throne;
Ambition, madness, mundane joys, I made
My gods, to whom due deference I paid;
Intrigues of Christians, with their blood and gold,
Secured my fortunes, and my rank enrolled:
To guard this throne, so idolized through life,
I murdered next the father of my wife;
In blood and pleasures plunged, my jealous mind,
Where fury, weakness, cruelty combined,
With love quite drunk, and to distrust a prey,
Hurried to death my queen and son away;
So, Grisbourdon, no more astonished be,
That Constantine should prove as damned as thee."

Still more and more our Cordelier admires
The secrets veiled in Pandemonium's [21] fires;
He views on all sides learned preachers there,
Doctors, and those who filled the casuist's chair,[22]
Right wealthy prelates, bigot monks of Spain,
Italian nuns,[23] and, to increase the train,
Of every king the confessor was seen;
Ghostly advisers of the fair I ween,
Whose Paradise mid mundane joys was passed
In dormitory somewhat overcast.
He next perceives enrobed, half black and white,
A monkish form, whose hair appeared to sight
A circle raised; but when his pious mien,
By fierceness marked, our Cordelier [24] had seen,
He, laughing, could no more his thoughts keep in,

But softly said: " This man's a Jacobin."
Then sudden cried: " Thy name I fain would learn."
When melancholy thus the shade in turn
Replied: " On earth my monkish tricks are done,
Alas! thou seest Saint Dominic,[25] my son."

Our Cordelier some paces back retired,
To hear this name august, on earth admired;
Then crossed himself, for he could not believe:
"How!" he exclaimed, "and shall this gulf receive
A saint, a doctor, and apostle too?
Thou, great promoter of the monkish crew,
Preacher evangelic, inspired by God,
Bendest thou, like heretic, 'fore Satan's rod?
Then surely, grace must here defective prove,
Poor mortals, how ye are deceived above;
Go, and perform each ceremony quaint,
And chant fresh litanies to every saint."

Whereto replied, with feelings on the rack,
Our dolorous Spaniard, clothed in white and black:
" Let's think no more of all vain men can say,
Leave them in error 'mid their stormy way;
Cursed and tormented here, why care a jot
For psalms and praises sung where we are not?
Thus many boast on earth a chapel bright,
Who roasted are in these sad realms of night;
While, with impunity by men are cursed
Victims on earth who rank in heaven the first.
For me, I stand among the damned race,

Too justly racked for filling hangman's place,
When harmless Albigenses, at my word,
Fell victims to relentless fire and sword;
I ne'er was sent to doom mankind to die,
Wherefore, I'm broiled for making others fry."

O! were I gifted with an iron tongue,
In ceaseless motion, still would ne'er be sung,
Dear friend, the number of those saints who roam
In realms of hell, their everlasting home.

When roasted cohorts of the damned below
Had taught Saint Francis' able son to know
The varied honors of their region fell,
Each *viva voce* cried, with boisterous yell:
" Dear Grisbourdon, anon the chance relate
Which thus hath made thee partner of our fate;
Retail the deed that hurled thy hardened sprite
Thus fathoms deep, amid chaotic night."
" Sirs," he replied, " there's no concealment now,
Freely my strange adventures I'll avow,
Which may, at first, awake your wondering thought;
But with no falsehood shall my tale be fraught;
No tax for imposition here I dread,
Men cease to lie, as soon as they are dead.

" I was on earth, as your apostle knows,
And, for your honor and my robe, I chose
A round of gallant love exploits to see,
As ere monk acted when from convent free.

The noted animal, my muleteer,
O wondrous man! in all things my compeer,
Who, staunch to duty, gave his powers such scope
As to surpass Hermaphrodix's hope;
I, without vanity, had strove amain
This female monster's plaudits to obtain,
So with our efforts charmed was Alix' heir,
Who, as agreed, straight yielded Joan the fair.
Joan, the rebellious, Joan of naught afraid,
Was soon to lose the envied name of maid;
Already circled in my nervous arms,
She struggled stoutly for her virgin charms,
The muleteer beneath our damsel pinned,
Hermaphrodix the while malicious grinned.

"But, will ye credence to my story yield,
The air opened wide, when from that azure field
Called Heaven — (a place which neither you nor I
Shall ever see, ye know the reason why)
I saw descend — O miracle most dread!
That beast who carries monstrous ears on head,
Which Balaam [26] bespoke in ancient time,
When Balaam the mountain's steep would climb:
How terrible this ass! whose saddle made
Of choicest velvet, on the bow displayed
A scimitar, whose edges twain cut keen;
On either shoulder spreading wing was seen,
With which in speed he could the winds outvie.
Joan then exclaimed, with loud and piercing cry:
'Praised be the Lord, my charming ass is here!'

These words, like lightning, pierced my soul with fear.
The beast to earth its fore-knees crouches quick,
While tail and ears in upright posture stick,
As if he'd say: ' Come, Dunois, take thy seat.'
Dunois obeys anon; the jackass fleet
Flies ambling o'er our heads, till poised I see
Dunois prepare the deadly glave for me,
Poor sinful wretch; then downward pounced the knight;
Dear Beelzebub, my prince, just such a flight
Methinks Saint Michael [27] took when thou had'st waged
Impudent war, and Jove's fell bolts engaged;
'Twas then the angel scourged thine impious leaven,
Avenging wrongs which thou had'st heaped on heaven.

" Thus forced my threatened carcase to defend,
I courted magic as my surest friend.
Of nervous Cordelier I cast aside
The full black eyebrow, visage marked with pride;
Assuming lovely form of beauty's queen,
Soft, tender, innocent, of blooming mien,
Tresses of flaxen hue adorned my breast;
My ivory skin a gauze transparent pressed,
Through which appeared, the warrior to deceive,
A bosom thrilled by love's convulsive heave;
All graces of the female sex were mine,
I strove to give my look a glance divine;

All spoke that innocence which charms the view,
Ever deceiving as its wiles subdue.
Beneath this gloss a soft voluptuous air
Had caught the wisest sage within my snare;
I might have melted e'en the savage heart,
Since beauty I possessed, conjoined with art.
My knight incontinent confessed the charm,
One moment more, I'd fallen 'neath his arm;
For in his grasp upreared the glittering steel,
Now half descending, was my fate to seal,
And trembling Grisbourdon, with pallid hue,
Already thought his skull was cleft in two.

" Dunois beholds, is moved, his hand he stays:
Thus seen, Medusa's head in ancient days [28]
The gazer changed into the senseless rock;
But gallant Dunois felt far different shock,
For with his eyes, his soul confessed the thrall;
I saw the sword, so lately dreaded, fall.
I knew that Dunois in his bosom owned,
On viewing me, respect and love enthroned;
None then had thought my victory could fail;
But lo! here comes the worst part of my tale.

" The muleteer, who, urged by passion's flame,
Pressed in his arms of Joan the sturdy frame,
On viewing me so lovely, straight confessed
A new-born passion kindling in his breast.
Alas! my heart no thought had entertained,
That he by tender charms could be enchained —

A boorish mind inconstancy to own;
I was preferred, and straight he left alone
The Maid of Arc — a fatal fair for me:
No sooner Joan enjoyed her liberty,
When lo! her eye inquiring, so it chanced,
On Dunois' fallen broad-sword sudden glanced;
She seized the steel just as the faithless boor,
Leaving her heavenly charms, would mine secure;
And at that moment, aiming one back blow,
Severed the nape of neck, and laid me low.
Since that eventful time no news, alas!
Of cruel Joan I've heard, or flying ass,
Of Dunois, muleteer, Hermaphrodix: —
Oh grant, by our renowned infernal Styx,[29]
That fate retributive may doom the five
A hundred times to be empaled alive;
And that kind heaven which sounds the sinner's knell,
For my delight, may doom them all to hell!"
The monk, with spite, thus closed his tale of sin,
Whereat the fiends all joined in hearty grin.

END OF CANTO V.

NOTES TO CANTO V.

[1] Atropos, one of the Parcæ, daughters of Nox and Erebus: she is, according to the derivation of her name, inexorable and inflexible; and her duty among the three sisters was to cut the thread of life, without any regard to sex, age, or quality. The ancients represented her in a black veil, with a pair of scissors in her hand.

[2] Saint Roch was born of a noble family at Montpellier, towards the end of the thirteenth century, in the reign of Philip le Bel. Having lost his father and mother at twenty years of age, he journeyed to Rome, and in the course of his route employed himself in several cities through which he passed, by attending upon persons infected with the plague, which at that period caused great ravages; and this charitable occupation he also pursued on his arrival at Rome. On his return to France he was seized at Perouse with the same malady and compelled to quit the hospital and the city, that he might not spread the contagion; but being cured, he returned to Montpellier, where he died on the 16th of August, 1327. Invocations are offered to Saint Roch in case of a plague, which is also denominated Saint Roch's distemper. This personage, who is uniformly represented with his dog, as Saint Anthony is with a pig, etc., was much better known by the profound reverence paid to him by the unlettered multitude, than any accounts of his biographers, as no life of him appeared until a hundred and sixty years after his demise.

[3] Saint Martin was a native of Pannonia, born in 316; being bred to arms, he proved a real champion of the cross. He was particularly ardent in his zeal for the poor; and at one of the gates of the city of Amiens, gave half his cloak to a mendicant, not having another article to dispose of.

In fine, Martin was in every respect a saint, being the founder of a monastery, living like an anchoret, etc., and by way of miracle, we will annex one anecdote of his life, and so conclude his history: being in a village full of pagans, he sought to convert them and particularly exhorted them to cut down a tree which they held in great veneration; to this the pagans acceded, on condition that he would place himself under it; he agreed, when they proceeded to lop down the tree accordingly, which, bending on the side where Saint Martin stood, the pagans every moment awaited his being crushed to death; but the holy man having crossed himself, the tree immediately assumed an upright position and then fell in the direction of the unbelievers, many of whom would have been killed had they not sought for safety in a prompt retreat.

[4] Saint Mitouche, or Nitouche. *Faire la Sainte Nitouche* is to act the hypocrite, the bigot, or the saint; assuming an air of humility and appearing completely submissive, or affecting a simple and innocent exterior, counterfeiting the sage and the devotee.

[5] There is reason to believe that when Voltaire committed the above lines to paper, he called to mind those extraordinary and *outré* wood-cut engravings which accompany the very ancient editions of *"Le Savoir bien Vivre et Mourir,"* and other works of a similar description; the texts of which are copiously illustrated by rude engravings of that era, representing, at the scene above alluded to, a person at the point of death, from whose mouth issues a pygmy figure, intended to portray the liberated soul; to seize which, a hideous monster at the bed's foot, with outstretched eagle's talons, awaits to bear away the fleeting spirit.

[6] Satan is a word derived from the Chaldee, which conveys nearly the same signification as the Ariman of the Persians, the Typhon of the Egyptians, the Pluto of the Greeks, and the Devil of the Christians; but it is only the latter who portray him with horns. See vol. vii. *"De forma*

Diaboli," of R. B. Tambourini. Satan, so frequently employed in the New Testament to express the devil, signifies in the Hebrew tongue accuser or adversary.

[7] Moloch, the Saturn of the ancients, is described in holy writ as the god and idol of the Ammonites, on account of the infernal worship which was offered to him, by causing children to be consumed in the arms of the statue, after being heated for the purpose. Solomon had the weakness to dedicate a temple to this divinity on the Mount of Olives.

[8] Antoninus Titus, surnamed Pius, was adopted by the Emperor Adrian, to whom he succeeded. This prince was remarkable for all the virtues that can form a perfect statesman, philosopher, and king.

[9] Marcus Aurelius Antoninus, adopted son of the above, was surnamed the philosopher, and proved, like his predecessor, a pattern of every virtue.

[10] Trajan, by his great virtues, his private as well as public character, and his eminent services rendered to the empire both as an officer, a governor, and a consul, recommended him to the notice of Nerva, who solemnly adopted him as his son, invested him during his life-time with the imperial purple, and gave him the names of Cæsar and of Germanicus. The sounding titles of Optimus and the Father of his Country were very justly bestowed upon Trajan, who was equal to the greatest generals of antiquity, and endowed with every sentiment that ennobles the human heart; his affability was so great and his desire to listen to the just complaints of his subjects so well known, that his palace was distinguished by the inscription of The Public Palace.

[11] Titus Vespasianus, from having been abandoned and dissolute in the extreme, became a model of virtue on being raised to the throne; from which period he thought himself bound to become the father of his people, the guardian of virtue, and the patron of liberty; and Titus is,

perhaps, the only monarch who, when invested with uncontrollable power, abandoned those vices which, as a private individual, he had never ceased to gratify. To do good to his subjects was the sole ambition of Titus; and it was at the recollection of having rendered no service, or conferred no favor during one day, that he gave vent to this memorable exclamation: "My friends, I have lost a day."

[12] Marcus Porcius Cato, called Censorius, from his having exercised the office of censor, was remarkable for his temperance, the austerity of his virtue and his rigid adherence to justice. Cato was deemed so strict in his morals that Virgil makes him one of the judges of hell.

[13] Marcus Cato, surnamed Uticensis, from his death at Utica, was great grandson of the former, whom he resembled in every respect, and who, rather than fall into the power of the enslaver of his country, put a period to his existence after perusing Plato's treatise on the "Immortality of the Soul."

[14] Scipio, surnamed Africanus, was as conspicuous for his virtues and continence as he was renowned in the field of battle, where he defeated the great Hannibal, who, upon being asked by Scipio what rank he would have claimed had he proved the conqueror, the Carthaginian general replied: *"If I had conquered you, Scipio, I would call myself greater than the conqueror of Darius and the ally of the Tarentines."*

[15] Aristides was a celebrated Athenian, whose temperance and virtue procured him the surname of Just. It was from a sense of the inestimable qualities of this great man that, upon the representation of one of the tragedies of Æschylus, when in a sentence mention was made of moral goodness, the eyes of the audience were instantaneously turned from the actor to Aristides. This extraordinary character being once seated as judge when the plaintiff in his accusation mentioned the injuries his opponent had done to Aristides, "Mention the wrongs you have received," replied the

equitable Athenian: "I sit here as judge, and the lawsuit is yours and not mine."

[16] Solon, the celebrated lawgiver, and one of the seven wise men of Greece.

[17] Auricular confession is a very useful invention for the faithful, and above all commodious to the priests of the Roman church, as, through this medium, they become acquainted with family secrets, they are enabled to extract money from poltroons, to disturb domestic peace, and excite saintly revolutions whensoever necessity requires. In a country where the population will not go to confession the Church is deprived of a great portion of these sterling advantages. *See note to the twelfth Canto.*

[18] Clovis, surnamed the Great, founder of the French monarchy, was born in 467, and succeeded Childeric, his father, in 481. He was the first Christian king and was baptized at Rheims by Saint Remi in 496, at which ceremonial the Saint Ampoule was brought from heaven by a dove, while an angel was the bearer of the shield scattered with *fleur de lis* and the standard of the oriflamme; the monarch being at the same time gifted with the power of curing the evil. We ought to regard this damnation of Clovis and so many other crowned heads as a mere fiction of the poet. Nevertheless, speaking in a moral point of view, we must allow that Clovis might be punished for having caused the assassination of several of his princely neighbors, together with some of his relatives; actions which were certainly not over and above Christian-like.

[19] Very little is handed down to us in holy legends respecting the early life and actions of Saint Remi, who, on account of his virtues, as we are informed, was elevated to the Episcopal see of Rheims. One of his most celebrated actions was the conversion and baptism of Clovis, King of France. This saint enjoyed his bishopric for upwards of seventy years and lived to be nearly a hundred. He died the 13th of January, 533, although the Catholic church celebrates his festival on the first of October.

[20] Constantine the Great caused to be butchered Licinius, his brother-in-law, his nephew Licinien, aged twelve years, his father-in-law, Maximin, his son Crispus, who had gained him several battles, and his wife, Fausta. Constantine was at the same time the most ambitious, the most vain and the most voluptuous of men. Notwithstanding all of which he is reputed as having been a most staunch Catholic, although he expired in the Arian faith and was baptized at the font by an Arian bishop.

[21] Pandemonium, comprised of two Greek words signifying *all* and *a demon*, the great hall, or council chamber, of the fallen angels.

[22] Casuists are a class of theologians who apply themselves to the study of resolving difficulties and intricate cases of conscience by the rules of reason and Christianity. Of all the subtle followers of this branch of theology no one, perhaps, ever demonstrated more consummate experience than the reverend Father Sanchez, when he demands: *Utrum liceat extra vas naturale semen emittere? De altera fœmina cogitare in coitu cum sua uxore? Seminare consulto, separatim? Congredi cum uxore, sine spe seminandi? Impotentiæ, tactibus et illecebris opitulari? Se retrahere quando mulier seminavit? Virgam alibi intromittere, dum in vase debito semen effundat?* He discusses: *Utrum virgo Maria semen emiserit in copulatione cum Spiritu Sancto?* Many other topics of a nature equally interesting and erudite are to be found among the productions of Father Sanchez. Of casuists we may well say that they were spiritual algebraists, who knew how to calculate and reduce into equations the fooleries which a good Christian may be guilty of without creating too much anger in the Divinity.

[23] Nuns are holy maidens whose lives are devoted to fasting, prayer and penance, to insure which they are strictly guarded by monks and priests, who, not being eunuchs, frequently turn the bigotry of these sisters to their own profit; but as our poet particularizes Italian

nuns, it may not be unentertaining to give an idea of the bigotry of the ladies of that nation in the person of Saint Catherine of Siena, who, being very young, saw in a dream (according to her own relation) the founders of several religious orders, and among the rest our right reverend Saint Dominic of blazing celebrity. These personages, she states, exhorted her to choose a religion that might be most acceptable to heaven, upon which she ran to Dominic, entreating the religious habit of this order, which he granted. This vision so affected the young lady that she afterwards entered that order in direct opposition to the will of her parents, performing penances and drawing blood from her flesh with iron chains to rescue souls from purgatory. In the legend of Catherine we are told that the Son of the Most High frequently paid her visits, being accompanied by the Virgin, Mary Magdalen, Saints John, Paul, Dominic, etc., and that one day at the request of the Virgin Mary he took Catherine of Siena for his wife, giving her a golden ring set with precious gems, the above-named saints being witnesses of the ceremony. And, by way of finale to the legend of this dame, be it known that she one day requested her spouse to take from her side her own heart and replace it by another which should be pleasing to him. The divine bridegroom, unwilling to refuse her anything, made an incision in her left side and, plucking out her heart, left her for some days without any in her body, until, being at prayer in the church of the Dominicans at Siena, her Lord came holding a red shining heart, which he popped into the incision, saying: *My dear, I have taken from thee thy heart, according to thy desire. Here I give thee mine, by which thou shalt live.* This, together with innumerable other such feats, constituted the *passe-temps* of the newly wedded pair; at least Catherine has avouched it, and saints must be believed.

[24] The Cordeliers of the Franciscan order were always the most rooted enemies to the monks of Saint Dominic, known also by the name of Jacobins, from having first inhabited the house of one Jacques at Paris, but, according

to others, as having had their first residence in the rue Saint Jacques in that city.

[25] Gusman, otherwise called Saint Dominic, institutor of the order of Dominican Friars, was born at Calahorta, a city of Arragon, in 1170. His mother dreamed, when pregnant of him, that she bore a dog, others say, a wolf, carrying in its jaws a blazing torch with which the universe was put into a general state of conflagration — a presage too fatal of the sanguinary humor of this fanatic preacher and of the bloody massacres performed by him and his demoniac followers. Dominic was no great scholar, and being made canon of the church of Osimo, repaired to Rome in order to offer his services to Pope Clement the Third for the extirpation of the Languedocians, called Albigenses, of whom were most barbarously slaughtered through his means upwards of a hundred thousand souls, simply on account of some dogmas of religion, and surely nothing could be more abominable than to extirpate by fire and sword a prince and his subjects under the pretext that their opinions differed from those which were professed by others. Proud of the success of this expedition, Dominic then began to found his new order, which, coinciding with the genius of Innocent the Third, was approved of by that pontiff and afterwards confirmed by Honorius the Third, in 1216. It was this same saintly murderer who established the abominable Inquisition, and who was afterwards canonized by Pope Gregory the Ninth. The order of the Dominicans spread with inconceivable rapidity, so much so that in 1494 there were computed to exist upwards of four thousand one hundred and forty-three convents of the order; after which period they continued to augment in a surprising manner.

[26] We are informed in Holy Writ that Balaam, the son of Beor, being desired by Balac, king of the Moabites, to utter his malediction against the people of Israel, the former, notwithstanding the ordinance of the Lord, set out upon his ass in order to journey to Balac; but on the route the animal suddenly stopped short and dropped

down, which highly incensed Balaam, who began to belabor the poor beast, when suddenly by the command of the Lord the animal was gifted with speech and demanded of Balaam the reason of this cruel treatment.— *Numbers*, chap. 22.

[27] This war is only adverted to in a book very apocryphal, entitled Enoch, no mention whatsoever being made of it elsewhere in any Jewish work or tradition. The leader of the celestial army is stated to have been Michael, as designated by our poet; but the chief of the wicked angels was not Satan, but Semixiah. This inadvertency, however, is excusable in so long and arduous a poetic undertaking as the present.

[28] Medusa, one of the three Gorgons, was daughter of Phorcys and Ceta, and celebrated for her personal charms and the beauty of her hair. Neptune, becoming enamored of her, procured her favors in the temple of Minerva, which violation of the sanctity of the place so exasperated the goddess that she changed the locks of Medusa into serpents. After Perseus had conquered Medusa he cut off her head, which was placed on the egis of Minerva and had the power of petrifying any persons who chanced to behold it.

[29] Styx is the celebrated river of hell, around which it flows nine times. The gods were supposed to hold the waters of this stream in such veneration that they always swore by them — an oath which was inviolable.

CANTO VI.

ARGUMENT.

ADVENTURE OF AGNES AND MONROSE.—TEMPLE OF FAME.—TRAGICAL RECITAL CONCERNING DOROTHY.

From hell, that boundless gulf, my muse now turns,
Where Grisbourdon with Satan's cohort burns;
Thence wings her flight through boundless realms of air,
To view the world, and see what's passing there.
That world alas! which is another hell,
Where innocence no longer dares to dwell;
Where hypocrites make good appear as bad;
Where sense, refinement, taste, are run stark mad;
While all the virtues, being led astray,
Have joined the party, and are flown away,
There empty policy [1] as loud as weak,
Leads on the van — is merit quite unique:
Wisdom must yield to superstition's rules,
Who arms with bigot zeal the hands of fools.[2]
And interest,[3] earth's king, for whom the trade
Of peace and war by potentates was made,
Pensive and sad beside its coffer dwells,
And to the stronger's crimes the weaker sells.
O wretched, guilty, senseless mortals! why
Your souls debase with crimes of such a dye?

Unhappy men! who, void of pleasure, sin;
Be wise, at least, when you the course begin;
And, since you needs must to damnation speed,[4]
Be damned for pleasure, 'tis the wisest deed.

Oft Agnes Sorel would this precept prove,
Whom none could blame, except for sins of love.
On her forgiveness I with joy bestow,
Nor doubt but heaven will equal mercy show;
Each saint is not a maid in Paradise,
And penitence the virtue is of vice.[5]

When, in defence of honor, Joan was led
To sever with her heavenly sword the head
Of Grisbourdon, our ass who bent his flight
And bore through air Dunois the gallant knight,
Conceived the thought — how sin will lead astray!
Of bearing Dunois from our Joan away.
What was it urged the wish! Love's ardent fire —
Love's tenderest flame — the soul's new-born desire.
Yet soft, dear reader, at some future time
These feats of passion shall be told in rhyme;
Thou'lt learn that Love already held the rein,
And ruled this hero of Arcadia's plain.[6]

This sainted animal, by fancy led,
Towards Lombardy [7] its course aerial sped;
Good Denis secretly ordained it so,
The reason, friend, perhaps you wish to know.
'Twas that Saint Denis read each secret thought

Wherewith his ass and Dunois' breast was fraught;
Each burned with wishes that would, soon or late,
Have proved subversive of the realm and state,
Have hurled destruction on the Gallic throne,
And marred the fortune and the fame of Joan.
Absence and time the Saint conceived would prove
Sufficient to dispel their dawning love!
Another plan good Denis had in view,
A heavenly work the Saint proposed to do,
Beware, nor blame his purposes, my friend,
Respectful bow to what the saints intend.

This ass, celestial Denis' darling pride,
Winged far his course from Loire's translucent tide
Straight toward the Rhone, while Dunois' maddened brain,
Whirled through the aerial realm, could scarce sustain
The dizzy flight, which made the hero know
How swiftly flies the shaft from Parthian's bow.[8]
From far the knight his heroine descried,
Naked and wielding sword by carnage dyed;
Her breast, high swelling with celestial ire,
Through streams of blood give proofs of sainted fire.
Hermaphrodix her race would fain impede,
His minions armed could not effect the deed;
In vain the cohort would her course withstand,
Joan humbles all with her courageous hand:
As when some giddy youth in forest sees
The waxen palace of industrious bees,

Admires the labor, and will daring strive
To pry still closer in the sugared hive;
Forth, on a sudden bursts the winged race,
And darts indignant on the intruder's face,
Who, by their stings assailed on every part,
Screams, runs and plunges to evade the smart;
Strikes, scatters, crushes hundreds 'neath his feet
Of these winged hoarders of each luscious sweet.
'Twas thus with dauntless Joan, who chased afar
This puny phalanx, aping men of war.

'Fore Joan then prostrate knelt the muleteer,
Dreading fell judgment of the Cordelier,
And trembling cried: "O maiden, gentle fair!
Whom once to serve in stable was my care,
What fury urges thus thy bosom's strife?
Have mercy, spare at least my wretched life,
Let not renown thy soul transmogrify;
Be gentle, tender Joan — I weep — I die."

Whereto the maid replied: "I yield thee grace;
Thy recreant blood shall not my sword debase;
Live, vegetate, vile wretch: That fleshy mass
E'en now shall act for me the part of ass;
For, though to mule I cannot change thy frame,
Thy figure matters not — all's here the same;
So whether man or mule, I will bestride thee,
Since Dunois took my ass, I needs must ride thee,
As if that animal once more were found;
Therefore be quick, on all-fours pace the ground,

"BE QUICK, ON ALL FOURS PACE THE GROUND."

Bend thy bald, brainless skull, and seem at least
That which thou art in truth — a very beast."
The wretch obeyed, while Joan upon his back
Made of the muleteer a decent hack;
Then cried: "Now speed to plains where heroes fight
And dare hell's fury, for 'tis my delight."
Then swore the necromancer by his sire,
That Gallia's sons should thenceforth feel his ire:
His bitter thoughts inclined toward Britain's race,
And, in this just revenge, he swore to efface
The ills endured on Frenchmen whose dire fate
Should lead them to encroach on his estate.
Forthwith was reared a castle at his will,
Of structure strange, new architectural skill,
A trap, a labyrinth,[9] wherein might fall
The noblest heroes of this hated Gaul.

Yet soft, we'll now recur to Agnes' state;
Dost thou not call to mind her cruel fate,
As when, quite senseless, Chandos' nervous arms
Entwined with rapture all her naked charms?
That warrior famed, who, at Bellona's cry,
Fled Love and Agnes for the enemy;
Who, thus abandoned to her own self-will,
Conceived she had escaped the threatened ill.
Scarcely recovered from the peril past,
She made a vow that it should prove the last;
And swore to love but good King Charles alone,
Who loved her better than he loved his throne,

And die ere tarnish once her faith so fair;
All this was wrong, for ladies should not swear.[10]

Amid this hostile crash, formed to astound,
From camp attacked, inseparable sound,
Where officers and soldiers join the fray,
Some fighting hard as others run away;
While coward valets, marching in the rear,
Plunder the baggage through effect of fear.
'Mid fire and smoke and yells of the distressed,
Agnes, perceiving she was quite undressed,
To noble Chandos' wardrobe instant hied,
With fitting raiment there to be supplied;
And having seized on robe and shirt to boot,
And e'en his nightcap to complete the suit,
Silent and tremblingly she bent her way,
When lucky chance produced a dappled bay,
Bridled and saddled for the warlike cause
Of bearing to the field the great Chandos.
A squire, an aged sot of courage bold,
Dozing, kept station there the steed to hold;
The wary Agnes toward the nag then crept,
And took the bridle from the squire who slept;
Uttering harsh sounds, suspicion to defeat,
Then sprang with martial prowess in the seat,
Spurred, galloped, and toward woods impervious sped,
Filled with alternate hope and thrilling dread;
While Bonneau, to the cause of safety staunch,
Ran o'er the plain, loud cursing his fat paunch,

The desperate journey, and war's dread cohort,
Love, Britons, Agnes Sorel, and the Court.

Meanwhile, of Chandos the most faithful page,
By name Monrose, such was the personage
Who at that hour to camp returning fast,
And viewing from afar the scene that passed,
His master's nag toward wood compelled to flee,
His robe of ermine, velvet cap *de nuit;*
Divining ill the cause of this strange sight,
Firmly believed his Lord was put to flight.
Astonished at a scene so wonderous new,
Monrose whips hard his loved Lord to pursue
Crying: "My Lord! my Lord!" then urged on
faster;
" Can Charles be victor? Who goads on my master?
Where goes he? I'll pursue while yet I've breath,
For should he die be mine the shaft of death."
He spoke, he flew, and with the wind thus sped
Himself, his horse, and every word he said.

Agnes, conceiving some pursuer near,
Entered the wood, appalled with chilling fear;
Monrose still followed, and the quicker she
Strove to escape, still faster galloped he;
The palfrey stumbled, when the fainting fair,
Wafting a shriek that echoed through the air,
Fell lifeless at her panting courser's side,
In all the liveried hue of terror died.
Swift as the wind, Monrose arriving stared,

For at the sight his wondering wits were scared;
As 'neath Lord Chandos' robe, then floating wide,
Fair Agnes' lovely charms his eyes descried;
A breast of lilies, symmetry that scorned
All earthly frames, by Venus' self adorned.

Such, sweet Adonis,[11] were thy soft alarms,
When first thine eyes beheld the goddess' charms,
As 'neath refreshing foliage, from the skies
She erst descended to enchant thine eyes.
Venus there's little doubt, was better 'rayed;
Her lovely frame fatigue had not essayed;
No decent vestments did her body lack,
Nor had she tumbled from a palfrey's back;
Her firm white skin had felt no prickly thorn,
Nor did a nightcap her fair brows adorn,
Yet, had our Agnes met Adonis' view,
His choice had surely wavered 'twixt the two.

The British youth instanter felt the smart,
Respect and fear by turns subdued his heart;
Trembling, he raised the fair one in his arms,
Then cried: "The shock hath wounded sure these
charms."
Upon him Agnes turned her languid eyes,
And then explained, in broken, faltering sighs:
"Whoe'er thou art that hast my course pursued,
If thou art not with sin innate endued,
No 'vantage take of this my hapless state,
To guard my honor be it now thy fate;

O save me, give me freedom!" Agnes sighed,
Nor words spake more, for words were then denied;
The flood of rising grief her pain confessed,
And tears most eloquently spoke the rest;
Sorrow had planted in her soul its sting,
While vows and sighs were wafted to her king.
Silent awhile Monrose indulged the thought,
Then vented thus the feelings Love had taught:
"O thou! by nature framed to bear the sway,
Illuming hearts with thy celestial ray,
I bend thy slave; thy will be henceforth mine,
My soul, my life, my every wish is thine;
Accept the service of thine humble slave,
Than which, no other recompense I crave;
Thee to assist would every toil subdue."
From pouch the youth some *eau de Carmes* [12] then drew,
And with a tender thrill his hand applied
To bathe those parts with tinge vermilion dyed.
The lovely Agnes blushed, but not in ire;
Hurt by the fall, and torn by prickly briar,
She did not find his hand too boldly rove,
But gazed unconsciously with eyes of love,
Still vowing to her monarch endless truth.
The balsam thus exhausted by the youth,
He then exclaimed: "Oh, might I now advise,
Celestial fair one, thou would'st straight arise,
And by this path anon proceed with me
To gain yon village, from intruders free;
One fleeting hour or less will take us there.

Let not a lack of gold create thee care,
My purse is thine — Oh! let it serve to pay
For petticoat and cap thy form to 'ray;
More decently to deck, what all must own,
Charms that would grace the Gallic monarch's
throne."

The lady-errant this advice approved;
Monrose so tender was, so truly loved,
That whatsoe'er he wished none could deny him,
Agnes was happy to be guided by him.

Some cynic [13] here, perhaps, may check my tale,
Demanding how it chanced a page should fail;
This youthful Englishman, so full of blood,
Should near a mistress prove thus passing good,
And no improper conduct e'er betray?
Be peaceful, thou censorious babbler, pray,
The page felt love; and if voluptuous fire
Renders us bold, love checks the fierce desire.[14]

Monrose and Agnes toward the village walked,
And straying thus of tenderest lovers talked;
Of chivalry and knights who coursed the plains,
Of old romances full of lovers' pains;
At intervals our squire still nearer pressed,
Seized her white hands, and her firm arms caressed;
All with an air of such respectful love,
'Twere vain in beauteous Agnes to reprove;
But nought besides — the gentle youth enslaved,

Although requiring much, still nothing craved.
The village confines passed, our page, to win
Still more her love, escorts her to an inn,
Where wearied Agnes, freed from all alarms,
'Twixt sheets with modest blush reposed her charms.
Monrose then breathless ran an ample round
To serve his fair, and seek what might be found
Worthy the palate, frame, and heavenly mien
Of her he owned already for his queen.
Seductive youth, by love and honor taught,
Who pleased directed thy most secret thought;
Say, who can boast a soul so pure as thine,
Where fervent love and loyalty combine?

Beneath this roof, for I must needs be plain,
John Chandos' chaplain his abode had ta'en.
All priests have more effrontery than squires:
This profligate, a slave to lewd desires,
Of our young lovers having learned the state,
Alike instructed too by adverse fate
That near him thus so many beauties laid,
And by his foul desires impetuous swayed,
With ardent eyes, blood boiling in each vein,
The body feverous, yielding lust the rein,
Swearing, to Agnes' chamber straightway flew,
Shut fast the door, and closed the curtains too.
But hold, 'tis fitting now that I rehearse
To thee, friend reader, in my humble verse,
The strange events and all that came to pass,
Touching brave Dunois on his flying ass.

'Mid realms aerial, where each Alpine height
Snow-clad appears to pall the wondering sight,
Toward that dread steep which Hannibal renowned[15]
Erst passed, and thus o'er Rome was victor crowned;
Where nought save azure sky the view doth greet,
While horrid tempests gather 'neath thy feet;
Of marble crystalline the eye may see,
Unroofed, a palace to each comer free,
Throughout with faithful ample mirrors lined,
That every visitant who feels inclined,
Handsome or ugly, young or old, when fired,
His counterpart may view until he's tired.

To this same spot conduct a thousand ways,
That all alike may learn themselves to praise;
But perilous is every pathway found,
Rocks must be climbed while dreadful steeps surround.
To this Olympus countless throngs aspire,
Who little know these varied perils dire;
Each runs alike, but most receive a check;
For, in the hundred, one may save his neck.

If, gentle reader, thou would'st learn the name
Of her who rules this palace, it is Fame;
Old dotard goddess, at whose altar fair
Even the meekest has preferred his prayer.
The sage will vouch his heart contemns her power
And hates renown — the glory of an hour;

That praise to man is but the soul's worst bane:
The sage speaks false, and only prates in vain.

Fame then exists on this aspiring height,
To pay their court her minions take delight;
Kings, warriors, pedants, churchmen too are there;
Vain multitude; puffed up with nought but air,
On bended knee each supplicates and cries:
"O Fame! puissant goddess, ever wise,
Who know'st all things, whose speech is ever free,
For charity, I pray thee, speak of me."

These indiscreet desires to satisfy
Fame hath two trumpets, which she doth apply,
One to her mouth, from whence with clarion sound
The fame of heroes fills the vasty round;[16]
The other, if I must speak, is placed behind,[17]
Vaunting vain labors of the idiot mind;
Those tiers of trash, voluminous and new,
Of every hireling scribe exposed to view
Ephemeral, who the draught Parnassian sips
Till realms of nonsense mutual trash eclipse;
Works of the Month,[18] whose well requited lot
Is to behold them, with the day forgot,
Buried with college pedants, men of schools,
Themselves worm-eaten by their verse and rules.

O tribe most vile of would-be authors dight,
Detractors infamous of sons of light,
La Beaumelle,[19] Guyon,[20] Fréron,[21] and Nonnotte,[22]

That bigot troop whose wretched trash I quote;
That Sabatier,[23] base instrument of fraud,
Whose pen for gold will any subject laud;
Those vendors all of smoke and vile abuse,
In search of Fame dare still invent excuse,
In filth arrayed, with vanity they glow,
And to the goddess dare their persons show;
Lashed with her rod from sanctuary rare,
Scarce have they yet beheld her *derrière*.[24]

Still on thine ass, Dunois, thou keepest thy seat,
And art transported to this bright retreat;
Thy virtuous deeds, which were so justly famed,
The Goddess with her decent trump proclaimed;
What must have been thy pleasure at the sight,
When gazing there upon each mirror bright,
To view in those reflectors purely clear,
Of all thy virtues the resemblance dear;
Not simply feats of arms which victors crown,
Sieges and battles that create renown,
But virtues far more difficult to see,
Offsprings of poverty preserved by thee,
Wafting forth blessings; nay, e'en courtiers too
By thee protected; while, to orphans true,
Thou with the goading lash didst vengeance take
On faithless guardians, for the children's sake.
Dunois, contemplating his deeds of fame,
Felt true delight in temple of the dame;
Nor was less joy experienced by his ass,
Braying and trotting on, from glass to glass.

Meanwhile was heard through air the clarion sound
From one of Fame's two trumpets so renowned
These words proclaiming: "'Tis the dreadful day
When Dorothy to stake must wend her way
And die in Milan;[25] such is the behest,
Weep mortals, who enshrine Love's roseate crest."
"Who?" cried Dunois, for at the thought he spurned:
"What hath she done, and why must she be burned?
If old and ugly there's no need to care;
But in the flames to cast a lovely fair,
'Tis cruel, by the saints. This sentence fell
Proves that the Milanese have bid farewell
To common sense." While thus the hero fumed,
Fame's trump the dreadful subject thus resumed:
"Poor Dorothy, in vain thou mak'st thy moan,
'Mid wasting flames thou surely wilt be thrown,
If in thy cause some valorous loyal knight
Flies not to rescue thee by hardy fight."

These sounds the bosom of Dunois inspired,
The dame to rescue straight his heart desired;
For, ye well know, as soon as chance displayed
Occasion for his courage he obeyed;
To punish injuries, and wrongs redress,
He thoughtless hurried — summoned by distress.
"Come," to his faithful ass, the hero said,
"To Milan fly, by honor we are led."
The beast his gallant rider's grace to win,

Obeyed, and faster flew than cherubin;[26]
When Milan met anon the warrior's sight,
Where justice sat in all her horrors dight;
The dreadful stake appeared amidst the square,
Three hundred savage bowmen too were there;
Cowards whose sole delight was others' pain,
Their stations took the rabble to restrain;
Thronged were the windows that each belle might see,
All bathed in tears, fulfilled the law's decree;
While on a balcony the Archbishop stood,
With priests, observing all in coldest blood.

Four Alguazils[27] poor Dorothy had brought
In fetters, *en chemise,* her mind o'erfraught
With deep despair, while her pale front displayed
Affliction's garb in every horror 'rayed;
Clouds partly veiled her sight; she could not speak,
Tears copious flowing down her lily cheek;
She scarce discerned death's instruments unfurled.
The stake where doomed she was to quit the world;
Then sobs and speech at length a passage found:
"O well beloved! O thou whose tender wound
My heart still owns in moments of such dread!"
The suppliant ceased, for no more could be said,
And stammering forth of him she loved the name,
Speechless she sank to earth, a senseless frame,
Her front o'erspread with pale and mortal hue;
Still lovely was she in that state to view.
The dastard champion[28] of th' Archbishop's cause,

Named Sacregorgon, sworn to Satan's laws,
With dagger grasped, approached the fated place,
Hard impudence and iron clothed his face,
Then cried: "My friends, a vow to God I make
That Dorothy hath well deserved the stake;
Will any one here present risk his life,
And for her wage 'gainst me in mortal strife?
If so, let him his daring front display,
That with my look I strike him with dismay,
And show him that which soon shall smash his
brain."
Thus having spoke, he fiercely paced the plain,
Wielding a sharp-edged sword of massive size,
Twisting his mouth and rolling his huge eyes;
All shuddered when they saw his devilish mien,
Nor to oppose him was one champion seen
Who dared the hapless culprit justify,
To Sacregorgon no one made reply;
That villain's air had struck all hearts with fears,
Mute was each tongue, each visage bathed in tears.

The wrathful prelate, on dire vengeance set,
Goaded his champion to each brutal threat.

The noble Dunois, trotting round the square,
Shocked at the insolent who thus could dare
His victim taunt, whose copious tears and sighs
Made her appear so lovely in his eyes,
That on beholding her she seem'd to be
From every taint of guilty action free,

Sprang to the earth and cried: "She's void of stain;
'Tis I who dare her innocence maintain
'Gainst thee, vile braggart, whom my sword defies,
Thou friend of sin, supporter of base lies.
From Dorothy I first would learn the cause
Which hath subjected her to penal laws;
How stands the case, and what event so dire
Should doom a maid to be consumed in fire."
He spake, and all the multitude gave scope,
Combining mingled shouts of joy and hope;
The trembling Sacregorgon, terror's slave,
Strove all he could to act the part of brave,
While vain the prelate sought to lull to rest
Those fears that stole upon his dastard breast.

The knight, with courteous mien and bending low,
The maid approached, to hear her tale of woe;
Yet soft, my reader, while she thus proclaimed
The dire mishap of which she felt ashamed,
Our ass divine judged meet his form to perch,
And view the scene from steeple of the church;
While Milan's devotees, in ardent prayer,
Addressed that power which takes of girls due care.

END OF CANTO VI.

NOTES TO CANTO VI.

[1] This species of policy is supported by every religion, but is most indebted to Catholicism for its ascendancy, which conduces to maintain the tranquillity of states, the obedience to sovereigns and the interest of agriculture. It renders the subject submissive, that is to say, if potentates bend before it. Its priests compose a body in the State whose interests are ever guided by those of the State, provided that the latter is only interested for the welfare of the former.

[2] Zeal is a sacred fever frequently accompanied by violent fits and transports of the brain, to which bigots and devotees are much subjected. It is a contagious distemper with which fanatical clerics have benefited the human species. During the last nineteen centuries the priests have had cause to applaud themselves for the advantages they have derived from these salutary crises, which they have produced in the world and which, if heaven or the princes of the earth do not apply some remedy, will infallibly last to the very end of time.

[3] Of all the human species, the ministers of the Church are the most disinterested towards themselves, having no other object in view but the interest of the divinity and the salvation of the souls of men — above all, when they animate the bodies of those who toil for the benefit of the cloth.

[4] It is absolutely requisite, say the priests, that we should believe, under the pain of damnation, that heaven, in order to instruct the sinful spirit how to live after death and to correct the living sinner who has no ocular demonstration whatsoever of futurity, condemns the majority of mankind for the sins of the moment; which punishment, by a divine

miracle, is to continue to all eternity in order that we may be roasted for ever and ever. The Catholic Church has equally the right to damn, and there are even people who believe that, without her, no one would be condemned; wherefore it is not the bridegroom, but the bride, to whom we are indebted for this peculiar favor.

[5] According to the Romish creed penitence is a sacrament which consists in the act of self-accusation to a priest for the faults we have committed, and in demonstrating the most unfeigned regret for having experienced certain enjoyments. In all the religions of the world penitence is required; that is to say, we must inflict infinite pain upon ourselves to gratify the will of heaven.

[6] Asses were not only called beasts of Arcadia because they abounded there in great quantities, but owing to the following circumstance: that the Arcadians once caused an ass to be opened, supposing that he had swallowed the moon because the reflection of that planet disappeared in the water of which he was drinking, owing to an eclipse which at that juncture took place. The French say of a man who sings badly that he is *Un rossignol d'Arcadie,* an Arcadian nightingale, which equally applies to a stupid, ignorant fellow.

[7] A country situated in the most elevated part of Italy, whose ancient inhabitants, the Lombards, or Longobards, were much addicted to usury, from whom Lombard street and the *rue des Lombards* at Paris derive their appellations, as it was in those respective quarters of either capital that the community in question resided.

[8] The Parthians were esteemed the most expert archers in the world, and the peculiar custom they had of discharging their arrows while they were retiring at full speed has been greatly celebrated by the ancient poets, who uniformly observe that their flight was more formidable than their attack. This peculiar manner of fighting and the wonderful address and dexterity with which it was performed gained the Parthians many signal victories.

[9] See Canto XVII.

[10] The French used formerly to swear *Par Dieu!* By God! without the least scruple. The knights in "Amadis of Gaul" never uttered any other oath, and even the priests and women exclaim *Par Dieu* in the "*Cent Nouvelles, Nouvelles.*" Kings and heroes generally had their oaths in England as in France. Richard the Third swore by Saint Paul, and was the first who used G—d d—n me; Henry the Eighth swore by G—d's wounds! and with our Gallic neighbors Louis the Eleventh's oath was *Paque Dieu!* Charles the Eighth's, *Jour de Dieu!* Louis the Twelfth's, *Le diable m'emporte!* Francis the First's, *Foi de gentilhomme!* Henry the Fourth's, *Ventre saint gris!* La Trimouille's, *Le vrai corps de Dieu!* and Bayard's, *Fête Dieu Bayard!* etc., etc. After so many convincing proofs that swearing is admissible with the great our poet appears to display too much tenacity with respect to Agnes, be the nature of her oaths what they might, considering the delicate situation in which she was placed and that a monarch was her *cher ami.*

[11] Adonis, son of Cinyras by his daughter Myrrha, a god of the Phœnicians and beloved of Venus Astarte. The Phœnicians every year wept his death and then rejoiced at his resurrection. Adonis is frequently taken for Osiris because the festivals of both were commenced with mournful lamentations and terminated with a revival of joy, as if they were returning to life again; which is thus explained: Proserpine is said to have restored him to existence on condition that he should spend six months with her and the residue of the year with Venus, thereby implying the alternate returns of summer and winter.

[12] *Eau de Mélisse des Carmes,* a famous prepared water, the ingredients of which were originally discovered by the Carmelite monks, who formerly inhabited a monastery in the *rue Vaugirard* at Paris, where it was sold for upwards of eighty years and the profits appropriated to the use of

the fraternity. This water still continues to be used and is held in high repute by the Parisians.

[13] By the term cynic is understood a sect of philosophers who were without modesty and always barking and biting like dogs. Saint Evremond, speaking of them, says: *"Voudrait-on, pour rétablir l'ordre des Cyniques, cette philosophie médisante, cette profession publique de japper, de mordre, et de déchirer, et cette métamorphose d'hommes en chiens."*

[14] *Amore è il vero prezzo con che si compra amore.*

[15] Hannibal, son of Hamilcar, the celebrated Carthaginian, in pursuing his march towards the Alps against the Roman legions, is supposed to have traversed Savoy, situated between France and Switzerland. Wherefore it is presumable that the Temple of Fame is situated in the country of the Savoyards. Had Voltaire existed half a century later there is little doubt that he would have added to the above eulogizing lines by coupling the name of Napoleon with that of Hannibal, whose passage over the same mountains when commanding the French army must forever entitle him to the name of a hero and draw down upon his memory the loudest applause of the poetic muse.

[16] The poets have personified Fame as a divinity to which they gave a hundred eyes and as many ears and mouths, bearing a trumpet in order to announce far and wide the celebrity of great actions. She was also portrayed with wings to designate the lightness with which she flew in all directions. Of this divinity the most brilliant descriptions have been given by the ancients. See the "Æneid" of Virgil, where he begins: *"Fama malum quo non aliud velocius ullum,"* etc., and Ovid in his "Metamorphoses," etc., at the line *"Orbe locus medio est,"* etc. In Boileau's *"Lutrin,"* Canto the second, we find

> Ce monstre, composé de bouches et d'oreilles,
> Qui sans cesse volant de climats en climats,
> Conte tout ce qu'il sait, et ce qu'il ne sait pas;

La Renommée enfin, cette prompte courrière,
Va d'un mortel effroi glacer la perruquière.

And Butler, speaking of Fame, says:

There is a tall, long-sided dame
(But wond'rous light), ycleped Fame,
That, like a thin cameleon, boards
Herself on air, and eats her words:
Upon her shoulders wings she wears,
Like hanging sleeves lined through with ears,
And eyes and tongues, as poets list,
Made good by deep mythologist.

[17] Voltaire, in his letters concerning the English nation, speaking of Butler, says: "There is one English poem, the title whereof is 'Hudibras:' it is 'Don Quixote' and our *'Satire Ménippée'* blended together. I never met with so much wit in a single book as in this," which bears sufficient testimony of the high estimation in which he held the talents of our great satirist, whose lines he in all probability had in view, when thus describing the two trumpets of Fame, as in part the second, Canto the first, of "Hudibras," commencing at line the sixty-ninth, we read:

Two trumpets she does sound at once,
But both of clean contrary tones:
But whether both with the same wind,
Or one before and one behind
We know not, only this can tell
The one sounds vilely, th' other well;
And therefore vulgar authors name
The one Good, t'other Evil Fame.

[18] The want of candor and justice which is to be found in many of our own monthly reviewers might well entitle them to the attack levelled by Voltaire in the lines following the above, and which were written against personages who, on account of a difference in opinion, whether religious, moral, or political, threw every obloquy upon the fame and literary merit of our poet, with very little regard either to truth in their assertions or justness in the criticisms ushered forth to publicity. In literature no set of men are more necessary than critics when they are governed by unbiassed judgments; nor are there any individuals more

baleful than those censors who, to gratify a universal malevolence or show off their talents at indiscriminate abuse, trample upon the labors of individuals who are frequently as superior to them in intellect as their detractors are their inferiors in every noble sentiment that dignifies the human heart. It would be superfluous to particularize any one of these vehicles of unjust scurrility, and there are few men of letters who have not smarted under their virulent lash; for though the public at large may be led astray by these dogmatic decisions, men of literature are no strangers to their venom and but too frequently the victims of their time-serving machinations.

> Gardez-vous, dira l'un, de cet esprit critique;
> On ne sait bien souvent quelle mouche le pique.
> BOILEAU.

Dr. Johnson, being asked by Miss Porter what book she should read and whether she should refer to the reviewers for a good work, the Doctor replied: "By all means, my dear, and take care to select that which they abuse the most, for then you will be sure to have the best production."

> They talk as they are wont, not as I merit:
> Traduce by custom, as most dogs do bark;
> Do nothing out of judgment, but disease;
> Speak ill, because they never could speak well:
> And who'd be angry with this race of creatures?
> Their envy's like an arrow, shot upright,
> That in the fall endangers their own heads.
> JOHNSON'S *Cynthia's Revels.*

[19] Laurent Angliviel de la Beaumelle, native of Valleraugue, in the diocese of Alais, was born in 1727 and died at Paris in November, 1773. He was invited to Denmark to occupy the chair of French *Belles Lettres;* but the cold climate not agreeing with his constitution, having always been a resident in the south of France, he left the north with the title of Counsellor, having also a pension granted him by the Danish government. Beaumelle in his journey to France stopped at Berlin, being desirous of associating himself with Voltaire, whose writings he passionately admired; but as both were naturally gifted with bilious and

passionate tempers, they only met to dispute, which terminated in a lasting quarrel, as the subsequent attacks upon each other in the progress of their literary careers sufficiently indicate. One of the traits which rendered Beaumelle peculiarly obnoxious to Voltaire was the following opinion delivered by the former in a work entitled *"Mes Pensées, ou le Qu'en dira-t-on?"* for which work the author upon his arrival at Paris in 1753 was confined in the Bastille. The lines relating to Voltaire run as follows: *"Il y a eu de meilleurs poètes que Voltaire; il n'y en eut jamais de si bien récompensés. Le roi de Prusse comble de bienfaits les hommes à talents, précisément par les mêmes raisons qui engagent un petit prince d'Allemagne à combler de bienfaits un bouffon ou un nain."*

[20] Claude Marie Guyon was born at Lons le Saulnier, in Franche Comté, and entered the congregation of the Oratory, which he afterwards quitted and came to Paris, where he employed his pen on various literary subjects, and died in that capital in 1771, at about the age of 70. In a work entitled *"Oracle des nouveaux Philosophes,"* 2 vols., 8vo, written by Guyon, he refutes with considerable energy and collects with peculiar acumen the loose principles disseminated by Voltaire, and even goes so far as to make him frequently contradict his own assertions; whereupon our skeptical poet, finding himself unmasked, opposed the reasonings of Abbé Guyon by scurrilous attacks, to which the former became the more insensible, as his work was honored with the greatest success.

[21] Elia Catherine Fréron was born at Quimper in 1719. He entered the society of the Jesuits and professed for some time with success at the college of Louis le Grand. In 1739 he quitted the Jesuits and embarked in his career of literature, attaching himself to the *Belles Lettres,* in which pursuit he became a very voluminous writer, under the title of *"Année Litteraire,"* of which he regularly published eight volumes annually until the period of his death, which occurred in 1776. The most dangerous

enemy of this ingenious, learned and satirical writer was Voltaire, who introduced him upon the theatrical boards in 1760 in a piece entitled *"l'Écossaise,"* replete with the grossest personalities. Notwithstanding this, our poet regarded him as a man possessed of infinite taste, as will be proved from the following anecdote: A nobleman of the court of Turin having requested Voltaire to recommend him to some person at Paris from whom he might collect a just idea of all the literary productions of France, "Address yourself," said Voltaire, "to that rascal Fréron. It is he alone who can furnish you with what you require." And, upon the nobleman expressing his astonishment, Voltaire exclaimed: "Upon my honor, it is true. He is the only man possessing taste. I am compelled to avow it, although I do not like him and have cogent reasons for holding him in detestation." It was Fréron himself who gave publicity to this anecdote. Voltaire was in the habit of calling his antagonist *Frelon,* by way of a *jeu de mot,* which word signifies in French a hornet.

[22] Nonnotte, a Jesuit, was a native of Besançon, and born about 1711. The first work whereby he distinguished himself was entitled *"Erreurs de Voltaire,"* which was very much read and contains as much erudition as decency of style and profound criticism. The author's intention in producing this work was to display the faults which had escaped our poet in his "Essay on the Morals and Spirit of Nations," and more particularly those which had reference to his philosophical opinions. Nonnotte was also the author of several other esteemed works, for the virulent attacks of Voltaire never influenced the moderation of this writer, who pursued his literary avocations with the same undiminished zeal. The Academy of Besançon gave testimony of its esteem for this author in admitting him a Member of the Academy. He died in the early part of the year 1790.

[23] Anthony Sabatier, an abbé, was born at Castres, a considerable city of Languedoc, in 1742. He was a man

of talent and the author of several works, but that which brought him most into repute was *"Les trois Siècles de la Littérature Française."* In this production Sabatier was desirous of acquiring to himself a distinguished reputation by his virulent attacks upon literary characters of the greatest eminence. This work is incontestably entitled to great praise wheresoever its pages are not dictated by party spirit, but, unfortunately, such too frequently proves the case, on which occasions this writer forgets every principle of justice towards men who have conferred the greatest honor upon the annals of French literature. It is much to be regretted that an author should have thus enjoyed a malicious satisfaction in tarnishing the most estimable talents and vilifying the most unsullied reputations. Voltaire, playing upon the name of Sabatier, sometimes denominates him *Savetier,* signifying a vender of old shoes, and at other times *Sabotier,* a fabricator of wooden shoes.

[24] The above collection of literary personages is in effect vile in the extreme, as it is well known that these writers vomited forth a torrent of calumnies against our author, who had never done them the smallest injury. These writers have trumpeted forth that he was a plagiarist; that he did not believe in a Divinity; that the benefactor of the race of Corneille was the enemy of Corneille and the son of a peasant. They have also attributed to him adventures the most false and absurd and have asserted that he sold and then resold his literary performances; wherefore it was but just that in the end he should drive such a rabble crew from the precincts of the sanctuary of Fame, into which it sought to introduce itself as a banditti that in the night enters a church by stealth in order to purloin the chalices and other sanctified valuables. *See also Note to the eighteenth Canto, upon the subject of the present.*

[25] Milan is one of the most beautiful cities in the world, having a strong citadel, an archbishopric, a university and a celebrated academy of painting, with a magnificent public

library, called the Ambrosian. It is also famous for having produced many celebrated characters that have flourished in arts, sciences, and literature. It was at the taking of this strong citadel that the following anecdote of Bonaparte is detailed, which may be relied on as a matter of fact: On the evening prior to the surrender of Milan, Bonaparte, at that time commander-in-chief of the army of Italy, was engaged to dine at the mansion of a lady of consequence, who, in consideration of the distinguished rank and illustrious name of her guest, conducted the honors of the table with the most marked attention and politeness. Napoleon, however, being fully occupied in contemplating the momentous events which were to characterize the ensuing day, replied with coolness and brevity to the repeated marks of deference lavished upon him. When the hostess at length, to give animation to the company, requested to know the general's age, adding, by way of palliative for the apparent rudeness, "That he appeared by far too young to have gathered so many laurels." "Truly, madam," replied Bonaparte, smiling, "I am not yet very old, but in less than twenty-four hours I shall be much more, for, though I now count but twenty-five years, I shall to-morrow have attained *Mil-an.*"

[26] *Cherubin* is a celestial spirit of the second rank in the first hierarchy. The word is derived from the Hebrew *cherub,* the plural of which is *cherubim.* The *cherubin* is not always uniform, being sometimes described as a man, an eagle, an ox, and a lion, or presenting a form composed of all these figures assembled together.

[27] *Alguazil,* a term taken from the Spaniards, who equally derived it from the Arabian word *guazil,* signifying a sergeant, bowman, or officer employed to arrest persons and in the execution of all judiciary orders.

[28] The word *champion* is of great antiquity, being derived from the French word *champ,* a field, and *pion,* an Indian word adopted by the Arabians, which signifies *soldier;* that is to say, a warrior who exposes himself to support or

defend the cause of another. This term, adopted by several other nations, has been for many ages familiar to the English ear, as each succeeding monarch upon his coronation has been supported by his champion knight, armed *cap-a-pie*, who, entering Westminster hall on horseback, by sound of trumpet and by the voice of his herald dares any one to contest the monarch's just right to the crown.

CANTO VII.

ARGUMENT.

HOW DUNOIS RESCUED DOROTHY CONDEMNED TO DEATH BY THE INQUISITION.

WHEN, in the springtide of my youth, some fair
Abandoned me to be the slave of care,
My wounded heart indignant spurned love's reign,
And left his empire fraught with just disdain;
But to offend the fair, with rage thus fraught,
In word or act, ne'er entered once my thought;
Nor would I stain my breast with rancor's deed,
Striving her future pleasures to impede.
Since thus a perjured mistress I disclaim,
More reason have I to respect the dame
Who deaf to every ardent vow will prove,
And, though I die for her, rejects my love;
'Tis cruelty to wound the youthful heart
Which cannot equal love with thine impart;
Therefore, if she for whom thy passions burn
Doth not with equal love thy love return,
Seek elsewhere for some mistress less severe,
Sufficient numbers you will find, ne'er fear;
Or else court Bacchus,[1] and in flowing bowl
Plunge all the yearnings of thine amorous soul.
Ah! would this prelate, rendered fierce by love,

To drown his savage passion thus had strove;
Of female beauty, would this haughty foe
Had checked revenge in bacchanalian flow!

Soon had Dunois the fair afflicted maid
Inspired with courage, and in hope arrayed;
Still was it just that he the charge should hear
Which doomed the beauty to this lot severe.

"Oh thou!" she cried, with lovely eyes low bent,
"Angel, despatched to stay fell punishment;
Thou, from on high descended, knowest full well
My mind unshackled is by guilty spell."
"By some strange chance unknown," Dunois replied,
"I come, though not with heavenly powers supplied,
To shield thy life from Death's relentless dart,
Omnipotence alone can read the heart;
Thy soul methinks bears virtue's purest seal,
But speak, the mystery of thy tale reveal."

Fair Dorothy, from eyes of heavenly blue
Wiping the trembling drops of crystal dew,
Thus made reply: "'Tis love my bane hath wrought;
"Knowest thou Trimouille? 'Twas he the lesson taught."
"Yes," cried Dunois, "he ranks my best of friends,
Each virtue in his soul heroic blends;
My king a braver soldier cannot boast,

Nor is there fiercer foe to England's host;
Than him no knight can more inspire love's flame."
"Ah! that's too true," she cried, "'tis sure the same;
Scarce hath a year elapsed — ah! woe the day,
Since he from Milan's city bent his way.
'Twas even here his vows were pledged to me;
He swore, ah! how then can I doubt but he
Must still his heart resign at Cupid's touch,
For I adore the youth, yes, far too much."

Quoth Dunois: "For his faith ne'er feel alarms,
His heart is linked forever by those charms:
I know him; as myself he'll guard the trust,
True to his love as to his sovereign just."

Dunois was mute, and straight the sufferer cried:
"Thy words, my champion, cannot be denied;
Thrice bless'd the hour when first my love-struck gaze
Yielded at once to bright perfection's blaze;
Gave up a heart that felt in him combined
Each grace and virtue that adorn the mind;
Yes, I adored with feeling's fervid glow,
Scarce conscious whether yet I loved or no.

'Twas at the Archbishop's board — entrancing hour,
He made confession of Love's conquering power;
Ah! then an unknown fever seized my blood,
And through my veins rushed on the crimson flood;

Mute was my tongue and dim my glazy sight,
No more the banquet spurred my appetite;
'Twas thus I felt the powerful impulse move,
Nor dreamt of dangers that await on love.
Next morn he came, but transient was the view;
His stay was short, too soon he bade adieu!
And, as he went, Love touched my heart's soft string,
My tender heart, which after him took wing.
The day succeeding we had *tête-à-tête*
A little longer, but no less *honnête;*
The next rewarded him for all his pain,
As these fond lips felt burning kisses twain;
The morn ensuing proved him bolder still,
He talked of marriage and the nuptial thrill;
The next, he dared make known his wishes wild;
The next — the next — oh! then I proved with child.[2]
What do I say? and need I thus proclaim
Through ev'ry stage my sorrow and my shame,
Unknowing yet, O! knight of martial pride;
In what great hero thus I dare confide."

Mute on the subject of his birth and deeds,
The courteous knight obedient thus proceeds:
" Behold Dunois! " in this enough was said.
" Then heaven," she cried, " to hear my prayers is led;
Yes, pitying fate despatches to my aid
The great Dunois, whose arm must be obeyed.

Ah! 'tis apparent whence your birth you owe,
Enchanting Bastard,[3] warmed with godlike glow;
Of tender love I was the victim true,
And Love's own child my savior proves in you;
The gods all just thus succoring aid impart.
And hope, fond hope, reanimates my heart.

"Some months elapsed, I told thee, gentle knight,
My lover left me for the fearful fight,
To warfare fled, by rigid duty nursed;
Ah! fatal war, and England thrice accursed!
To aid a monarch his especial care,
And left my soul a prey to wild despair.

A state like this you doubtless have confessed,
And know the anguish of the sufferer's breast;
'Tis thus imperious duty blights Love's ray,
I proved it as in tears I spent the day;
My heart meanwhile, compelled to bear restraint,
Thus tortured without offering one complaint.
He gave true lover's tokens passing rare;
Sweet woven bracelet of his flaxen hair;
A portrait too, which oft would raise the smile,
As if himself appeared my woes to wile;
Last, to my care he left a precious scroll,
Whereon was firmly traced Love's glowing soul;
It was, Sir Knight, a promise justly made,
Dear surety of his tenderness displayed,
And thus it ran: 'By mighty Love I swear,
By all the bliss my ravished soul can share,

Ere long great Milan's court again to see,
And give my heart and hand to Dorothy.'

"Alas! he left me, bearing valor's name
To Orleans, where he weaves the wreath of fame;
Perhaps its ramparts still his feats reveal,
Where honor's call imprints on him her seal.
Ah! could he now the passing truths be taught,
What ills, what horror hath my passion wrought:
Yet no, just heaven! why rack his breast with pain?
Better in blissful ignorance remain.

" Trimouille departed — thus, surmise to drown,
I left the confines of a tattling town,
And in a lone retreat seclusion sought,
Framed to indulge my bosom's anguished thought,
My parents dead, I gave keen sadness rein;
Hid from the world, no eyes discerned my pain;
'Twas thus I veiled in secrecy my fears,
My ripening pregnancy, and ceaseless tears;
But ah! sad truth, destructive of my peace,
Alas! I chance to be the Archbishop's niece."
These fatal words augment each heart-worn sigh,
While streams more copious gush from either eye.

Uprearing straight her streaming orbs to heaven,
" To light," she cried, " I then my babe had given;
Dear son, unhallowed pledge that in mine arms
Consoled my griefs, and banished my alarms;
Thus anxious I my love's return implored,

My mind's eye dwelling on his form adored.
Sad chance so willed it that my uncle sped,
Secluded thus, to see what life I led;
The palace quitted, pomp and grand parade,
His niece to greet, obscured in forest's shade.
Ill-fated hour! ah! why did form like mine
To love abhorred my uncle's breast incline!
Detested gift, which now my hate inspires,
Features that kindle passion's foulest fires;
He breathed his flame — heaven, what was my surprise!
I placed his rank and duties 'fore his eyes,
His sacred calling, and what further stood
As bar — his consanguinity of blood!
Just portrait of the horrid act I drew,
Repugnant to the Church and nature too;
Alas! to talk of duties was but vain,
A hope chimerical had filled his brain;
He fondly thought that my obdurate heart
For other object ne'er had felt Love's dart;
In fine, that passion was to me unknown,
And triumph therefore soon would be his own.
To practise hateful arts he ceaseless toiled,
Attentions loathed, desires forever foiled.

"Ah me! one day in sadness conning o'er
Of him I cherish the seductive lore,
As tears bedewed the page with fervor fraught,
Thus reading, was I by my uncle caught;
His vengeful hand anon the scroll possessed,

Detailing every secret of my breast;
He read, he saw this fatal page record
My flame, his rival, and my bosom's lord.
His soul, with jealousy and fury fired,
Gave boundless scope to passions long inspired;
Watchful, as if resolved to blight my joy,
He soon found out I had an infant boy.
This truth might well have damped another's fire,
But in my uncle it increased desire,
And conscious of the advantage thus attained,
'Is it,' he cried, 'with me alone ordained
That you should thus assume the prudish air,
While he alone must every transport share
Who robbed you of a virgin's spotless name?
Beware how longer you resist my flame;
Beware, judge wisely, you deserve but ill
That love which has enslaved me to your will;
Yield on the instant, or my vengeance meet.'
I sunk affrighted at my uncle's feet;
On heaven I called, with tears I strove to move
His pity: Furious grown with rage and love,
My charms in this sad plight inflamed him more;
To act his will he dashed me on the floor.
For help I called, in this distressing state,
When all his love was turned to deadly hate.
Oh! from an uncle such abuse to bear;
Vengeful he bruised my face and tore my hair;
Attendants came; the Bishop straight proceeds
To one crime adding still more deadly deeds:
'Christians,' he cried, 'I find my niece profane,

To mother church she proves a damning bane,
Staunch heretic, debauched, and lost to grace,
A public strumpet, curse to all her race;
The brat to foul adultery owes its breath,
Confound the mother and the son in death;
And since of heaven I thus pronounce them cursed,[4]
Straight let the Inquisition [5] do its worst.'

" No threat the traitor thus pronounced in vain:
Scarce had he entered Milan, ere a train
By grand Inquisitor was forthwith sent,
Which seized and dragged me straight to punishment
In dungeon, where my mind was left to brood,
And anguish, sighs and tears my bitter food;
Cells where forever reign chaotic gloom,
Of dead the mansion and of guilt the tomb.
Three days expired, mine eyes beheld the light,
Till tortures closed them in the realms of night;
Behold this pile, 'midst fire's consuming rage,
There must I die at twenty years of age;
This is the bed for my expiring hour;
'Tis there, 'tis there, without your vengeful power,
With life my honor I must quickly yield.
Full many a knight for me had ta'en the field,
And couched the lance, defending my just cause,
Had not mine uncle chained them by the laws [6]
Of mother church,[7] 'gainst which none dares depart.
Ah! there's no valor in th' Italian heart;[8]
Each trembles as he gazes on the Stole;[9]

Whereas your Frenchman boasts a dauntless soul,
Fearless at all times would give valor scope,
And in the Capitol e'en dare the Pope."

This honor-goading theme thrilled Dunois' breast,
Who felt acutely for the fair oppressed;
Fraught with just rage against her deadly foe,
He thirsted to inflict the vengeful blow,
And felt an easy conquest would ensue;
Till, sudden gazing round, were seen in view
An hundred archers fierce, despising fear,
Who nobly braved our hero in the rear.

With bonnet square, a pedant, sable-clad,
Bawled forth in terms like *miserere* sad:
" Our Bishop, to extol God's heavenly throne
And glorify the Church, thus makes it known
To Christians, blessed by the eternal sire,
That we condemn to faggot and the fire
This stranger champion, who dares brave the fight
Of Dorothy, the sacrilegious knight
As heretic, magician, infidel;
Burnt with his ass, then both are doomed to hell."

O priest! O Busiris! in cassock 'rayed,
Wretch, 'twas a trick of thy deceptive trade,
The noble warrior froze thy recreant blood;
Thyself with holy office understood,
How, 'neath the garb of justice to oppress
Whoso should stand forth champion of distress,

And draw that dreadful veil from human sight,
Which veiled to mortal eyes the deeds of night.

Of holy office now the recreant crew,
Their murderous purpose keeping still in view,
To seize Dunois, brave knight of chivalry,
Two steps advance, then backwards measure three;
March on again, then cross themselves and stand;
When Sacrogorgon, leader of the band,
Trembling exclaims: "We'll die or conquer now;
This dire magician to our arms shall bow."
Deacons, amidst the troop blessed water bring;
When soon arrive the sacrists in a string;
One holds a pot, the *goupillon* another,
They march their rounds, and bless each bigot brother;
Sprinkle with brackish water all the crew,
To exorcise the demon from their view;
While the Archbishop, fearing still a dressing,
Dispenses round on every side his blessing.

Dunois felt shocked, though godlike his intent,
That any should esteem him Satan-sent;
Then grasping in one hand his conquering glave,
The other held the symbol formed to save —
A cross and rosary, the safeguards just
Of those who place on high their only trust.
"Come down," he cried, "come hither, faithful hack."
The ass descends, and Dunois vaults his back;

Around the *coup de main* like lightning deals,
When lo! the frightened cohort trembling reels.
Of one the *sternum* and the arm he hit,
Another pierced where *Atlas* bone is knit,
This of his nose and jawbone views the wreck,
T'other at *humerus* or ear finds check;
One to infernal regions wings his way,
T'other takes flight, exclaiming, "Let us pray."
Our ass, amidst this carnage shows his might,
Supporting gallantly his errant knight;
He flies, kicks, bites, and tramples in the dust
These vagrant foes of the defenceless just.
Now Sacrogorgon close his visor wears,
While still retreating lustily he swears;
Dunois arrives, at *pubis* bone strikes deep,
Lo! near his *coccyx* doth the steel's point peep —
The villain falls! The crowd exclaims, "Encore!
Praised be the Lord, the scoundrel is no more!"

Still on the dust the cut-throat struggling lay,
When thus exclaimed the hero: "Prithee say,
Accursed soul, hell waits thee, dread the devil;
Is not his grace a mitred son of evil,
A ravisher, and proved a perjured elf,
While Dorothy is innocence itself,
Faithful to him, in love her ardent slave,
While thou art nothing but an arrant knave?"
"Oh! yes, Sir Knight, you justly dub me cheat;
I am, 'tis true, a caitiff most complete;
Your conquering sword hath settled the account."

He ceased, his soul found vent, but did not mount;
Downward it plunged, to demons close allied,
And thus the direful Sacrogorgon died.

As the vile, graceless braggart's soul took flight,
To dwell with Satan in the realms of night,
A squire was seen amid the crowd to advance,
Bearing a helmet and a gilded lance,
'Fore whom, in yellow vestments trimly 'rayed,
Two gallant horsemen made a grand parade;
Sure symbol that some noble knight was near.
No sooner did these unknown forms appear
Than Dorothy, with wonder and surprise
At once oppressed, alarmed, sent forth these cries:
"Oh! should my well-beloved arrive at last,
Kind heaven will then requite my sorrows past."
So spake the girl, while yielding to amaze,
Straight on the squire the people fixed their gaze.

Ah reader! feel'st thou not ashamed to own
Thyself, like wavering Milanese, as prone
To occupy at once thy sight and sense
With wonders thus produced by Providence?
Yet say, is such the purport of my song?
Oh! think of Orleans and its warlike throng
Of heroes pressed, and Charles who fills the throne;
And of our amazon, the Maiden Joan,
Who, without bonnet, petticoat or gown,
Like Centaur scours the country up and down,
Placing more confidence in heaven's high will

Than all the courage nature can instil;
And offering to Saint Denis prayers devout,
Who then in Paradise made dreadful rout,
Wielding tongue-combat fierce as tilt with lance
'Gainst George of Britain, in support of France.

And, gentle reader, still more worthy note,
The grace of lovely Agnes which I quote;
Her beauties must each feeling mind endear.
Is there a heart so sad and so austere
As to survey such beauties passing rare,
And not confess a lively interest there?
And now, my friend, I frankly would inquire
If Dorothy was sentenced to the fire,
If the great author of all things on high
Rescued the sufferer from this cruelty?
Such case but seldom finds its parallel:
But that an object you love passing well,
For whom your constant tears prove love's alarms,
Should find repose in some stout chaplain's arms,
Or with a youthful page share fond embrace,
You must allow it no uncommon case.
To cause such feats no miracle is wrought,
For me, I love all stories that are fraught
With truths which appertain to mortals here;
I am myself a creature of this sphere,
And proudly boast that I have shared my part
In all the wanderings of the human heart,
I've roved in love, been pleased with others' pain
And see myself reflected o'er again.

NOTES TO CANTO VII.

[1] Fill me a bowl, a brimmer fill!
'Tis thus I cure Love's smart;
No wound but sparkling wine will kill,
Though rankling in the heart.

[2] This terse confession of the disconsolate Dorothy brings to mind the words of Laberius, where he says:

Amare et sapere vix Deo conceditur.

[3] The above panegyric of our poet upon an illegitimate offspring brings forcibly to mind the lines of Bastard Edmund in "King Lear," where he says:

——— Why bran they us
With base, with baseness, bastardy, base, base,
Who, in the lusty stealth of nature, take
More composition and fierce quality
Than doth, within a dull, stale, tired bed,
Go to creating a whole tribe of fops,
Got 'tween asleep and 'wake?

The publicity of Dunois' illegitimate origin is not to be wondered at when we consider the exalted birth of both his parents, and, more particularly, the transcendent qualifications of the hero himself. At the present period, however, persons are not so scrupulous, for there are instances of men possessing no other attributes than arrogance and conceit who might have passed quietly to their graves with the simple title of Misters, and who, without any brilliant qualifications whatsoever, think fit to blazon forth a princely bastardy, though on the maternal side a demi-rep or opera-dancer may have ushered them forth to strut and sweat their hour and then be heard no more.

[4] A priestly anathema is a charitable imprecation which the ministers of heaven fulminate against those who excite their displeasure, in order that their bodies may be tortured on earth, if their power extends so far, or that they may be accursed to all eternity for the benefit of their untractable souls.

[5] The Inquisition was an ecclesiastical jurisdiction first established in France, where it continued partially in force till the reign of Louis XIV., at which period there were two Inquisitions remaining, viz.: at Toulouse and Carcassone, which were authorized by the king's letters patent. This establishment was also instituted in Spain, Portugal, and Italy, in order to seek out and punish those whose sentiments were in any way opposed to the Catholic faith. It was a maxim of the Inquisition to have recourse in its proceedings to all that could inspire terror. Those who were seized by the Inquisitors were abandoned by everybody, without any exception as to consanguinity or relationship, no one daring to speak to the accused, as that circumstance would have been sufficient to attach suspicion to the person of being heretical. No stated lapse of time was prescribed in regard to heresy, nor did death itself rescue the accused from the sanguinary proceedings of this community, who, in such cases, proceeded against the dead body. The executions, called *autos da fé* (act of faith), only took place when several persons were to be immolated, in order that the number might produce the more lively impression and inspire terror in the multitude. Pope Paul the Fourth used to denominate the Inquisition "the mainspring of the pontificate."

In Italy those who were members of this abhorred society were styled Knights of the Inquisition, and in Spain, Servants of the Holy Office, *Familiares et Domestici S. Officii.* The standard or flag of this community was of red damask, whereon was painted a crucifix, accompanied by an olive branch on one side and a sword on the other, around which appeared these words from the Psalm: *Exurge, Domine, et judica causam tuam.*

[6] As a plain, old-fashioned Protestant reader may not be aware of the practices which were carried on in Catholic countries, in France as elsewhere, I beg him to understand that this narrative respecting Dorothy and her uncle, the bishop, is by no means an innovation upon matter of fact; as it is customary for curates and parish priests to have for domestic attendants pretty, plump, rosy young lasses who are conveniently denominated their nieces and introduced as such to their parishioners, who are just as well aware of the speciousness of the relationship as the priest himself. It may be necessary to remark by way of addition that in order to prevent disagreeable family occurrences the garden of our reverend divine is generally well stocked with an ample crop of the two roots called *Sabina* or *Savin* and *Rue*. *Honi soit qui mal y pense.*

> Les prêtres ne sont pas ce qu'un vain peuple pense,
> Notre crédulité fait toute leur science.
> *Œdipus of* VOLTAIRE.

> In priests we behold not what vain people see,
> Their science consists in our credulity.

[7] Mother Church means no other than the clergy figuratively represented as the wife of the Lord, who, although a very good dame, will sometimes treat her refractory children with an obduracy not altogether consonant with the tenets of Christian mercy and Divine forbearance, and which would not, perhaps, be tolerated by heaven were the celestial regard always directed towards her proceedings.

[8] The bigotry of the Italian character and the terror inspired by their priests are perfectly well known, and admirably delineated by Boileau in the following lines:

> Un *bigot* orgueilleux, qui, dans sa vanité,
> Croit duper jusqu'à Dieu par son zèle affecté,
> Couvrant tous ses défauts d'une sainte apparence,
> Damne tous les humains de sa pleine puissance.

[9] The stole forms a part of the vestment of a Roman Catholic bishop and owed its derivation to a Greek word

signifying a long robe. The stole of the ancients was very different from that worn at the present period. It was sometimes a mantle of ceremony which sovereigns presented to those they were desirous of honoring; from whence came the following words from Holy Writ: *Stolam gloriæ induit eum,* etc.

CANTO VIII.

ARGUMENT.

THE CAPTIVATING LA TRIMOUILLE MEETS AN ENGLISHMAN AT THE CHURCH OF NOTRE DAME OF LORETTO, AND WHAT AFTERWARDS ENSUED WITH DOROTHY.

How wise, how interesting proves our page;
The heart and mind at once formed to engage!
Virtue triumphant here we always view,
Each knight has courage, aye and conduct too.
The rights of kings, chaste feelings of the fair,
All here are spread; it is a garden rare,
Whose contour yields enchantment to the sight,
Its varied culture blooming with delight;
And in perfection too alike I see,
Of gems most bright, the flower of chastity,
Like lily which displays a spotless head,
By hand luxuriant of pure nature spread.
Youth, maidens all, my lays assiduous read,
Of heavenly virtue the divinest creed.
From priest, renowned Tritemus,[1] numbers came,
By birth from Picardy, of learned fame;
Who for his theme, our Joan and Agnes took.
How I admire him! and with pleasure look
On times now past, when I alone preferred
His wholesome, modest page, and then averred
How much the sense surpassed those vapid strains

That flow in torrents from romancer's [2] brains;
From whose dull wits abortive themes appear,
Born to perish in one short-lived year.
The wonder of our Joan's portentous fate
Shall triumph over time's remotest date;
No dubious feats her grand career o'ercast,
Truth ever pleases, truth alone can last.

Still nought can I, my friend, of Joan here sing,
Since now the muse for Dorothy takes wing,
And Dunois, the avenging champion brave,
And Trimouille well-beloved, her faithful slave,
Each having on my verse the rightful claim;
And I must here confess, devoid of shame,
That with just cause, my reader now inquires
What feats were kindled by these Paphian fires.

Near Orleans straight must memory bring to view,
How Trimouille, ornament of rich Poitou,[3]
For good King Charles performing valor's feat,
Neck-deep in ditch, enjoyed a muddy treat,
Whence faithful squires, with mighty pain and toil,
Forth dragged him, laden with the ebon soil.
Our hero galled by many a direful stroke,
Had shoulder shattered and the elbow broke,
And thus for town besieged his form they bore,
Afflicting spectacle of blood and gore.
But Talbot, keeping vigilance in view,
Had to the city barred each avenue;
By secret path then silent they conveyed

Our errant knight, of fell surprise afraid,
To ancient Tours, on litter safe reclined,
City most faithful and to Charles resigned.
Fate willed it so, a quack [4] then sojourned there,
Arrived from Venice, who, with dextrous care,
His dislocated radius [5] set with skill
Which in the shoulder's socket moved at will;
Ere long the squire made known to gallant knight,
That he no longer for his king could fight,
Since every route was guarded by the foe.
The hero, ever thrilled by passion's glow,
At length resolved, impelled by dire ennui,
That he would speed his tender fair to see.

Reckless of hair-breadth perils that ensued,
He crossed the plains which Lombards [6] had subdued,
And gaining Milan's [7] walls, with soul elate,
There found advancing to the city's gate,
Like flood resistless, a besotted band,
Collected from the circumjacent land,
Crowding to Milan: Farmers, monks, and clowns,
And Benedictines, robed in sable gowns,
Parents and children, noisy rabble train,
Whose eagerness no barrier could restrain,
Forward they press, and cry: "Let's hurry there.
We do not every day such pastime share." [8]

Soon learned our knight, with horror and dismay,
The deed which caused the Lombard's holyday,

What act was then prepared to meet his sight:
" My Dorothy! " he cried, then took his flight.
His courser, vaulting o'er each vagrant's head,
Quick bounded forward, so the knight was led
From suburbs and the city to the square;
When lo! he saw the conquering Bastard there,
Whose valor had subdued the murderous race;
As Dorothy, condemned by judgment base,
Dismayed, could scarce upraise her timid eye.
Tritemus, with his talent, by the bye,
Could never paint the joy that held control,
The transports that o'erwhelmed her spotless soul,
As on her love beamed passion's ardent ray:
What coloring, what pencil could convey,
Thus mingling soft, of tenderness and fire,
The lingering trait which suffering could inspire,
Of thrilling ecstasy the blissful tide?
Confusion, virtue, shame, she could not hide,
While, by degrees, soft passion overcame.
Trimouille, impelled by the resistless flame,
Within his ardent arms her form entwined,
By bliss subdued, to tenderness resigned;
And thus embraced in turn, with transport mute,
Dunois, his mistress, and the long-eared brute.

The fair, from windows gazing on the sight,
Clapped hands, o'ercome with rapturous delight;
Then fled the priestly ministers of guile,
Some headlong hurled upon the useless pile,
Floating in crimson stream of smoking blood.

Amidst these ruins dauntless Dunois stood,
Maintaining Dorothy, a spotless fair;
Like famed Alcides,[9] erst in port and air,
Binding Eumenides,[10] the furies fell,
Dark Fate, and Cerebus,[11] the hound of hell,
Alceste [12] thus yielding to her lover's arms,
Who still in secret, felt some jealous qualms.

With these brave knights attendant in her train,
To sure asylum Dorothy was ta'en,
On easy litter safely thus reclined:
Next morn our Bastard, led by feelings kind,
Approached the bed where then the lovers lay:
"I feel," he cried, "how useless 'tis to stay,
Since I your amorous joys can naught advance;
Joan and King Charles require my aid in France,
Them must I join, since well the maid I know
For donkey's loss, now feels a touch of woe;
Great Denis, patron of our realm revered,
To me this night, in person hath appeared;
I saw the Saint plain as I see you now,
Who for a nag, lent me this ass I vow;
To succor kings, and dames afflicted sore,
He ordered me to visit France once more.
Thank Heaven, I've rendered service to the fair,
The monarch Charles, in turn, demands my care;
Taste now the bliss which lovers only know,
The fruits of ecstasy enjoyed below,
While for my king, obedient to the Fates,
I yield my life — time flies — my ass awaits."

"With thee," Trimouille exclaimed, " I must begone,
I'll mount my courser, and attend anon."
" Such is alike my wish," the fair one said,
" A strong resolve has long engrossed my head
Of Gallia's king the far-famed court to view,
So fraught with heroes — tender Agnes too
Who sways the heart — and Joan the warlike maid,
In all the trappings of great Mars arrayed;
My lover cherished, and Dunois renowned,
Will safe escort me to the world's last bound;
For, when alive, expecting to be broiled,
In hope of grace, my mind incessant toiled;
'Twas then I offered up a fervent vow,
'Fore Lady of Loretto's shrine to bow,
If she would snatch my body from the flame —
No sooner spoke, ere the celestial dame
Upon your flying donkey sent you straight
To rescue me from flames and adverse fate;
Through you I'm saved, my vow must sacred be,
Or justly will the Virgin punish me."

" Your converse is discreet and wondrous sage,"
Exclaimed Trimouille, " and such a pilgrimage
Becomes a sacred duty which you owe.
I will alike on this excursion go;
Loretto warms me with a zealot's ray;
Thither I'll lead thee; Dunois, speed thy way
Through starry realms, pursue thine airy flight
Till fertile plains of Blois appear in sight;
There will we join thee, ere a month is told;

And thou, my love, a pilgrim fair enrolled,
Shall, to fulfil thy vow, forthwith proceed
With me; thine eyes shall be religion's creed;
To every comer, both with lance and sword
I'll prove their prior claims to be adored,
That there's no female of renown, but she,
In wit and beauty, yields the palm to thee."
The fair one blushed; when Dapple, Denis' pride,
With hoofs strikes earth, and spreading pennons wide,
Soars through the horizon 'mid realms of air,
Transporting Dunois to Rhone's margin fair.

Our knight his course towards Ancona [13] bent,
With staff in hand, on Dorothy intent;
The front of each, with pilgrim's hat supplied,
Adorned with shells by priestcraft sanctified; [14]
A rosary from either's girdle hung,
Where beads of gold and pearls were choicely strung
Which oftentimes our errant knight told o'er
With countless *Aves* blessed — celestial lore!
And litanies, whereto the fair replies:
" Oh, how I love you! " adding tender sighs:
On orisons like these their minds were bent.
To Parma and Plapenza thus they went,
To strong Modena and Urbino gay,
Then to Cesena's towers they bent their way;
Lodged in the splendid mansions of the great,
Dukes, princes, cardinals, in pompous state.
Our knight this grand advantage too possessed,

Upholding of all dames, his fair the best
For wisdom, beauty, and celestial grace;
To Dorothy assigning sovereign place,
Which bold opinion no one dared dispute,
Avouched by knight so famed; each tongue was mute.
Italia's nobles thus good sense displayed,
And, at discretion, dictates cool obeyed.

Borne to Musona's banks near Ricanate,
Rising amidst Ancona's marquisate,
Afar the pilgrims saw the chapel shrine,
Mansion renowned, Madonna's fane divine;
Those walls preserved, by Heaven's omniscient grace,
Fabric possessed by avaricious race,
Which angels tutelar, in times of yore,
With rapid flight through realms ærial bore;
As when some vessel stems the buoyant main:
From high, at famed Loretto, Heaven's bright train
Descending, dropped those walls which grew at will,
Where all that art most precious could fulfil,
And labor's hand display to wondering sight,
By monks was spread, the strangers to invite;
Those lords terrestrial, vicars from on high,
Who graced this pile, revered for sanctity.
With contrite heart, from nags dismounting straight,
Prostrate our lovers bend to heavenly fate;
Then each, to ratify the vow once made,
Most sumptuous offerings on the altar laid;

Each gift accepted by our Dame of Grace,
And monks — the guardians of this sainted place.

Our lovers to the inn then sped to share
The wished-for meal, when chance so willed that there,
Devoid of thought, they met a Briton brave,
Who came, but to appear the Virgin's slave,
By way of pastime; for, within his breast
Loretto's Dame had ne'er her seal impressed;
Briton complete, who, having nought in view,
Travelled to purchase, as a prime *vertu*,
Antiquities new made; and with an haughty air,
Despising saints with relics rich and rare.
Of Gallia's race he ranked the opponent fell;
His name was Christopher of Arundel;
He sped through Italy in sombre mood,
For melancholy curdled thick his blood;
A mistress journeyed with our English wight,
Than him more haughty still, and impolite!
Silent, thought clad in Venus' bright array,
Tender by night and arrogant by day;
In bed, at meals, her conduct to rehearse,
She was precisely Dorothy's reverse.

Our knightly baron, pride of Poitou's land,
A passing compliment first proffered bland;
To which the Islander ne'er deigned reply.
Of Mary next he spoke, pure queen on high,
Then swore, according to his promise given

In Lombardy to Denis, throned in heaven,
Through every realm his fair discreet to prove,
And beauteous, as the heavenly queen of Love.
" I think," to England's haughty son he cried,
" Your Lady's to some noble stock allied;
That she conjoins with beauty continence;
Nay more, I feel she boasts good store of sense,
Though lack of speech hath nothing yet proclaimed;
But Dorothy before her must be named;
You'll own it, and to grant her second place
With such a rival, none can deem disgrace."
At this address, inspired with angry glow,
The Briton eyed Trimouille from top to toe;
" By God," he cried, " it little boots to me,
Whether Saint Denis and yourself agree;
Nor do I feel concerned if she you prize
Be fair or ugly, silly or most wise;
Each his own property should cherish most,
Nor make of what he has a useful boast;
But since you thus have had the impudence
To dare aloud assume the preference
O'er Briton born, I'll teach you soon to know
The duty which to England's sons you owe;
For in such case, we Islanders ne'er prate,
But give each upstart Gaul a broken pate;
Wherefore, I now assert, for potent charms,
In shape and make, in bosom, throat, and arms,
In wisdom, too, and honor's thrill divine,
A hundred times, my mistress o'ertops thine;
And that my king, whom I but little dread,

Knows how to bend at will the stubborn head
Of cook-maid Joan, and Charles thy master too."
" Well," quoth the gallant baron of Poitou,
" Rise we from table, to yon court amain —
My love, my king, and country I'll maintain;
But, as true courtesy all thoughts should move,
Select what mode of combat you approve,
On foot or mounted, claim the sovereign voice,
In this my conduct waits upon your choice."
" On foot," exclaimed the son of Briton's host,
" By G—d, no horse the honor here shall boast,
In sharing toil and victory with me;
I'll not be clad in armor *cap-a-pie,*
Which is but poltroon's trappings to my mind;
The weather's hot, let me fight unconfined;
Stark naked I my thesis will hold right,
So both our fair ones may adjudge the fight."

With mild yet noble tone, the Gaul then cried,
" With all my heart "— while Dorothy, his pride,
Shuddered with fear at this defiance rude,
Though pleasure secretly her soul imbued,
To rank first object of this conflict fierce;
Yet trembled she, lest Arundel should pierce
With deadly steel, the bosom of her dear,
Which she then moistened with translucent tear.

The British dame spurred on her love to arms
With glance commanding, conscious of her charms;
As yet no drop had from her eye distilled,

With dire alarms her haughty heart was filled;
Her nation's cock-fights were the games which she
Had always cherished with avidity;
Judith she was, yclept de Rosamore;
By Cambridge honored, Bristol's darling store.

Within a close, our errant knights now view,
Eager to brave the fight that must ensue;
Each gallant with his noble quarrel charmed,
In maintenance of love and country armed,
The front erect, well poised the glittering steel,
The arm extended, body in profile,
Rapid they join their swords, in quart and tierce,
Each by the other struck in contact fierce;
'Tis pleasure to behold the heroes meet,
Stoop — rise again — advance — and then retreat—
Parry — spring up — from feints the breast
enshield,
And 'gainst assault the weapon dextrous wield.
Thus oft we view in the celestial plains,
Under the lion, or where dog-star reigns,
One burning glow transfuse the realms of air,
As if ten thousand fires were kindled there;
The vast horizon dazzling thus the eye,
As lightnings follow quick, the flash gone by.

A blow right well directed by the Gaul,
Straight at the Briton's chin he now let fall;
And lightly springing back preserves his guard,
While Arundel in turn then presses hard,

And dashing on in tierce, assails his foe;
Whose thigh incontinent receives a blow,
When streaming blood the polished flesh imbrues,
The ivory tinged with variegated hues.
While these assaults our combatants enrage,
Each glad to die so he may but engage
A mistress' plaudit, and at once decide
The fair one, who shall reign the victor's pride,
Arrives a bandit from the papal power,
With troop despatched, the country wide to scour,
Who gives with promptitude, his mission scope,
To pay his pure devotions to the Pope.

This rascal bore the name of Martinguerre,
A thief by night, by day avowed corsair;
But to the Virgin bound by sacred deeds,
Forgetful never to count o'er his beads;
Who thus from every murderous crime was free.
He chanced within the close our dames to see.
Their palfreys too, in gaudy trappings dressed,
Mules bearing gold with Agnus Deis blessed;
Once seen by him, soon vanished was the store,
He carries off, with Judith Rosamore,
Fair Dorothy and baggage as his prize,
Mules, harness, and from view, like lightning flies.

Firm in their grasps the deadly swords are raised,
And brandished wide, like gleaming meteors blazed;
Each champion strove in honor of the fair,
When Poitou's knight the first became aware,

His dame was absent from the verdant space,
Afar his squire appeared in ardent chase;
Aghast he stands, his arm from deeds abstains,
And in his nerveless grasp the steel remains.
The Briton paused as if of wits beguiled,
Their weapons drop, their eyeballs glaring wild,
Gaping they stand, each mien portrayed surprise,
And thus astounded, each the other eyes:
"Oh!" cries the Briton, "by the Lord 'tis plain,
Some vile despoilers have our partners ta'en;
Why fool-like do we thus our bodies hack?
While each should follow on his courser's back;
In honor of their charms we thus can wound
Each other bravely, when our loves are found."

The other willing, both the pastime change,
And friendly speed the Champaigne land to range;
But scarce an hundred yards they forward fly
Ere one exclaims, "Oh! Lord, my arm, my thigh;"
The other groans, "Ah! me, my breast, my head,"
And finding vigor's strong impetus dead,
That nerves the heart and forms the hero's soul,
No longer fired with ardor's warm control,
Which quick diminished with the crimson flood,
Wounded and weak, they fall from loss of blood,
And on the turf exhausted, side by side,
The sod ensanguine with heart's warmest tide.

The squires engaged in Martinguerre's pursuit,
His track discerning, dash along the route.

Of robes and valets thus our knights bereft,
And lacking money; on the verdure left,
Life's latest moment they believe at hand,
When worn with years, and traversing the land,
A dame their naked state with pity views,
And heavenly feeling's impulse straight pursues.
On humble litters borne within her cot,
And styptics tendered for each sufferer's lot,
With genial sense, they soon recovered too
Exhausted strength and health's primeval hue.

This withered dame, respected far and wide,
Dispensed around an odor sanctified;
No bigot was there near Ancona's towers,
No soul so signalized for sainted powers:
'Twas she predicted weather fine, or rain,
Healed trifling wounds, or lulled the body's pain,
And by pure orisons and holy oil,
Allured by faith, the sinner from hell's toil.
Our heroes to the dame their tale confess,
And claim her counsel in this dire distress;
The wrinkled female, calling then to aid
Her boasted powers, to honored Mary prayed,
Then oped her mouth and cried, "Go hence in peace,
Let fond affection for your loves increase;
And kindness henceforth both your bosoms fill,
Nor for your mistresses each other kill;
The tender objects of your ardent love
Are now subjected rude assaults to prove;
For them I feel, and for your anxious dread

Attire yourselves — and by your horses led,
Lose not the route 'tis fitting you pursue;
Kind Heaven through me thus opens to your view,
That to regain the fair, by robbers won,
'Tis fit you after them with speed should run."

Our Gallic chief the energy admired
Of this harangue — while Briton's son, inspired
By thought, exclaimed, " I laud your prophecy,
The thief 'tis fit we follow by and by,
When for our purpose we find fitting steeds,
Doublets and armor, meet for warlike deeds."
"All these," the female cried, " you may command:
By lucky chance, there sojourns in the land,
An offspring circumcised, of Judah's race."
Our dame, right eager to serve sons of grace,
To Israel's tribe gave sounding plaudits vent;
Freely anon the gallant Hebrew lent
Two thousand crowns to serve our warlike pair,
For which he took percentage passing fair,
Just forty for each hundred and no more;
A custom with that blessed race of yore,
Which into Canaan's choice land was led
By prophet Moses, marching at its head.
This pelf divided, stored the Hebrew's bag,
While half was fingered by the saintly hag.

END OF CANTO VIII.

NOTES TO CANTO VIII.

[1] The Abbé Tritemus was not a native of Picardy, but of the diocese of Treves, and died at Würzburg in 1516. We will not, however, take upon ourselves to assert that his family was not originally of Picard extraction, and shall therefore feel content by referring to this erudite author, who no doubt saw the manuscript of the *"Pucelle"* in the library of some Benedictine monastery.

[2] Archbishop Turpin, supposed to have been the author of the famous romance of "Charlemain and Roland," gave rise to numerous other histories of the same marvellous description. The inhabitants of Provence particularly distinguished themselves by the fertility of their imaginations in this species of composition, which was by them transported into Spain and Italy. The French in particular applied themselves assiduously to the same branch of literature on account of their suavity of manners and the politeness which characterized their proceedings in regard to the fair sex. Subsequent to the period of Turpin, under *Philip le Bel,* romances on chivalry were much in vogue; witness *"Amadis de Gaul,"* in twenty-four volumes; *"Palmerin d'Olive,"* "Palmerin of England," "King Arthur," and a multiplicity of others so ably criticised in "Don Quixote." The most ancient French romance extant is entitled *"Guarin de Loherane."*

Of more modern date we have romances abounding with politeness and instruction.

"Condidere fabulosas narrationes politiores et doctiores," Such as *"The Astrea of d'Urfé;" "Cyrus and Clelia,"* by Mademoiselle Scudery; *"Polexander of Gombervile;"* "Cassander and Cleopatra," by Calprenède, etc., which are only rendered the more dangerous on account of their fascinations. In short, the title of romance has been attached

to histories replete with amorous intrigues and affairs of the most flagitious gallantry. We may adduce, however, one exception to this rule in announcing *"Telemachus"* the most perfect romance in existence, containing nothing that can corrupt the morals, and abounding with the most wholesome instruction.

On the subject of English novels it would be needless to dilate, as they constitute part of the equipages of the breakfast and toilet tables. I shall only beg leave to remark that those of ancient date inculcated noble and virtuous sentiments, while the moderns too frequently tend to deprave the morals and vitiate the understanding.

[3] Trimouille, or Trémouille, is the name of a small town of Poitou, being the *Trimulium, Tremolia,* or *Tremollia* of the Romans; it had a very strong and noble castle, with the title of duchy, and gave the name to the illustrious house of *La Trémouille,* from which our hero was descended. It is situated on the small river Benaise, thirty-six miles from Poictiers.

[4] The French word *charlatan,* from whence we derive charlatanry, which we express by the word quack, takes its derivation from the Italian *ceretano,* which comes from *Cæretum,* a village near Spoleto in Italy, from whence these perambulating cheats and mountebanks first issued, journeying from place to place; Menage derives the term from *circulatanus,* which he conceives to have been used instead of *circulator.* Molière, speaking of religious empyrics, very forcibly says:

> Enfin je ne vois rien qui soit plus odieux,
> Que ces francs *charlatans,* que ces dévots de place,
> De qui la sacrilége et trompeuse grimace, etc.

[5] The radius is the upper and lesser bone of the arm, as well as the greater bone of the leg.

[6] The Lombards were an ancient people of Germany, who established themselves in Italy, where they formed a powerful monarchy in Cisalpine Gaul, from which they erased the name, substituting that of Lombardy.

[7] See Note 26 to the Sixth Canto.

[8] The unfortunate Dorothy might well have exclaimed to the eager rabble, in the words of the frogs in the fable: "This may be sport to you, but it is death to me!" The above lines of Voltaire are a very just allusion to the practice pursued by the common people of every country, who uniformly repair to visit such scenes with as much alacrity as if the sight was of the most pleasing nature; and in London I have uniformly found that an execution is the signal for a cessation from work, during the rest of the day, by the major part of those who are attracted to witness the awful spectacle.

[9] Alcides, a name given to Hercules, on account of his surprising strength, or from the name of his grandfather, Alcæus.

[10] Eumenides, a term applied to the Furies by the ancients, who were supposed to have sprung from the drops of blood that flowed from the wound which Cœlus received from his son Saturn; or, according to others, they were the daughters of the Earth, and conceived from the blood of Saturn.

[11] Cerberus was the three-headed dog of Pluto, placed as guardian at the entrance of the infernal regions, which, according to the heathen mythology, was the fruit of Echidna's union with Typhon.

[12] Alceste or Alcestis, the daughter of Pelias and Anaxibia, was married to Admetus, and together with her sisters, put her father to death, that he might be restored to youth and vigor by Medea, who afterwards refused to perform her promise; upon which the sisters fled for safety to Admetus, the husband of Alceste. They were soon pursued by their brother Acastus, at the head of an army, when Admetus, being taken prisoner, was redeemed from death by the generous offer of his wife, who was sacrificed in his stead, to appease the shade of her father. Other authors say that Alceste, with true conjugal affection,

laid down her life for her husband, having been told by an oracle, that he could never recover from a disease unless some one of his friends died in his stead. According to other writers, Hercules brought her back from hell, to which circumstance our poet here alludes.

[13] Ancona is derived from a Greek word signifying *elbow,* so named on account of its situation; it is an ancient and considerable city of the Papal States, and capital of the Marquisate of Ancona, having a strong citadel, a port, and a bishopric dependent upon the Pope.

[14] Alluding to the broad-brimmed hats worn by pilgrims in ancient days, which, together with their loose flowing tunics, were covered over with cockle shells, to denote their having journeyed beyond seas, and which were usually consecrated by the priests or monks. Pilgrimages were pious expiatory acts very much followed in countries famous for devotion, and which consisted in trudging about the country, to render a visit and pay for bottles of wine, in order to toast some stranger saint, who generally returned the compliment by according to the males permission to intoxicate themselves, and to the females the blessings of child-birth nine months after having returned from their peregrinations.

CANTO IX.

ARGUMENT.

TRIMOUILLE AND ARUNDEL FIND THEIR MISTRESSES IN PROVENCE, AND OF THE STRANGE ADVENTURE WHICH TOOK PLACE AT THE ROCK DENOMINATED ST. BALME.

Two cavaliers who well the fight have waged,
Mounted or in a tilting match engaged;
Whether with broadsword, pointed rapier thin,
Armed *cap-a-pie,* or naked to the skin;
Reciprocal esteem in secret feel,
As both their meritorious acts reveal;
And when from passion free, they laud each blow
Inflicted ably by the gallant foe.
The conflict ended, oftentimes we view
Some sad adventure or ill luck accrue;
Some rueful chance attached to either knight,
When joint misfortunes make them both unite.
Thus adverse fate produces oft strange ends,
Transforming deadly foes to bosom friends;
And of such case was seen true parallel
In Gaul's Trimouille and England's Arundel.
Lofty by nature was the Briton's crest,
Careless his mind, unfeeling too his breast;
Yet could his heart, though tempered hard as steel,
For Gallia's son compassion's impulse feel;

And Poitou's knight, by friendship's power
enchained,
In whom no tender thrill was e'er restrained
Owned equal glow. "Ah! how I feel," said he
"Inspired, my friend, by your kind courtesy;
My Dorothy is torn from these fond arms;
Your warlike sword in battle's rude alarms
I know, will kindly aid me to explore
Where lie concealed those beauties I adore,
And gladly would I direful perils share,
In safety to restore your absent fair."

These friends affianced, and these lovers true,
Together journey with false route in view;
As each toward Leghorn confidently speeds,[1]
While by a different course the thief proceeds;
And as from tract direct our heroes stray,
With ease the ravisher pursues his way;
Triumphant wafting thus his noble prize
To lonely mansion, whither safe he hies
By ways sequestered, there in buoyant pride,
'Twixt Rome Imperial [2] and Gayeta, glide
Old Neptune's waves, that wash the turret's base,
Retreat of insolence and murderous race;
Of filthiness and gluttony of the sty,
Of drunkenness and bestial revelry,
Of noisy broils, whence deadly strife ensues,
Impurity disgusting of the stews,
Extinguishing at once love's tender fires;
Each foul excess that villainy inspires,

Presenting thus the human race to sight,
When man unbridled gluts mere appetite;
Terrestrial forms with heaven's perfection 'rayed,
Or rather friends, 'tis thus ye all are made.[3]

Arrived within the pile, our Corsair dread,
Ne'er breathing compliment, to table led
The fair ones — and between his lovely prey,
Eats, nay devours, toasts each, and swigs away;
Exclaiming then: "Ladies, 'tis now but right
Ye choose the which shall sleep with me to-night:
Either will please, to me 'tis just the same,
Or brown, or fair, English or Roman dame;
Christian, or Infidel, or small, or great
Will suit; so drink, I say."—This cruel fate
Suffused with blushes Dorothy's sad mien,
While straight by grief o'ercome, her tears were seen,
Forming a cloud before each orbit blue,
Which trickled o'er her nose of ivory hue
In crystal drops; and whence the streamlet fell
Upon that chin where love had formed a dell
One day caressing her; and thus distressed
With poignant anguish was the fair oppressed.
Judith the while, absorbed in deepest thought,
The Corsair eyes, with varied feelings fraught;
Then thus bespoke him with contemptuous smile:
"I will with joy your hours of rest beguile;
At midnight, therefore, I'll become your prey,
Then will at once be ascertained the way

An English female is in acting led
With brutal robber thus consigned to bed."
A slobbering kiss anon our ruffian gave,
And thus made answer Martinguerre the brave:
" I always dearly loved an English lass."
Once more he kisses, tosses off his glass;
Empties another, eats and drinks again,
Sings, swears, while nothing can his hands restrain,
Which uncontrolled, in turn the charms explore
Of loathing Dorothy and Rosamore,
One weeping, while the other with disdain,
Ne'er changing color or evincing pain,
Unchecked submits to every shameless feat.

At length the villain staggering quits his seat,
With steps unsteady; while the sparkling eyes,
A ruffian's meaning quaintly advertise,
Informing, that whene'er a bargain's made,
The terms agreed upon must be obeyed;
And thus illumed with Bacchus' ardent flames
He rests, preparing for Cytherean games.

Our lovely Milanese, with look of dread,
Then Judith thus bespoke: " Canst thou be led
To consummate the monster's vile desire?
Thou, who art framed to kindle noblest fire;
To please a wretch, must all these charms descend?"
" Trust me, far different conduct I intend,"—
Proud Judith cried —"and so shall you declare
What for my honor and my charms I'll dare;

The knight I love possesses all my soul.
Learn that Omniscience, by his dread control,
Of arms robust hath blessed me with a pair,
And Judith is the christian name I bear;
Await my coming in this noxious place,
Leave *me* to act, but pray to heaven for grace."
With haughty air she hies to take her post
In bed, to sleep beside her brutal host.

The clouds of night their sable mantle spread
O'er ruined turrets of this mansion dread;
The murderous villains in the barn recline,
Drenching though brutalized with floods of wine;
And at this hour, when horrors fell unite,
Poor Dorothy almost expires with fright!

By fumes subdued of Bacchus' deadening juice,
Our buccaneer [4] had wholly lost the use
Of that dense part whence spring our thoughts
divine,
By powers of love much less provoked than wine.
To press these poignant charms he then proceeds,
Limbs fitly modelled to perform bold deeds.

Our Judith, prodigal of tender smiles,
In warm embracings lulls with softest guiles;
Seductive toils of perfidy the cloak,
With smiles thus veiling death's portentous stroke;
Subdued at length, by Morpheus' fetter bound,
He gaping turns, and sinks in sleep profound.

Pendant was seen o'er pillow of the bed,
The robber's sword, so oft inspiring dread,
Which Rosamore from scabbard promptly drew,
Namesake [5] invoking and her saintly crew;
Judith, fair Deborah, with Aod famed,
And Simon, who alike was Peter named,
Simon Barjona, of ears redoubted foe,
Whom to surpass our beauty feels the glow;
With left hand clasping hair of brutal head,
That pond'rous skull incasing nought but lead,
Sconce of vile miscreant, who snoring brays,
While she, in right hand grasped, the sword displays,
Which falling, ends the bandit's sensual glow,
His neck disparting at one fateful blow.
Now reeks the bed with mingled wine and blood,
The headless trunk emitting sanguined flood
Which spurting forth, in many a streamlet flies,
And with red tint our heroine's front be-dyes.
From couch our amazonian dame repairs,
With nervous grasp the streaming head she bears,
And hies her trembling friend anon to seek,
Who, in her arms forgets the power to speak,
Till sense returning, she does straight avow:
"Oh! what a woman, heavenly powers, art thou!
Oh! what a deed, a blow, what danger too
Attends our flight, should any soul pursue
Whom chance awakes his vengeance dire to glut,
Must seal our fates, our throats will both be cut!"
Quoth Rosamore: "Talk not so loud my friend,

"THE ROBBER'S SWORD, WHICH ROSAMORE
FROM SCABBARD PROMPTLY DREW"

As yet my mission hath not worked its end;
Come, march with me in dauntless courage dight:"
She aped the hardy, though appalled with fright.

Far from their dames our lovers journey blind,
Seek everywhere and yet no trace can find;
At length the walls of Genoa [6] they gain,
And having sought by land their loves in vain,
To mercy of the floods their lives commit,
Seeking to cool imperious Cupid's fit,
By asking breezes from the quarters four,
News of their fair ones they so much adore.
By turns obedient to each wind's behest,
Sometimes they make that territory blest,
Where of good Christians the Apostolic See,
Right humbly bears of Paradise the key.
Through Adriatic gulf the bark then ploughs,
Where the old Doge becomes dame Thetis' spouse; [7]
Or next towards Naples' fertile coast they glide,
Where *Sannazar's* [8] too near great Virgil's side;
Those prompt-winged bloated gods that grace the sea,
Rebels no more, Orithia's [9] progeny,
On billows rendered angry by their sway,
Our lovers waft to those known rocks away,
Where erst Charybdis [10] with tumultuous roar,
Ingulfed the floods which disappear no more;
Or where no longer seamen list the spells
Of Scylla's dogs issuing hideous yells,
Or giants [11] crushed by fiery Ætna's glow,

Ashes and flames commingled cease to throw;
With time revolving nature's thus deranged,
And features of our mundane system's changed.
Our errant knights approaching Syracuse,[12]
Pay homage to the fountain Arethuse,[13]
Whose waters clad with reeds, no longer hide
Its lover's stream, which erst was wont to glide:
Ere long the distant coast salutes the view,
Where Carthage flourished, and Augustine too;[14]
Appalling region which the living see,
By rage infected and rapacity[15]
Of Mussulmans, the unbelieving race
With whom sheer ignorance holds sovereign place,
In fine, kind Heaven conducts our lovers twain
Where fruitful Provence spreads its verdant plain.

There on the shore, adorned with olive bowers,
Of Marseilles' city rise the antique towers;
Choice remnants of Ionian bands renowned,
A Grecian pile alike by freedom crowned,
Which twofold blessings are no more its boast,
Far happier now to serve a royal host
Our Gallic kings, whereby auspicious fate
Hath bettered far its free and former state;
Yet do thy confines own a sainted hill,
More marvelous and salutary still.
'Tis known that Magdalen in ancient time,
To love consigning beauties in their prime,
At length repentant bowed to heaven the knee,
Weeping her sins and mundane vanity.

From Jordan's banks her sorrowing course she
bends,
And straight her steps towards soil of Provence
wends;
When urged by penitence to purge each sin,
She scourged herself 'neath rock of Maximin,
Since which exists celestial balsam there,
Its perfume scenting wide the ambient air.
To climb this rock come pilgrims many a one,
And damsels by seductive arts undone;
Of cruel Love the empire they resign,
And thenceforth shun him, as a sprite malign.

Our Jewish penitent, so legends state,
Within her cell awaiting death's dire fate,
Of pious Maximin her soul obeyed
This parting favor at his mercy prayed:
" Obtain for me," she cried, " if e'er it chance
That on my rock, subdued by amorous trance,
A pair of lovers stroll to toy the hour,
Their flames impure anon shall lose their power;
That forthwith each may loathings dire impart,
And hatred reign sole passion of each heart."
The blessed adventurer thus having said,
Her confessor to grant her prayer was led;
Wherefore this spot which fanatics adore,
Inspires fell hate for those you loved before.

Marseilles inspected by our curious knights,
Its ports and roadstead — all the wondrous sights

Whereof its citizens such legends tell,
Repaired at length to view the saintly cell,
That famous rock; the Holy Balm surnamed,
By wearers of the cowl and frock far famed;
Whose heavenly odor of each priest the pride,
Throughout Saint Balm was wafted far and wide:
Devotion led our Gaul this spot to see;
The Briton went, from curiosity.
Our knights as climbing thus the high retreat,
Approached the dome, where worn by pilgrims' feet
The steps appeared whereon were prostrate seen
The devotees, each wearing contrite mien.
Among the troop as travellers bedight,
Two female forms enchained each warrior's sight,
One kneeling with clasped hands and front bent low,
Erect the other, with disdainful glow.

Oh cherished objects, unexpected hour!
Each knight discerned, and owned his fair one's power,
Behold our sinners in this sainted place,
Ordained to prove of lovers the disgrace.
The British fair in style laconic tells
Her martial deed inspired by heavenly spells;
How Martinguerre with death repaid her shame,
While urged by danger the adventurous dame
With care preserved his ample purse well stored,
Convinced by reason, that a golden hoard
Can prove to dead men but a useless store,
Since souls departed can expend no more.

She then retailed 'mid horrors of the night,
How they of ruins 'scaped tremendous site,
As sword in hand the neighboring shore she sought,
Her friend conducting with fell panic fraught,
There found a skiff, and having roused the crew,
Giving the captain more than thrice his due.
They ploughed the empire of old ocean vast,
When winds capricious thus the vessel cast,
Or rather heaven ordaining for the best,
Sent them to learn Saint Magdalen's behest.

Oh! sovereign virtue, miracle most rare!
As every word escaped the dauntless fair,
Her warrior's noble heart felt love abate,
Disgust ensued — and soon a deadly hate
Succeeds those sentiments of love refined;
For him an equal hatred swayed her mind.
Trimouille, who late in Dorothy could trace
Beauty's perfection, and each winning grace,
Conceived her ugly, wit she seem'd to lack,
And with contempt he turned on her his back;
While she disdaining too affection's rules,
Despised her knight, who seemed the king of fools;
While from a cloud Saint Magdalen surveyed
With joy the change, that feverish love allayed.
But Magdalen alas! 'twas so ordained,
When she from Paradise this boon obtained
Was sore deceived, since those who sought her cell
She willed no more on theme of love should dwell,
Forgetting such as erst had won their hearts;

But in her vows the Saint ne'er dreamed of darts
Which love might level to supplant the rest,
Kindling fresh fires in every chastened breast.
Saint Maximin this case had ne'er foreseen;
Wherefore the English infidel I ween,
To Gallia's knight extended wide her arms,
And while brave Arundel enjoyed the charms
Of Dorothy, Trimouille alike was blessed,
Lulled to Elysium on fair Judith's breast.
Tritemus Priest himself had ofttimes said,
That Magdalen by funny whimsies fed,
Gave vent to smiles this wondrous change to view.
The theme was just, and I believe it true;
Virtue may please, and howsoe'er obeyed,
We still possess a taste for our first trade.

It chanced our lovers scarce Saint Balm had left,
Ere of its spell each heart anon was reft;
No charm it boasts, when once the precinct's passed,
The cell alone commands the charms to last.
Trimouille, confused, now gained the mountain's base;
Another's charms had filled his fair one's place;
All justice yielding to her beauties rare,
He now beheld her fairest of the fair,
And with more ardor straight her beauty sought,
As lovely Dorothy, with anguish fraught,
And flame rekindled, strove her fault to quell,
Within those arms she always loved to dwell:
Her anger calmed, the lovely Rosamore,

Joined Arundel as loving as before;
Each owned the flame that erst their souls had swayed,
The fair ones and their knights its power obeyed;
And I'll avouch, that Magdalen above,
On viewing them, forgave this mutual love.

Our Briton bold and Poitou's cavalier,
Each with his dame on pillion in the rear,
Direct for Orleans traversed straight the land,
Each burning to rejoin his gallant band,
And to his country's cause forever true,
Avenge the honor which he deemed its due.
Ah! generous foes, lovers discreet and tried,
They seemed sworn friends whom nothing could divide,
Nor did they ever fan discordant flames,
Touching their kings; nay even for their dames.

END OF CANTO IX.

NOTES TO CANTO IX.

[1] Leghorn is a beautiful and strongly fortified city of Italy, in the Tuscan States, and one of the most famous seaports in the Mediterranean. This place abounds with Jews, who are extremely rich, and so well protected that there is a familiar proverb among the Tuscans which states: "'Twere better strike the Grand Duke himself, than maltreat a Jew."

[2] Gayeta or Gaieta, a strong and beautiful city of Italy, in the kingdom of Naples, with a fortress, citadel, and seaport. It is a suffragan bishopric of Capua, but exempt from its jurisdiction. It is twenty-eight leagues southeast of Rome.

[3] What fool would be a man, who had the choice
Of his own being? The best, most perfect,
Are so allayed, the good so mixed with bad,
Like counterfeited coin of mingled metal,
The noble parts not current for the base.
LANSDOWN'S *Heroic Love.*

[4] Bucaniers or Buccaneers, are savages in the West Indies, who prepare their meat upon a grate or hurdle, constructed of Brazil wood, placed in the smoke, at a good height from the fire, called *buccan;* the meat so arranged is said to have an exceeding pleasant smell, savory taste, and the vermilion color of a rose; at the same time, that it is a great restorative to sick people. The Carribee Indians used to cut their prisoners in pieces, and then dress them after this manner; whence, those who go upon piratical expeditions in those parts, were called Buccaneers, on account of the frequent cruelties they committed.

[5] It is impossible that any reader can be unacquainted with the beautiful Judith, and her decapitated lover Holo-

fernes, though Calmet, the Benedictine, assures us that this heroine was seventy years of age when she captivated the unfortunate General of the Assyrians. Holofernes ought to have left the widow alone; it is only fitting to kiss old ladies, as we do the relics of saints — through a glass of crystal; my reader must equally call to mind brave Deborah, the dauntless wife of Lapidoth, victor over King Jabin, who had nine hundred chariots armed with scythes, in a mountainous country which now abounds with nothing but donkeys; neither can any one be unmindful of Jael, the helpmate of Haber, who entertained Sisera, Marshal and General in Chief of Jabin, whom she inebriated with milk (what pasturage and what cows must then have existed!), after which she transfixed his sconce to the ground, by driving a nail plump through his temples; a matchless nail this, it must be confessed, and she, too, a woman of ten thousand. Left-handed Aod went in pursuit of King Eglon, by order of the Most High, and plunged a case-knife into his abdomen, upon which Eglon, gathering up his bowels, repaired forthwith to his *Chaisepercée;* and, with respect to Simon, surnamed Barjona, he only cut off one of the ears of Malchus, and then received orders to return his sword into the scabbard, which is a most convincing proof that those of the Church should not be guilty of shedding blood.

[6] Genoa is an ancient, strong, rich, and magnificent city of Italy, being capital of the Republic of Genoa, with an archbishopric, and a fine port; it has frequently been the seat of warfare, and has given birth to many persons of distinguished talents. It is distant twenty-eight leagues from Milan, and ninety from Rome.

[7] The Venetians pretend that they are masters of the Gulf of Venice, which the Doge espouses every year, on the day of the Ascension, by throwing into it a ring attached to a cord, in order that it may be drawn out at pleasure, and thereby serve the succeeding year for a renewal of the ceremony.

[8] James Sannazarius, an Italian poet, was born at Naples in 1458, and died in 1530. His Latin poems were all printed at Naples in 1718, the most admired of which is his Arcadia, first published in 1502. As Voltaire regarded this writer in a very mediocre point of view, when compared with the sublime Virgil, he alludes to his burial near the latter, and his having been honored with a much more sumptuous monument than the Mantuan bard.

[9] Orythia, one of the Nereides nymphs of the sea, daughter of Nereus and Doris, who were fifty in number, according to the computation of mythologists in general.

[10] Charybdis was formerly a dangerous whirlpool on the coast of Sicily, opposite to another called Scylla, on the coast of Italy. The precise situation of Charybdis is not discovered by the moderns, as no whirlpool sufficiently tremendous is at present found to correspond with the horrific description handed down by the ancients. The words *Incidit in Scyllam qui vult vitare Charybdim,* became a proverb, to show that in our eagerness to avoid a lesser evil, we frequently fall into a greater.

[11] The eruptions of Mount Ætna are now become very rare in comparison with what is recorded by ancient historians of its former convulsions; since from the era of Pythagoras, the supposed data of the first volcanic appearance, to the battle of Pharsalia, a period of 449 years, it is computed that there were no less than one hundred eruptions.

[12] Syracuse, a celebrated city of Sicily, was founded 732 years before Christ, by Archias, a Corinthian, and one of the Heraclidæ; it gave birth to Theocritus and Archimedes.

[13] It was fallaciously believed by the ancients, that the river Alpheus, which rises in Arcadia, passed under the sea from Peloponessus, and without mingling its current with the salt waters, rose again in Ortygia, and joined the stream of Arethusa, wherefore they affirmed, that if anything was thrown into the Alpheus in Elis, it would re-

appear, after some time, swimming on the waters of Arethusa, near Sicily.

[14] Saint Augustin, a father of the Church, was born at Targaste in Africa, in 354. He was sent by his father to Carthage, where he led a dissipated life, and became a convert to the Manichees. In 380 he taught rhetoric at Carthage with great reputation, but still continued his licentious course of life, keeping a woman publicly, by whom he had a son named Adeodatus. Augustine afterwards removed to Rome, and in 383 was appointed professor of Rhetoric at Milan; where the sermons of Saint Ambrose effected his conversion, when he renounced his heretical opinions, and was baptized in 387. The following year he returned to Africa, and was ordained priest; when he became the coadjutor of Valerius, Bishop of Hippo, and afterwards his successor. He died in 430, and the writings which he left have always been held in veneration by the Catholic Church, from which was formed that system commonly called Scholastic Divinity.

[15] This line forcibly reminds us of the following couplets in Lord Byron's *"Giaour:"*

> Strange — that where all is peace beside,
> There passion riots in her pride,
> And lust and rapine wildly reign,
> To darken o'er the fair domain.
> It is as though the fiends prevailed
> Against the seraphs they assailed,
> And, fixed on heavenly thrones should dwell,
> The freed inheritors of hell;
> So soft the scene, so formed for joy,
> So curst the tyrants that destroy.

CANTO X.

ARGUMENT.

AGNES SOREL IS PURSUED BY THE ALMONER OF JOHN CHANDOS. LAMENTATIONS OF HER LOVER.— WHAT HAPPENED TO THE BEAUTIFUL AGNES IN A CONVENT.

And shall I then to every canto stick
A prosing preface? Moral makes me sick;
A simple action told without disguise,
The naked truth depicting to our eyes,
Narration brief, of tinsel trappings void,
Neither by wit or affectation cloyed —
Such are the weapons censure to disarm;
Then roundly reader, let us court the charm,
'Tis my advice: With nature for our aim,
If we succeed, the picture needs no frame.

As royal Charles to Orleans' gates proceeds,
He nerves his gallant knights to glorious deeds;
Fills them with joy and hope as they advance,
Soon to retrieve the destiny of France;
Of nought he spoke, but joining conflict's heat,
His heart of martial pleasures seemed the seat;
Yet secretly the soul-drawn sigh found vent,
For from his mistress far his course was bent;
Thus being parted — to have summoned power

To stray from Agnes, even for an hour,
This was an act that virtue might conceive,
'Twas of one's self, the better part to leave.

When in his chamber Charles was left alone,
And calmness o'er his heart resumed her throne,
Which glory's demon planted in his soul,
The other demon who owns love's control
Rushed to his mind, and in his turn explained;
He pleaded best and soon the victory gained,[1]
What touched the public weal, with absent air
The monarch heard, and felt increase of care,
Then to his private study secret went,
There with sad heart his trembling hand gave vent,
Framing in terms pathetic, lover's fear,
While o'er the scrawl fell many a tender tear,
But ah! to dry them, Bonneau was not near;
A simple boorish squire, no courtier true,[2]
Was then despatched with passion's *billet doux;*
But scarce an hour elapsed, ere back he came,
Bearing this scrip replete with dart and flame.
The monarch, shook by feeling's dreadful storm,
Cried: "Why so soon do I review thy form?
My letter too?"— "All's lost, my gracious sire!
Let virtuous energies your breast inspire,
The English — Ah! before them fate must fall,
Since they have ta'en your Agnes, Joan, and all."

Scarcely the squire abruptly breathes his tale,
Ere all the senses of the monarch fail;

Fainting he falls, nor do his powers revive,
But to keep keener agonies alive;
He who with courage such a shock could brave,
Would ne'er be ranked of fervent love the slave;
And such was Charles, who with this tale oppressed,
By turns felt rage and anguish rive his breast;
His gallant knights in vain by efforts strove
To wean him from the pangs of suffering love;
Which nearly turned his brain with warring fits,
Less potent cause deprived his sire of wits;[3]
"Let them bear hence the dauntless Joan," he said;
"Knights, cassock-bearers, monks with cowls on
head,
My confessor and that small tract of land,
Which fate still deigns to leave at my command;
Ah! cruel English! even yet take more,
Leave me but her my bosom must adore.

"Love! Agnes! royal slave of fell despair!
Wherefore my locks do I thus frantic tear?
She's lost; — Oh let me with death's victims sleep:
And even while I thus despairing weep,
Perhaps, alas! a son of Albion bold,
In brutal arms, those beauties dares enfold,
Framed only for a Frenchman's fond embrace,
Some sensual mouth her ruby gems debase,
And from those lips the thrilling favors tear;
Another hand to press her form may dare;
Another — Heavens! what damning thoughts arise,
Who knows but even now the charming prize,

With equal ecstasy, such transport pays,
And her warm temper love's fond vows betrays?"
Of this perplexing state, the wretched king,
Unable to support the goading sting,
Repaired of cunning clerks advice to reap,[4]
Astrologers, Sorbonnic doctors deep,[5]
Jews, Jacobins, and those who doubly see;
In short all such as knew their A, B, C.

" Sirs," said the king, " 'tis fitting ye make known,
If Agnes guards her faith for me alone,[6]
If for her lover, still her bosom sighs,
Take heed, nor dare amuse your king with lies,
Reveal the truth, for all must come to light:"
Our wizards amply paid, begin outright
In Hebrew, Latin, Syriac, to divine;
One traces of the monarch's palm each line;
Another paints a figure in a square;
Some upon Mercury and Venus stare;
The psalms another cons, dark fate to know,
Amen pronouncing oft, in murmurs low;
This one the bottom of a glass will read,
And that makes circles on the ground his creed.
'Tis thus the ancients toiled with wisdom fraught,
Who never failed to learn the truth they sought.
Before the prince they seem to work and sweat,
Then offer prayers, and this conclusion get —
That the great monarch may in quiet rest,
'Mong heroes ranking the supremely blessed;
Since in his favor heaven had deigned to extend

Its grace, in granting him a faithful friend;
Agnes was true, nor would with others stray,
Wherefore let all to sages homage pay.

This Almoner, inexorable brute,
The time had chosen, purpose base to suit;
Spite of the tears, and spite of Agnes' cries,
He rudely makes her youthful charms his prize;
The monster ravished but imperfect joys,
Mere sensual lust, which tenderness destroys;
A feeling of each bland caress deprived,
Disgusting pleasure, ne'er from love derived;
For who within his arms would press with pride
A fair one who would turn her lips aside,
Whose tears of bitterness the couch bedew?
The generous soul has other bliss in view;
No thrill of happiness imbues his heart,
Save he can transports to his fair impart;
A priest is ne'er so nice in love concerns,
He goads the object who his passion spurns,
Nor heeds the feelings of his fair a jot,
Regardless if she pleasure feels or not.

The page o'ercome with love, yet timid too,
Who forth had hurried as a gallant true,
To honor and to serve the goddess bright,
Destined his ardent hope to cheer or blight,
At length returned, alas! returned too late,
He entering views of things the damning state,
Beholds the chaplain brutal rage obey,

Abusing with unbridled lust his prey;
At this distracting sight, the young Monrose
Darts on, with sword in hand to interpose;
While of the sensual beast the rage unchaste,
By which to save his life is quick replaced;
From couch he springs, and wards with stick the rage
Of furious foe, then collars the young page;
Each in the conflict proves a champion brave,
As different passions, both their breasts enslave;
Monrose with love redoubled strength acquires,
The priest is furious, spurred by sensual fires.

That happy race, which in the country knows
The fruits of innocence — a sweet repose;
Hath ofttimes seen near thicket spreading wide,
Greedy for prey, a wolf with carnage dyed,
Whose fangs the fleece destroy; while smoking blood
Of wounded sheep he ravenous laps for food.
Then if with close-cropped ears, some faithful hound
Of heart courageous, jaws with grinders sound,
Proclaiming war, darts on like arrow swift,
The beast carnivorous forthwith at his shift,
Drops from his reeking jaws the panting prize,
And darts upon the dog with flaming eyes,
Which no less eager, springs the foe to meet,
When straight begins the sanguinary feat;
The wounded wolf soon feels infuriate glow,
And thinks to strangle his determined foe;

While the poor panting sheep beside them lays,
And for his champion dog sincerely prays.

'Twas thus the sinewy priest with iron heart,
And arm Herculean, played the savage part;
Struggling the courage of Monrose to quell,
While trembling Agnes yielding to the spell
Of pallid fear, on couch reclined, each charm
A prize deserving either conqueror's arm.

Mine host and hostess — valets, chambermaid,
In fine the family, one will obeyed;
Roused by the noise, they mount and straight in
view,
The combat seeing, rush between the two
And priest audacious from the chamber drive;
For tender page all feelings are alive,
Since youth and grace combined can never fail
To waken pity and o'er lust prevail,
While dauntless in defeat, with soul of brass
His foe unblushing — hied to chant the mass.

Agnes ashamed and torn with pangs acute,
To think a priest should thus her charms pollute,
And that the page her struggling form had seen,
As lovely in the contest it had been,
Shed tears, nor longer dared his glance to meet,
She rather wished death's shaft, on pinions fleet
Had closed her eyes, and cast o'er shame the cloud:
Then to confusion yielding, cried aloud

No words but these: " Oh! kill me, kill me straight."
" What, you," replied Monrose, " share death's chill fate!
Shall you be lost, and this foul priest the cause?
Ah! trust me if you've sinned 'gainst virtue's laws,
You still should live with patience for your stay:
Should we the calls of penitence obey,
To vain remorse your anguished thoughts incline,
Angelic Agnes — ah, what fault is thine,
That thou should'st suffer for another's crime?"
If his discourse could not be deemed sublime,
His eyes at least such eloquence addressed;
A tender and a touching flame oppressed
The softened fair — which in this mundane strife,
Implanted in her breast some wish for life.

Dinner was needful — for in spite of woe,
As I, poor mortal, from experience know,
The wretched find in abstinence no treat,
In raging fury still the sufferers eat.
For this sage reason, all the scribes divine,
Good Virgil — Homer favored of the nine,
Must always praises claim from thinkers deep,
Though o'er the page they gaping fall asleep;
Wherefore in middle of the combat's blast,
They never fail to speak of a repast.
'Twas thus near couch, sweet Agnes *tête-à-tête*
Dinner enjoyed, with youthful page elate;
Both felt at first of shame an equal share,
And glanced upon their plates, a silly stare;

Till gaining courage, each the other eyed,
As archly ogling from the optic's side.

Reader, thou know'st that in youth's flowery days,
When all our senses own health's vivid blaze,
A good repast excites within each vein
Those seeds of passion which we can't restrain,
The whole heart yields and owns a wish to love,
Beauty inflamed the thrilling transports move,
Benign and goading fires your soul subdue,
The flesh is frail, and Satan tempts you too.

Monrose in moments with such danger fraught,
Unable to resist the glowing thought,
Falls at the feet of Agnes, bathed in tears:
"Mistress beloved, goddess my soul reveres!
'Tis I alone must now death's shaft invoke,
Pity a tender heart that owns love's yoke,
What, can my fervent passion fail to gain
That which barbarian force has dared obtain?
Ah! if a crime insured another's bliss,
What's due to him, who dares not act amiss?
When love no sentiment save virtue knows;
'Tis he who speaks, you ought to hear his woes."

This argument some valid points possessed,
The weight of reason Agnes viewed, confessed;
Still for an hour she dared the prude enact,
Seeking the blissful moments to protract,
Ere she would honor with the pleasure yield,

Assured the heart by some resistance steeled
Far better answers than complying straight;
Monrose at length, Monrose the blessed of fate,
Shared all those rights which favored lover claims,
Of real ecstasy he felt the flames.
With England's prince the power and glory shone,
Humbling the vanquished monarch and his throne;
Henry but conquered France, for glory hot;
How far superior was the page's lot.

But mundane joy deceitful is and light,
And happiness, alas! soon put to flight:
Scarce had the gentle page love's torrent owned,
Scarce had voluptuousness his soul enthroned;
When lo! of English troops arrives a corps,
They mount and enter, having forced the door.
Enraptured pair! that with love's transports burn,
The Almoner had played ye this foul turn.
Agnes, who terror-struck lost every sense,
Was with her lover to be hurried thence,
Anon to Chandos both were to be ta'en,
If Chandos dooms them, what must be their pain?
Ah tender lovers! ye his vengeance dread,
Too well ye know in sad experience read
That this bold Briton no compassion knows;
On both their youthful fronts confusion glows,
Despair though goading fails the flame to smother,
Which prompts them still to ogle one another;
They blushed at joys which late held sovereign sway,

Ah! what will either to John Chandos say?
It chanced as on the route they forward went,
This English cohort met, by fortune sent,
Some twenty cavaliers, at curfew hour,
Who scoured around, liege knight of Charles's
power,
To ascertain if any news was known
Concerning Agnes and the maiden Joan.

When mastiffs, fighting cocks, or lovers twain,
Meet nose to nose upon the open plain;
When some staunch member of all-powerful grace
Finds crook-necked son, of Saint Ignatius' race;
If friends of Luther, or of Calvin glance
Their eyes on Ultramontane priest perchance,
Without much loss of time begins the fray,
Tongue, pen, or lance, wage fight in fell array.
'Twas even so with Gaul's equestrian band,
Viewing afar these Britons scour the land,
As falcon light, each on the phalanx darts,
Britons defend themselves with lion hearts;
Sharp blows are soon exchanged on either side;
The courser Agnes rode in nervous pride,
Young, gamesome, brisk, just like herself appeared;
He prancing, snorted, turned about and reared;
Onward, on saddle vaulting, Agnes went,
But soon on boisterous din of war intent,
He restive grows and foaming bites the bit;
Agnes in vain, o'ercome by timid fit,
Strives to impede him in his rapid course;

To govern, soon she finds beyond her force,
And thus o'ercome, she left the courser free,
Yielding to him her life and destiny.

The young Monrose by heat of conflict led,
Knows not the track in which his nymph has fled;
Her courser swift obeys Eolus' laws,
Like wind six miles performing, without pause;
He halts in valley crowned with tranquil state,
In front a convent's venerable gate;
A forest stood the monastery near,
And close beside, meandered streamlet clear,
Whose limpid flood 'mid banks of verdure flowed,
Where Flora's choicest gifts spontaneous glowed;
Still farther off, a hill attracts the sight,
Its gentle slope by autumn richly dight
With that choice gift wherewith mankind was
blessed,
When Father Noah left his ample chest
The void in human nature to replace,
And weary of beholding wat'ry space,
Then haply learned the secret to divine,
By a new process, to produce good wine.

Pomona, Flora, and the breath serene
Of gentle zephyrs, perfumed wide the scene;
The eye well pleased this champaign rich surveys.
Our parents' paradise, in ancient days,
Ne'er to the view more laughing vales portrayed
More fruitful; nor was nature e'er displayed

In guise more lovely senses to allure,
Nor more exuberant and calmly pure.
The air we breathe in such sequestered plains
Yields peace to bosoms agonized by pains,
And softening of our griefs the conflict rude,
At length we feel the love of solitude.

Agnes on margin of the streamlet laid,
Her lovely eyes the convent's fane surveyed,
And soon no agonizing pang she felt;
It was, my friend, a convent where nuns dwelt.
" Ah! charming sanctuary," cried the fair,
" Resort where heaven hath shed its blessings rare,
Sweet spot of innocence and peace the fane,
By prayer perhaps I may its grace obtain;
Perchance expressly am I thither brought,
To weep the sins wherewith my life is fraught,
Of sisters chaste, each of her God the spouse,
This spot embalming with their sainted vows,
And I, of sinners, the most famous known;
My days have spent to every weakness prone."

Agnes in elevated strains thus cried,
When o'er the portal, she a cross espied;
This blessed sign, whereby mankind was saved,
With pure humility, her mind enslaved;
And feeling o'er her soul compunction press,
She 'gan to think of going to confess;
From love to piety, the way's not wide,
So closely each to weakness is allied.

It chanced the saintly abbess of this pile
To Blois had journeyed, there to stay awhile,
Her convent's privileges to maintain,
Who while thus absent, had consigned the reign
To Nun Besogne who watched the holy crew.
This sister forthwith to the parlor flew,
And gate, to welcome Agnes, opened wide;
"Enter young traveller," anon she cried;
"What fostering patron, or what joyous day
Hath to our altars prompted thus to stray
This beauty dangerous to human sight?
You rank some saint or angel blessed of light,
Thus having quitted heaven's empyreal glow,
To honor mundane sinners here below,
And to console our sisters of the Lord."
"Ah!" replied Agnes: "You to me accord
Far too much honor; I'm but a worldly soul,
Have all my youth, owned flagrant sin's control,
And should I bliss of Paradise e'er ken,
My seat will be beside Saint Magdalen.
That destiny which fate capricious willed,
The Lord — my stars — but most my steed fulfilled;
Nor know I to this spot how I was brought,
With deep remorse I feel my bosom fraught;
Mine heart to sin is not yet callous grown,
I reverence virtue, though expelled her throne;
Here have I found her. By that grace I'm blessed,
Which for salvation, dooms me here to rest."
To this our errant fair anon agreed,
And sought the couch as acting pious deed;

A saint she thinks herself absolved from ill,
But fate on every side pursues her still.

Sister Besogne gave tender feelings vent,
Gently encouraging our penitent;
And lauds of grace divine the heavenly spell,
Agnes conducting forthwith to her cell;
Chamber illumined, decked with flowers and neat,
Of costly ornaments the charming seat,
With soft and ample bed. It seemed love's hand
The varied charms of this retreat had planned;
Agnes lauds Providence in breathings low,
Confessing sweets that from repentance flow.

The supper done (for I will never fail
To note this point essential through my tale)
Besogne the charming stranger thus addressed:
" Thou knowest, my love, night rears her sable crest;
'Tis now the time when wicked spirits prowl,
To tempt, on every side, the saintly soul;
'Tis fitting we a worthy feat perform —
Let's sleep together, that should Satan's storm
Against us rise, we may thus, being two,
Give Beelzebub himself too much to do."

Can I, O reader, without sense of shame,
What Sister Besogne truly was proclaim?
I must be candid, and reveal the truth,
Sister Besogne was an unmarried youth;
Of Hercules possessing all the power,

And of Adonis beauty's manly flower,
His one and twentieth year not yet complete,
As white as milk, fresh as the dew and sweet;
The lady abbess, a right crafty elf,
Of late, as friend, had ta'en him to herself;
Thus sister bachelor in convent staid,
Teaching his lovely flock a fruitful trade:
As when Achilles, clad in maiden's guise,
At Lycomedes' court obtained the prize;
Blessed in possessing Deidamas' charms,
Caressing and caressed within her arms.

Scarce had our penitent on couch reclined
With sister chaste, when lo! she 'gan to find
In nun a metamorphosis most strange,
No doubt she profited by the exchange;
To scream, complain, the convent to alarm,
Had proved a scandal only fraught with harm;
To bear in quiet, sigh, and peaceful lay,
To be resigned was then the only way;
Besides, in cases similar 'tis rare,
We of reflection boast sufficient share;
When nun Besogne, to Claustral frenzy prone —
For all things cease — love's interval had known,
The witching Agnes with a contrite heart,
Reflected thus: "Well, really, for my part,
'Tis mostly vain whene'er I feel the rage
To rank as woman virtuous and sage;
In vain we strive to shun those ills we know,
We can't be virtuous, though we'd fain be so."

NOTES TO CANTO X.

[1] O gentle Protheus, Love's a mighty lord,
And hath so humbled me, as I confess,
There is no woe to his correction;
Nor to his service, no such joy on earth.
Now no discourse, except it be of love;
Now can I break my fast, dine, sup and sleep,
Upon the very naked name of Love.

SHAKESPEARE.

[2] It appears that the personage thus delineated by our poet was not a kingly parasite of Bonneau's class, so ably portrayed by La Fontaine in these lines:

Les COURTISANS *ne sont que de simples ressorts:*
Sont ce qu'il plaît au Prince; ou s'ils ne peuvent l'être
Tâchent au moins de le paroître;
Peuple Caméléon, peuple singe du Maître.

[3] Account of the extraordinary malady of Charles the Sixth, translated from the History of *Jean Juvenal des Ursius.*

"About the beginning of August, it was apparent that the king, in his words and actions, became somewhat changed, at which period he expressed a desire of riding armed in the open country; in consequence of which he mounted on horseback, when, after proceeding some way, there came to meet him an ill-looking man, in wretched attire, poor, and of miserable appearance (some authors state he wore the garb of a hermit), who, seizing the bridle of his palfrey, thus addressed the monarch: *'King, where goest thou? Proceed no farther; thou are betrayed, and it is intended to deliver thee into the hands of thine adversaries.'* Upon this Charles the Sixth immediately became frantic, running distractedly in all directions, and striking whomsoever he met; by which action, four men were killed. Every effort was diligently pursued in order

to secure the king, who was conducted to his chamber and placed upon a bed, where he continued, neither moving hands nor feet, being to all appearance dead; and, upon the arrival of the physicians, they adjudged him to be gone past all hopes of recovery; every one wept and lamented; and in this state he was exposed to the view of all who wished to behold him." This singular occurrence took place in the forest of Mans, which Charles was traversing, in order to go to the attack of the Duke of Brittany, he having avowed himself the protector of Pierre de Creon, who had assassinated the Constable de Clisson, in Paris. Charles, however, recovered, and lived for twenty-two years afterwards, being frequently subject to these strange attacks, and died at the Hotel of Saint Pol, in the fifty-third year of his age.

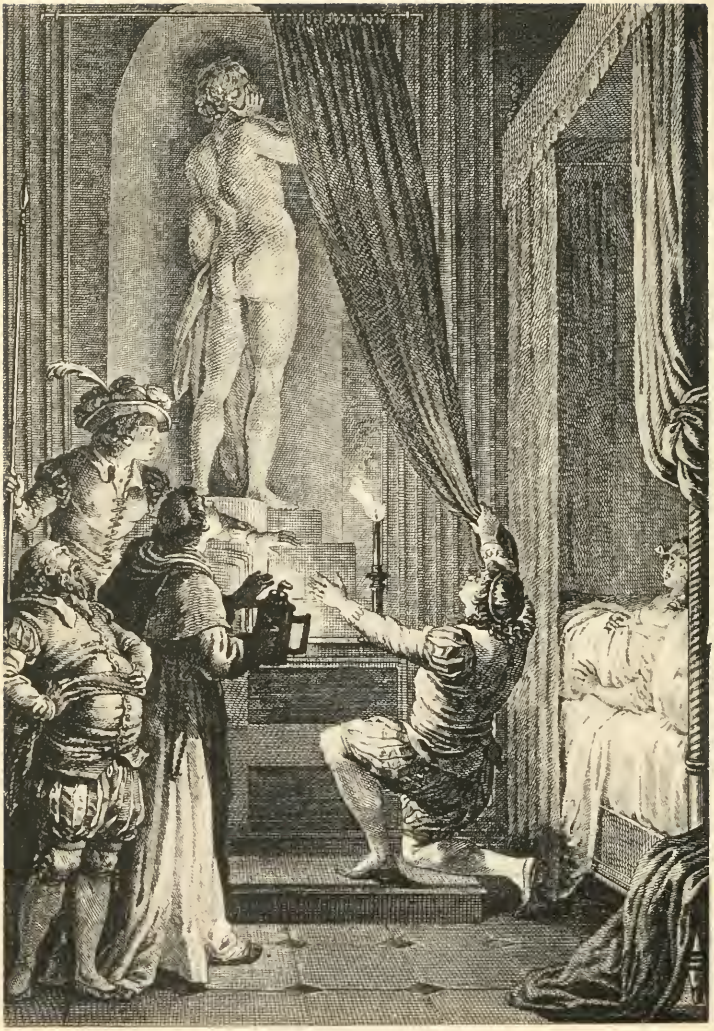
[4] The profession of a judicial astrologer is pretending to know futurity by the position and judging of the influence of heavenly bodies, and in arranging the celestial sphere after his own vague conception. Astrology is a term frequently confounded with that of astronomy; a most gross and palpable error among the unlettered; as the former comprehends but a chimerical science, whereas the latter is a research the most sublime and useful. We find the ancients frequently guilty of this grand mistake; Thales and Pherecydes are denominated astrologers, though they were very experienced astronomers. If we are to credit the astrologer's creed, the face of heaven is a book wherein is traced the history of the world, and on the page of which every one is enabled to peruse his own destiny. What has acquired these practitioners so much credit is, that their multiplicity of false prophecies are forgotten, if by chance one of their prognostics happens to come true. It is affirmed, that Cardan, having predicted that he should die upon a certain day, literally starved himself in order to verify his prediction and support the tenets of astrology. This fallacious doctrine, although opposed by the most able writers, has nevertheless found its votaries in every age, among whom have figured men possessing erudition and science, which accorded but ill with tenets so dia-

metrically opposed to the dictates of reason and common sense.

[5] The Sorbonne was formerly a royal manufactory of ecclesiastical doctors, with whom France in particular was enriched every twelve months; after the lapse of ten years, they issued forth from their cloisters, armed *cap-a-pie*, to insure the salvation of the people destined to undergo those wholesome flagellations at their hands, which could alone insure a pass into paradise.

[6] These divinations were much resorted to at the commencement of the fifteenth century; for, we find it recorded in the history, that King Philip the Third despatched a bishop and an abbot to an old hag at Nivelle, near Brussels, who had the fame of being a wonderful sorceress, in order to ascertain if his wife Mary, of Brabant, was faithful to her conjugal vows.

END OF VOL. I.



"HE OF THE SACRED SPOT BECAME POSSESSED IN FORM OF SAINT"

VOLTAIRE

THE MAID OF ORLEANS

[La Pucelle d'Orléans]

Vol. XX — Part II

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PREFACE

OF

THE EDITORS OF KEHL,

TO

THE EDITION OF THE PUCELLE D'ORLÉANS,

OF

MONSIEUR DE VOLTAIRE.

THIS poem is one of the productions of Monsieur de Voltaire, which has at the same time excited the greatest degree of enthusiasm, and also given rise to the most virulent declamations on the part of its opponents. Upon the coronation of Monsieur de Voltaire at the French Theatre, the spectators who accompanied him in multitudes to his hotel, sent forth with an equal degree of enthusiasm, the following exclamations: "Long live the '*Henriade;*' long live '*Mahomet;*' long live '*La Pucelle.*'" We therefore conceive that it may not be deemed irrelevant to enter upon some historical details respecting this production.

"*La Pucelle*" was commenced about the year 1730,* and until the period when Monsieur de Vol-

* Voltaire was born at Paris in 1694, consequently he began the present poem when thirty-six years of age.

taire took up his residence in the environs of Geneva, was only known to the intimate friends of the author (who were in possession of manuscript copies of some of the cantos), and to those societies in which Thiriot was in the habit of reciting detached pieces. Towards the end of the year 1755, an edition appeared in print, which Monsieur de Voltaire immediately hastened to disavow, and he was in every respect authorized so to do; as this impression was not only produced from a manuscript purloined from the author or his friends, but contained a great number of verses which were not of his own production; and others he could not suffer to remain, because they bore an allusion to circumstances completely reversed.

This edition was attributed to La Beaumelle,* and the Capuchin Maubert, who had sought refuge in Holland, an enterprise which must have been very productive to those individuals in a pecuniary point of view, while it greatly exposed the reputation of Monsieur de Voltaire. These literary pirates, however, found —

Leur bien premièrement et puis le mal d'autrui.

A bookseller named Grasset even had the effrontery to propose to Monsieur de Voltaire that he should purchase one of the purloined copies of his own production, at the same time holding forth menaces respecting the danger to which he would

* See Note 19 to Canto VI., and Note 11 to Canto XVIII., Vol. 2.

subject himself in case of a refusal to become the possessor upon such terms, and it is singular that the celebrated anatomical poet Haller, a most zealous protestant, should have stood forth his patron against Monsieur de Voltaire.

It will be seen by the letter of our author, addressed to the French Academy, inserted in the first volume of the present translation, that the edition in question was published at Frankfort, although purporting to be from Louvaine, and a short time afterwards appeared two editions precisely the same, printed in Holland. The first editors, irritated at the disavowal of Monsieur de Voltaire, which appeared in the public papers, reprinted *"La Pucelle"* in 1756, to which they subjoined his renunciation, coupled with other satirical pieces, in order to turn him into ridicule; however, by thus openly avowing themselves, they in a great measure obliterated the injury which had been intended towards the author. In 1757 appeared a London edition of this poem, conformable with the foregoing and ornamented by engravings, executed after the wretched taste of the versification introduced by the editors. New impressions then rapidly succeeded each other, and *"La Pucelle"* was printed at Paris for the first time in 1759.

It was not until 1762 that Monsieur de Voltaire published an edition of his work differing most essentially from all those before enumerated, and which was reprinted in 1774 in quarto, with consid-

erable alterations and additions, after which latter impressions, still revised and corrected from various manuscripts, we now issue *"La Pucelle"* to the public.

It now becomes our task to defend *"La Pucelle"* against the attacks of those grave men who are even slower to pardon Monsieur de Voltaire for having laughed at the expense of Joan of Arc, than they are to reprobate Peter Cauchon,* bishop of Beauvais, for having been chiefly instrumental in causing her to be burned alive at the stake.

It appears to us that there are but two species of productions which can be prejudicial to public morals; first, those wherein it is endeavored to be proved that men may without scruple or shame commit crimes detrimental to morality, such as rape, adultery, and seduction, or similar disgusting actions, which, without coming under the denomination of crimes, dishonor those who commit them; and, secondly, productions that enter into the detail of refinements in debauchery and scenes that can only arise in the most libertinous imaginations. Works of this nature may certainly be pernicious,

* Peter Cauchon, bishop of Beauvais, devoted to the English party, proved one of the most implacable enemies of Joan of Arc, and officiated as principal judge upon that memorable trial. It was this ecclesiastic, together with the bishops of Constance and Lisieux, the chapter of Notre Dame, six licentiates in theology and eleven advocates of Rouen, who affixed their signatures to the infamous death warrant.

since it is to be feared that they may render young persons who peruse them with avidity insensible to virtuous gratifications, and that tender and refined passion which has its unpolluted source in nature. The *"Pucelle,"* therefore, does not deserve any of these reproaches; the highly wrought pictures of the passions of Agnes and Dorothy may amuse the imagination, but never can corrupt the heart, while the freer pleasantries scattered throughout the work are by no means apologetic of the scenes which they depict, nor a representation of such actions as may conduce to mislead the imagination.

The present poem ought to be regarded in the light of a work destined to inculcate lessons of wisdom and common sense, under the mask of folly and voluptuousness. The author may in some instances have wounded the taste, but has never injured the cause of morality. We do not pretend to offer this production as a catechism; it ranks under the same class with those epicurean songs, those ebullitions composed for the table, which celebrate a laxity of conduct, the gratifications of the voluptuary, and the delights of free society, animated by the gaiety of an entertainment. Have the authors of such compositions ever been arraigned for seeking to establish as an axiom the necessity of neglecting every duty; the passing life in the fond embraces of a female; or in sharing the refinements of the festive board? Most undoubtedly not. They only endeavor to inculcate that there is much more reason and hap-

piness derived in devoting existence to scenes of soft voluptuousness, than in being eternally occupied with the thoughts of cupidity, ambition, intrigue, and hypocrisy. This species of exaggeration, which has its source in enthusiasm, is essentially requisite to poetry. Will that epoch ever arrive when nothing shall be heard but the rigid language and severity of Reason? Why then should it not be permitted us to borrow other modes of expression, in order to address those who do not comprehend such a style of writing?

Besides this amalgam of devotion, libertinism, and warlike ferocity, depicted in *"La Pucelle,"* is the precise image of the manners of those times.

In our judgment, such is the light in which severe critics ought to regard the "Maid of Orleans," and we trust they will therefore prove less eager to raise the voice in its condemnation. In short, had this poem only been instrumental in preventing a single libertine from becoming superstitious and intolerant in his old age, it would have done more real good than all its railleries will ever produce of evil. When we behold, upon throwing an attentive glance at human nature, that the rights of man and the sacred duties of humanity are violated and attacked with impunity; that human wisdom is brutalized by error; that the rage of fanaticism, conquest, or plunder, secretly actuates so many potentates; that a thirst for ambition and avarice exerts its ravages with impunity in every direction;

while a preacher gravely thunders his anathemas against the error of voluptuousness; it would be just like a physician, when called upon to administer to a man attacked with the plague, who should very gravely begin by occupying himself with the cure of a corn.

Perhaps it may not here be unnecessary to examine why so much importance is attached to an austerity of morals. First, in a country where men are ferocious, and bad laws exist, the love or taste for pleasure produces great disorders, and it has uniformly been found a much easier task to compose fine declamatory harangues than to frame wholesome edicts; secondly, old men, in whom is naturally vested all authority, and who direct the opinions, require nothing better than to declaim against those faults which appertain to different stages of life; thirdly, a freedom of morals destroys the ascendancy of women by preventing them from extending it beyond the duration of their personal attractions; and fourthly, men in general are not assassins, robbers, nor calumniators. It is consequently very natural that priests should prove desirous of exaggerating the errors in morality: from this there are few men exempt; nay, the majority feel a pride in committing them, or at least wish it to be supposed that they are desirous so to do. In consequence, every man whose mind has imbibed scruples upon this subject becomes the slave of priestly power. Churchmen may leave the con-

sciences of the great in repose as to their crimes; and while inspiring them with remorse as to their pleasures, become their masters and govern them, thus converting a voluptuary into a determined and barbarous persecutor.

Such is the only means they possess of maintaining the predominance over women, who, for the most part have only to reproach themselves with crimes of this description. By such conduct they cannot fail to insure the power of governing with despotic sway those who have either feeble minds or ardent imaginations; and, above all, the aged, who, by way of expiating such past faults, which they are no longer able to commit, desire no better than to disinherit their survivors, in order to enrich the priesthood.

We must also observe, that these very faults are precisely the same for which we may become rigid in performing the most trivial of sacrifices. There is no virtue so easy to practise, or which we may pretend to possess, as chastity; nor is there one which is more compatible with the absence of all real virtue and the reunion of every vice; wherefore, the very moment it is agreed upon that a great importance shall be attached thereto, every scoundrel will be sure to obtain at little or no cost the esteem of the public.

PREFACE

OF

DON APULEIUS RISORIUS, THE BENEDICTINE.

LET us return thanks to that beneficent heart, to which we are at length indebted for a Maid. This heroic and moral poem was composed about the year 1730, as is well known to the learned, and appears obvious from several traits in the production. We are given to understand by a letter of 1740, printed in the small treatise of a great prince under the title of *"Le Philosophe sans Souci,"** that a German princess to whom the manuscript had been lent merely for perusal, was so much edified by the circumspection that reigns throughout a subject so difficult, that she passed a whole day and a night in causing it to be copied, and in transcribing, herself, all the most moral parts. It is this identical copy which has at length come to our hands. Detached pieces of the *"Pucelle"* have been frequently published, and the real amateurs of sterling literature have been much scandalized on beholding it so dreadfully disfigured. Some editors have given

* Alluding to a favorite palace called Sans Souci, built by the king of Prussia for the purpose of enjoying the society of our Voltaire, the Marquis d'Argens, Maupertuis, and other philosophical friends.

it in fifteen cantos, others in sixteen and eighteen, while it has even been extended to twenty-four, sometimes by dividing one canto into two, or in making good deficiencies, by the insertion of verses, which a drunken coachman quitting the public-house would have disavowed.

Wherefore, beholding Joan in all her purity, we are fearful of hazarding a bold judgment in giving the name of the author to whom this epic flight is attributed. It is sufficient that the reader may be able to elicit some instruction concerning the morality concealed under the allegories of the poem; of what avail is it to ascertain the author? There are many works which the wise and the learned peruse with delight, without knowing by whom they were written. Instance the *"Pervigilium Veneris,"* the satire under the name of *"Petronius,"* together with so many others. What gives us infinite consolation is, that there will be found in our *"Pucelle"* fewer passages of a bold or free nature, than are to be met with in all the great Italian writers who have adopted a similar style.

* * * * * * * * * *

Neither will there be found in " Joan of Arc " the same rash flights as are conspicuous in *"Ariosto;"* you will not there meet with a Saint John who is an inhabitant of the moon, and who is made to say —

Gli scrittori amo; e fo il debito mio
Che al vostro mondo, fue scrittore anchio;

E ben convenne al mio lodato Cristo
Rendermi guiderdon d'un si gran sorte, etc.

This is jocose, and Saint John takes a liberty which no Saint of *"La Pucelle"* would ever think of hazarding. It should appear that the Saviour was only indebted for his divinity to the first chapter of Saint John, and that he was flattered by the Evangelist; this discourse savors somewhat of Socinianism,* whereas our discreet author on the contrary takes very good care not to fall into a similar excess.

It is equally a source of great edification for us, that our modest poet has not imitated any of our ancient romances, of which the learned Huet, bishop of Avranches, and Abbé Lenglet, the compiler, have produced a history. Let any one satisfy himself with reading *"Lancelot du Lac,"*† selecting the chapter entitled: "How Lancelot slept with the Queen, and how Sir Lagant took her back again;" and then will appear the purity of our author, when compared with those of antiquity.

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*The Socinians were a sect so called from Selius Socinus, their author, who was afterwards promoted by Faustus Socinus at Sienna in 1555. He asserted that Christ was merely a man, having never had an existence before Mary. He denied the personality of the Holy Ghost, Original Sin, Grace, Predestination, the Sacraments and the immensity of God.

† One of the ancient romances, containing very *facetious matter,* which was translated into English, forming one of the earliest specimens of British typography.

The same is to be said of " The Marvelous History of Gargantua,"* dedicated to Cardinal Tournon. It is well known that the chapter of *Torche-culs* is one of the most modest contained in the whole work.

We do not here speak of the moderns; we shall only remark, that all the ancient tales imagined in Italy and rendered into verse by La Fontaine,† are

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* Francis Rabelais, the author of *" Pantagruel,"* was the son of an apothecary at Chinon, in Touraine, and entered into the Order of Cordeliers, but on account of an intrigue was imprisoned in a monastery, from whence, having effected his escape, he obtained permission of Pope Clement the Seventh to quit his fraternity. He then studied medicine at Montpellier, became professor in 1531, and was appointed physician to Cardinal de Bellay, in whose suite he went to Rome, and upon his return to France was rewarded with an abbey and the benefice of Meudon. About this period he published his *"Pantagruel,"* wherein figures the giant Gargantua, being a comic satire extremely licentious and obscene. Rabelais died in 1553 at the age of seventy. He was also the author of some medical works and numerous letters printed in five volumes.

† John de la Fontaine was born at Château Thierry in 1621. Having been first educated at Rheims, he afterwards received instruction under the fathers of the Oratory. He was a man of singular simplicity of manners, credulous, fearful, and absent-minded. For some time he resided with the Intendant Foucquet, from whom he received a pension, and was afterwards in the service of Princess Henrietta of England, after which he lived with Madame de la Sabliere, and died in 1695. La Fontaine's tales are very licentious, but his fables are placed in the hands of youth, being extremely natural, poetic and entertaining. He also wrote a romance called *"Les Amours de Psyche,"* some comedies, letters, etc., which are printed in his " Miscellanies."

still less moral than our *"Pucelle."* Be this, however, as it may, we most sincerely wish all our grave critics the delicate sentiments of the lovely Monrose; to our prudes, if any such there be, the *naïveté* of Agnes and the tenderness of Dorothy; to our warriors, the arm of the robust Joan; to the Jesuits, a character similar to that of the good Confessor Bonifoux; and to all such as keep an open house, the attentions and *savoir faire* of Bonneau.

We moreover believe that this little book is an excellent specific against those humors which at the present time afflict several ladies and abbés; and if we should only have rendered such service to the public, we conceive that our time will not have been misspent.

HISTORICAL PROBLEM

RESPECTING

THE EXECUTION OF LA PUCELLE D'ORLÉANS.

As it is impossible that any man of common feeling, or who advocates the cause of justice and humanity, can recur to the untimely fate of Joan of Arc, as recorded in our Chronicles, without being impressed by horror and disgust; inspired by those sentiments which should lead every true patriot to endeavor to wipe off an indelible stain that is attached to the honor of his country, I have thought it but just to introduce the following statements, upon which the reader is left to draw his own conclusions.

In the year 1683 appeared in the French *Mercure Gallant* for the month of November, a letter addressed to Monsieur de Grammont, which created a considerable sensation; as the author therein asserted that Joan of Arc, better known under the title of *La Pucelle d'Orléans,* did not suffer death at the stake in the city of Rouen, upon the 30th of May, 1431, but that having escaped the power of the English, she was married in 1436 to a gentleman of Lorraine, by whom she had children; and in proof of this assertion he published the extract of

a manuscript, which Père Vignier of the Oratory discovered at Metz, during a journey he performed in Lorraine with Monsieur de Ricey, who repaired thither in the character of Intendant. This manuscript was subsequently printed under the title of "The Chronicles of Metz," composed by the Curate of Saint Thiebaut of the same city, coming down to the year 1445. Father Calmet had inserted it among the documents in his "History of Lorraine," and from thence it is extracted verbatim, taken from columns CXXI. and CXXII. of the second volume. (The French is omitted.)

[*English translation.*]

"In the year 1436, *Sire Phelepin Marcoulz,* was Prefect of Police of *Metz,* that same year on the 20th day of May arrived *Joan, the Pucelle of France* at *la Grange aux Hormes,* near *Saint Privey,* being led there to speak to some of the noblemen of *Metz,* where she assumed the name of *Claude,* and on the same day came her two brothers, one of whom, a *chevalier,* bore the name of *Messire Peter,* and the other, *Little John* the *Esquire,* who believed that she had been burned; but as soon as they saw her, *they recognized her, as she did them.* And upon Monday, the 21st of the said month, they conducted their sister to *Bacquillon,* where *Sir Nicholas Lowe, Knight,* presented her with a mule of the value of thirty francs, together with its housings, and the *Lord Aubert Boulay* gave her a cap, and *Sir Nich-*

olas Groignart a sword, and the said *Pucelle* went forth very dexterously upon the said beast, and communicated many things to the said *Sir Nicholas Lowe,* by which he knew that she had been in France, being further recognized from many other circumstances, to be *Joan the Maid of France,* who had led *King Charles* to be crowned at *Rheims,* and whom many had stated to have been burned at *Rouen* in *Normandy.* And upon her departure several persons of *Metz* repaired to see her at the said *Marieulle,* and presented her with many jewels, and ascertained that she was truly, *Joan the Maid of France:* and there was given her by *Geoffrey Dex,* a horse: *Item,* when she was at *Arelont,* she was always at the side of *Madame de Luxembourg,* and great ceremonials took place until the son of the *Count de Warnenbourg* accompanied her to *Coullougne*..... And upon her return to *Arelont,* the marriage was performed between *Sir Robert de Hermoises, Knight,* and *Joan la Pucelle;* after which this said *Sieur des Hermoises,* with his wife *La Pucelle* resided in *Metz,* in the house of *Sir Robert des Hermoises,* situated before *Saint Segoleine,* where they continued during their pleasure."

This recital is corroborated by the contract of marriage of Robert des Hermoises with La Pucelle, which Father Vignier declares to have seen among the title-deeds of the family of Des Hermoises, and also in a contract of sale, made by Robert des Hermoises, Lord of Trichiemont and Jeanne du Lis,

La Pucelle de France, wife of the aforesaid Trichiemont, of certain possessions which he had at Harancourt, which contract was dated the 7th of November, 1436. In short, these circumstances are further strengthened by the descendants of des Hermoises boasting themselves in a legitimate line from La Pucelle. Subsequent to this period, fresh proofs have been discovered, according to Monsieur Palluche,* in support of the opinion of Father Vignier; for, having had occasion to consult the ancient Registers of the Mansion House of Orleans, that gentleman fell by chance upon that of Jacques l'Argentier for the years 1435 and 1436, wherein he found under the article of the expenditure of the latter, as follows:

"To Renaud Brune, the twenty-fifth day of July; for giving drink to the messenger who brought letters from Jehanne La Pucelle, who was on his way to Guillaume Bellier; Bailly de Troyes:— *11f. 8d. par.*"

"To Jehan du Lils, brother of Jehanne La Pucelle, on Tuesday, the twenty-first day of August, 1436,† for a gift to him made, the sum of 12 liv.; forasmuch as the brother of the said Pucelle came into the Chamber of the said city, requiring of the Procurators that they would assist him with some

* Monsieur de Palluche was a member of the Literary Society of Orleans in 1740.

† Joan of Arc is stated to have perished the 30th of May, 1431.

money to return to his sister; stating that he came from the King, and that his Majesty had ordered that he should receive an hundred francs, and commanded that they should be counted, whereof nothing was done, and twenty only were given, of which he had expended twelve livres, wherefore only eight remained, which was no great things for him to return, considering that he was five days on horseback; and this was commanded in the chamber of the city by the procurators, from which he received *12 liv. pour ce 9 liv.: 12 S. par.*"

I pass over some articles respecting the manner in which Jean du Lis, brother of La Pucelle, was feasted in Orleans, that I may at once come to the point.

"At Cueur de Lils, the eighteenth day of October, 1436, for a journey which he performed to the said city, in his way to La Pucelle, who was then at Arelon, in the Duchy of Louxembourg, and for transporting letters of Jehanne La Pucelle, whereof he had been bearer, for the King at Loiches, where he was then resident, and which journey occupied him forty-one days for the same: — *6 liv.: par.*"

On continuing these researches, Monsieur de Palluche found in the account of Gilles Marchousne, for the years 1439 and 1440, and further some articles dated 28th, 29th, and 30th July, 1439, for wine and refreshments presented to *Dame Jehanne des Armoises,* and lastly:

"To *Jehanne Darmoises;* for a present given to

her the first day of August, 1439; after deliberation made by the council of the city, and for the services rendered by her to the said city during the siege, *two hundred and ten livres, par,* for this, *210 liv.: par.*"

Testimonies of such a decisive nature are certainly calculated to raise inward doubts as to the commonly received opinions of the death of La Pucelle in 1431. The account of the Curate of Saint Thiebaut, and the extracts from the archives of the Mansion House of Orleans, are demonstrative, since it appears from thence that La Pucelle, after having escaped from the English, it little matters how, visits Metz, where she was believed to have previously suffered at Rouen; she is there recognized by many persons deserving of credit, and in particular by her two brothers. Is it possible that the latter could have been deceived in respect to their own sister; they, who had served with her in France? John, the elder, two months after having found his sister, proceeds to Lorraine in order to find the king and confirm this discovery; he passes through Orleans on returning to his sister, who, three years afterwards repairs herself to that city, where she should certainly be well known, and continues a resident in the town for five or six days; she is there recognized and treated at the expense of the city, which, upon her departure, presents her with no inconsiderable sum; for at that period two hundred and ten francs were equivalent to one thousand seven hun-

dred livres at the present period. Can it be imagined that the inhabitants of Orleans were imposed upon, and that if this Jeanne des Hermoises was an impostor, she could have carried on such imposition? The farce must soon have been discovered, as we shall presently show.

We will, however, give an additional proof of the opinion entertained at Orleans, that the Pucelle was still in existence. In this same account of Gilles Marchousne, already quoted, is found this regular charge, two months anterior to the arrival of Jeanne des Hermoises: "Nine pounds of wax to make four tapers, and one flambeau for the obsequies of the defunct Jehanne La Pucelle in the church of Saint Sanxom, of Orleans, upon the eve of the fête Dieu, 1439." Whereas no similar charge is to be found in the expenses for 1440, nor during that year is any mention made of commemorating any such anniversary.

We may still support the opinion of Father Vignier, by a further example. Charles, Duke of Orleans, in 1443, presented *L'Isle-aux Baufs* near Orleans to Peter du Lis, brother of *La Pucelle,* stating in such deed of gift, that: "*Whereas the supplication of the said Messire Pierre, purporting that in order to acquit himself of his Loyalty to the King, our said Lord and the Duke of Orleans, he quitted his country to join their service, in company with his sister Jehanne La Pucelle, with whom and ever since her absence even to the present moment, he has*

exposed his body and all he possesses in the said service."

What means the term, "ever since her absence," but that *La Pucelle* had only been absent and not *dead;* a circumstance which Peter du Lis, her brother, would not have failed to express in his petition, had such been the fact, for the purpose of exciting more interest in the mind of the Prince. The pain of death, and in particular such torments as are commonly believed to have attended the exit of *La Pucelle* are much more touching than a simple flight or absence.

Lastly, it is necessary to remind the reader that immediately after the 30th of May, 1431, a report was prevalent that *La Pucelle* was not dead, and that the English had substituted in her place an unfortunate wretch whose crimes merited that death which they were desirous it should be believed the *Pucelle* had experienced; nay, even some went so far as to state she never fell into the power of her enemies.

Let us now proceed to proofs.

In the Chronicle of Lorraine, among the documents printed by Father Calmet, column ix, and which does not come down later than 1544, when speaking of the siege of Compeigne, he states: "That the Pucelle was there lost, and that no one knew what became of her. Many said that she had been taken by the English, and was carried to Rouen, where she was burned; others affirmed that none of

the army had caused her death, because she attributed all the honor of her feats of arms to them."

The Chronicle of Metz is more decisive.— Column *c. c.*: "The Pucelle was taken by the English and the Burgundians, who were enemies to the gentille fleur de Lys., after which she was sent to the City of Rouen in Normandy, and there was she on a scaffold burned in a fire, as it was said, but the contrary of which is since proved." And lastly, in the journal of a Citizen of Paris, in the reign of Charles the Seventh, to the year 1449, printed in the history of Charles the Sixth, from the edition of the Louvre, it is stated, "That after the execution of La Pucelle many persons who had been deceived by her firmly thought that on account of her sanctity she had escaped the fire, and that another had suffered in her place, they believing that it was herself."

It even appears that from the time of the imprisonment of *La Pucelle,* reports were already afloat which led to the belief that the period would arrive when her execution would not be credited; since an ocular witness deposed in the course of the process respecting her justification in 1455, that when the execution took place at Rouen, "The English being doubtful lest reports should be disseminated in regard to the Pucelle's not being dead, or that some other had been burned in her stead, caused the fire and wood to be withdrawn from behind the body after her death, in order that it might be ascertained

she was dead." See MS. in the Chapter House of Orleans.

This latter statement, which appears at the first glance to favor an idea that the *Pucelle* was actually burned, will upon examination be found susceptible of a conclusion diametrically opposite. Is a person recently suffocated by a great fire, which has consumed all the habiliments, easily recognized? And the precaution adopted by the English to place upon the head of the sufferer whom they led to the stake an elevated mitre, by which she was disguised, and to cause to be carried before her a picture representing everything against her that was infamous (*Recherches de Pasquier,* page 164), were not these, I say, so many methods resorted to, in order that the attention of the spectators might be diverted; of whom, a few excepted, some had never seen her, and others had merely caught a glance of her person as she passed? Nothing more was required to lead into error, and make them believe that which it was absolutely wished they should accredit.

Some objections may here be raised: First, that supposing *La Pucelle* had escaped the cruelty of the English, it is impossible that some mention of the fact should not have been made during the process of her justification, particularly after the examination of no less than one hundred and twelve witnesses. It is easy to reply with Father Vignier, who raised the same objection, that the commission

of those whom Pope Calixtus the Third delegated to inquire into this affair in 1455, was not to demonstrate that *La Pucelle* had escaped from death at Rouen; but to inquire whether they had been justified in condemning her as a heretic, a relapse, an apostate, and an idolatress; and although it appears more than probable they were aware she had not been burned, such a fact was unconnected with their commission, and they consequently did not trouble themselves upon that head.

The second objection relates to this statement, that about the same period when *La Pucelle* presented herself in Lorraine and at Orleans, two other females were received by the people as *La Pucelle,* whose impositions were afterwards discovered; from whence it might be inferred that *Jeanne des Hermoises* was a similar adventuress, even supposing her not to have been one of those in question.

Let us examine the proofs.

On perusing the journal for the life of Charles the Seventh, already quoted, we find that "In the year 1440 the Parliament and the University caused a woman to be brought to Paris, following the men in arms, believed by many to be Jehanne La Pucelle, and who on that account had been very honorably received at Orleans, which woman was publicly shown at the palace on the marble stone in the great court, and being there examined as to her life and her estate was recognized as not being *La Pucelle,* and as having been married." The other impostor

is mentioned in a manuscript at the royal library, written at the period of Charles the Seventh, entitled, "*Examples des Hardiesses de plusieurs Rois et Empereurs;*" where it appears, according to Père Labbe, 180: "Among others I was told by the said Lord (M. de Boissy), that ten years after the sentence at Rouen in 1441, was brought to the King another supposed Pucelle, who much resembled the first and who was desirous that he should believe from reports spread that it was the former one resuscitated. The King, upon hearing this, ordered that she should be conducted to his presence. But that his Majesty said to her, 'Pucelle, my friend, you are right welcome, in the name of God, who knows the secret which is between you and me.'— When most miraculously, after hearing only these words, this false Pucelle threw herself on her knees before the King, entreating mercy, and forthwith confessed all her treasons, none of which, however, were judged too rigorously."

We will now proceed to examine these facts. In the first recital there are traits which bear no analogy whatsoever to *Jeanne des Hermoises;* for the woman there spoken of was a follower of soldiers, calling herself a maid; which had no reference whatsoever to Jeanne des Hermoises, who avowed herself a married woman, by assuming the appellation of her husband; who repaired to Orleans with her domestics only; since in all the registers of Marchousne, not a syllable is said of her being in com-

pany with men at arms, captains, or officers, and much less with soldiers, like the female mentioned in the journal; a circumstance claiming particular notice, as such conduct would have been disgusting in a maid who had espoused a gentleman and a chevalier of lineage who had uniformly ranked as one of the most honorable in Lorraine. Secondly, if they were able at Paris, and at the Court, to distinguish one of these warriors from the real *Pucelle,* it was much easier to have made that discovery at Metz and Arelont, as being so much nearer to the country of *La Pucelle,* as well as at Orleans, which had been the first and great theatre of her noble exploits; while the testimony of Peter and John du Lys in favor of Jehanne des Hermoises, whom they recognized for their sister, proves an argument, in opposition to which it is very difficult to offer any reply.

A third objection may be started; that if *La Pucelle* escaped from the English, would she not have fled to the court, or to the army; and would not the King have rewarded the services which she had rendered him? Yet nothing appears strange in all this; for, by the manner in which *Jean du Lys,* her brother, was received at Loches in 1436, according to his own recital in a passage before quoted, it appears manifest that little faith was then attached to his statement.

But to reply more fully, let it be remembered what jealousy had been excited against the *Pucelle* by

those who were nearest the King's person, and above all in George de la Trimouille, his favorite, who, to use the words of the Chronicle of Metz, "was little loyal to the said King, his Lord, harboring great envy of the feats she, *La Pucelle,* performed, and was the cause of her being taken." The credit of this nobleman was so powerful as to prevent the monarch from recognizing *La Pucelle,* who was supposed to have suffered; and in regard to the gratitude of Charles the Seventh, where shall we trace upon his receiving news of the execution of *La Pucelle,* that he ever had recourse to the *lex talionis* in regard to the English and Burgundians of rank who fell into his hands? Can it be proved that he avenged a death which dishonored him? It must be allowed that the conduct of this prince was the same under both circumstances, and that the reasons by which he was governed had their origin in the jealousy of his courtiers.

It is useless here to speak of a girl whom the young Count de Virnenbourg pretended about the year 1473, to be the *Pucelle* of Orleans, whom God had resuscitated in order to establish in the Episcopal see of *Treves Uldaric de Mandencheit* and whose imposition was discovered by the Inquisitor of Cologne, who caused her arrest and would have tried her, had not the Count found means to effect her escape and thus by flight rescued her from that death, which a life marked by infamy had merited. The period when this third impostor flourished is too

far removed to have any reference to those of whom we have spoken, much less to *Jeanne,* the wife of *Jean des Hermoises,* whose disorderly course of life it is first requisite to substantiate ere she can be confounded with the person in question; this assuredly cannot be done, and what we have advanced respecting the other two may with much more reason be applied to this third mentioned adventuress.

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CANTO XI.

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CONVENT SACKED BY THE ENGLISH.— BATTLE BETWEEN ST. GEORGE OF ENGLAND, AND DENIS, PATRON SAINT OF FRANCE.

Now, free from useless preface I shall tell,
How the two lovers in their cloistered cell,
With joys forbidden, both alike oppressed,
Extended near each other, sunk to rest;
Enjoying that sweet sleep the weary own,
When Morpheus on their lids erects his throne.

Sudden a dreadful din drives sleep afar,
On all sides gleams the horrid torch of war;
Death, ghastly death, then blazes to their view,
As streams of blood the convent's site bedew;
This troop marauding of Britannia's soil,
Gaul's ranks had beaten in a recent broil;
The conquered, sword in hand, scoured o'er the plain,
By victors followed, who pursued amain;

Striking and crying, almost out of breath —
"Agnes restore, or instant meet your death."
But naught knew any creature of the fair,
Till hoary Colin, who of flocks had care,
Bespoke them thus: " Sirs, yesterday my sight
Was struck with paragon of beauty bright,
Who, toward the dusk, passed yonder convent gate."
"Anon!" the English cried, with souls elate,
" 'Tis Agnes there's no doubt. By Heavens! 'tis
she;
Let's on." The cruel cohort instantly,
Gained of the convent wall the holy steep;
Thus raging wolves rush 'midst a flock of sheep.

Of dormitory, they each cell inspect;
The chapel, caves, no corner they neglect —
These enemies of such as laud Heaven's name,
View all, devoid of scruple or of shame;
Ah, sisters, Anna, Ursula, Marton,
Why raise your eyes — where would ye fly anon?
Poor moaning doves, why seek the holy place,
Trembling, confounded, ye the shrine embrace;
That holy altar feared, and found to be
The sacred safeguard of your chastity;
Amidst this direful peril, what are vows?
Ye supplicate in vain your Heavenly spouse.
Before his shrine, nay, even in his view,
Poor flocks your cruel ravishers pursue,
To profanate that faith so pure and blessed,
Which your sweet lips with innocence professed.

Some readers, of earth's worldly race the sons,
Immodest souls, the enemies of nuns;
Sarcastic jokers, dare with playful wit,
Poor violated dames, with tauntings hit;
Let them say on.—Alas! my sisters dear,
How dreadful 'tis, such tender hearts to jeer;
For timid, harmless beauties, framed like ye,
To strive from homicidal arms to flee;
Disgusting kisses on your lips to feel,
From felons reeking with gore's smoking seal.
Who by an act ferocious and abhorred —
The eyes on fire, lips that blaspheme the Lord,
Mingling the outrage with voluptuous glow,
Thus seek with brutal love your overthrow;
Whose poisonous breath infects the zephyrs bland:
The bristly beard — the hard infuriate hand,
The hideous form — arms black, with gore
impressed,
Appear to strike with death where they caressed;
In fine, they seemed to these strange frenzies given,
Fiends; violating Angels, blessed of Heaven!

Crime had already to their shameless view,
Tinged fronts of each chaste fair with crimson hue;
Sister Ribondi, so devout and sage,[1]
Was doomed to meet fierce Shipunk's carnal rage.
Wharton, vile infidel — bold Barclay, too,
Poor sister Amidon, alike pursue.
They weep, they pray, and swear; press, push and
run;

When in the tumult's seen Besogne the nun,
With Bard and Parson fighting, who employ,
All means to put in force their lustful joy,
Both ignorant that Besogne is — a boy.
Nor was't thou, Agnes, 'midst this sorrowing band,
To be neglected by despoiler's hand;
Tender, enchanting object, 'twas thy lot
Always to sin, whether thou wouldst or not;
The murderous chief of this obdurate crew,
Courageous victor, he sped after you;
While troops obedient, in their passions still,
Resigned this honor to his potent will.

Yet Fate though harsh, will sometimes deign befriend,
And of our woes at length proclaim the end;
For as these gentlemen of Britain's Isle,
With foul pollution thus had dared defile,
Of the Saint Sion, this most sacred place,
From Heaven's high vault Gaul's patron full of grace,
Good Denis, to bright virtue always kind,
Found means to 'scape from thence and leave behind
Fierce, turbulent St. George, of France the foe;
From Paradise he bent his course below.
But, in descending to our earthly sphere,
No more on sunbeam did our sage appear,
Since too apparent then his course had been,
He went the god of mystery to win;
Sire, sage, and cunning, foe of noise and light,

Who flies on every side, and goes by night,
He favors (and 'tis pity) rogues that steal;
But leads the man impressed by wisdom's seal.
To church and court he hies; at all times there,
While anciently of love he had the care.
He first enveloped in a cloud obscure,
Good Denis; and forthwith commenced his tour,
By secret path, which no one yet had gone,
Whispering quite low, and sideway moving on.

The faithful guardian of Gaul's goodly set,
Not far from Blois, the maid of Orleans met;
Who of gross muleteer the back bestrode,
Advancing gently by a secret road;
Offering up prayers that some adventure kind,
Might lead her in the end her arms to find;
When Denis from afar beheld the maid,
With tone benign the gentle patron said:
" Welcome my virgin! welcome Joan, who brings
Succor alike to maidens and to kings,
Come lend thine aid to chastity at bay,
And curb anon of furious lust the sway;
Come! that thine arm avenging lily's flower,
May save my tender flock in this dread hour;
Yon convent view — they violate — time flies,
Come then, my maid."— He spoke and Joan straight hies,
While Gaul's dear patron, as her squire in rear,
With lusty stripes, whips on the muleteer.

Here then thou art my Joan, 'midst this foul crew,
Who with the nuns their recreant acts pursue.
Joan was *en cuerpo,* when a Briton's eyes,
With look unblushing, greet the wished for prize;
He covets her, and thinks some maiden gay
Has sought the sisters to enjoy the fray;
Then flies the fair to meet, and forthwith seeks
To taint her modesty with loathsome freaks;
When straight the scimitar's keen blow replies,
Smack on his nose, and low the monster lies,
Swearing that oath by Frenchmen all revered,
Expressive word — to pleasure's feats endeared;
Word by profane and vulgar tongues revealed,
With scorn pronounced, when they to passion yield.

Trampling his corpse, with crimson current dyed,
Joan to this wicked people forthwith cried:
" Cease, cruel troop, leave innocence alone,
Base violators; fear just Heaven — fear Joan."
Each miscreant bent on sin and void of shame,
Heard nought, attentive only to his dame;
Thus asses will 'mid flowers their course pursue,
Spite of the cries of man and master too.
Joan, who their deeds audacious thus descries,
Transported feels a saintly horror rise;
Invoking Heaven, and backed by Denis' power,
With glave in hand, of blows she deals a shower,[2]
From nape to nape, and thence from spine to spine,
Cutting and slashing with her blade divine:
Transpiercing, for intended crime the one,

"CEASE, CRUEL TROOP, LEAVE INNOCENCE ALONE"

Another striking for offences done;
Miscreants bedewing with a sanguine flow,
Each for profaning gentle nun — laid low,
Whose soul thus speeding by foul transport fed,
Dying in sinful joy, to Satan sped.

Unblushing Wharton, whose illicit fire
Had to its acme spurred his soul's desire;
Obdurate Wharton proved the only knight,
Who now from shackles free, stood bold, upright;
Then seized his arms and with undaunted look,
Awaiting Joan, a different posture took.

O thou great saint, the state's protecting shield,
Denis, who saw this well contested field,
Deign to my faithful muse those feats indite,
Which Joan enacted to thy reverend sight;
Joan trembled first and cast a wondering stare:
"My saint, dear Denis, what do I see there?
My breastplate, all those arms which destiny
Ordained as presents thou should'st give to me,
On that Hell-hardened back now strike my view,
He wears my helm and under vestments too."
Joan reasoned justly, she had truth to quote;
For when sweet Agnes swapped her petticoat,
And in these arms was *cap-a-pie* equipped,
Whereof by rude John Chandos she was stripped;
Sir Isaac Wharton, Chandos' knight, anon,
Seizing this coat of mail, had put it on.

O Joan of Arc, of heroines the flower,
For arms divine you fought with matchless power;
For thy great monarch Charles so long abused,
A hundred Benedictine nuns misused;
For Denis, charged their chastity to shield,
Denis, who saw her dauntless dare the field
With broadsword striking hard her own breast-
plate,
And shaded by its plume, the helm on pate.
In Ætna's gulfs which fire and forge contain,
Of sooty Vulcan and his one-eyed train:
On sparkling anvil sounding constant knell,
More quick or heavier, hammers never fell;
When for dread thunder's lord the forges glow,
Prepared his cannons — too much braved below.

In iron clad — our Briton full of pride,
Falls back — his soul with wonder stupefied,
To find himself attacked with giant rage,
By brunette buxom and so young of age;
To view her naked filled him with remorse,
To wound that body robbed his arm of force,
He but defends himself and backward moves,
Admiring of his foe the charms he loves;
Those treasures which impel his heart to scorn
The martial virtues which her soul adorn.

St. George enthroned in Paradise so fair,
No longer seeing Brother Denis there,

Began to doubt that Gallia's saint was flown
To succor those to whom his heart was prone;
Through all the expanse of the azure plain,
He bent his scrutinizing glance in vain;
Nor wavered long, but called his gallant steed,
That horse whereof in legend much we read.[3]

The palfrey came — George mounted, 'gins to ride,
With spear in rest, the broadsword at his side;
He goes and gallops o'er that endless space
Which daring mortals vainly seek to trace,
Those heavenly realms — spheres that with light abound,
Which visionary Reni makes turn round;[4]
'Mid endless chaos of a dust refined,
Whirlwinds most subtle rolling in the wind,
The which e'en Newton to strange dreams inclined,
Will have it turn, of compass reft and guide,
Around mere nothing, through the vacuum wide.

St. George inflamed, his rage then boiling high,
Traversed this void in twinkling of an eye,
The soil by Loire's stream watered straight to gain,
Where Denis thought to chant the victor's strain;
'Tis thus we sometimes view at dead of night
A comet in its vast career of light;
Sparkling emit a most horrific blaze,
Its tail appears and men feel dire amaze;
The Pope is awed, and the world, struck with fear,
Firmly believes the wines will fail that year,

As in the distance valiant George descries
Mister St. Denis, he feels choler rise;
And brandishing aloft his lance awhile,
Pronounced these words in Homer's choicest style:
"O! Denis, weak and peevish foe,
Timid support of feeble race below;
'Tis thus you visit earth with secret guile,
To cut my heroes' throats of Albion's Isle;
Dost think Fate's destinies thou canst control
With jackass, feeble arm and woman's soul?
Of my dread vengeance art thou not afraid,
Which soon shall punish France, thyself and maid?
Thy sad sconce shaking on thy twisted neck,
Hath once before thy carcase ceased to deck;
I wish to crop, e'en in thy church's face,
Thy bald pate set but badly in its place,
And send thee packing to thy Paris' walls,
Fit patron of thy tender cockney Gauls;
In thine own suburbs where thy mass is said,[5]
There rest and let them once more kiss thy head."

The goodly Denis raising clasped hands high,
With noble pious tone made this reply:
"O Great St. George! O Brother, famed of mine,
Wilt thou to fury's voice for aye incline?
Since first we both to Heaven received the call,
Thine heart devout, hath always nurtured gall;
Is it then fit, thrice happy as we are,
Two saints enchased, lauded by men afar;
We, who to others should examples set,

Must we by quarrels thus ourselves forget?
Wilt thou a cruel war now seek to wage,
In realms where peace should all thy thoughts
engage?
How long then of thy soil will saintly band,
In Paradise the flag of strife expand?
O Britons! nation fierce; too bold by far,
Just Heaven in turn will wage the wrathful war;
And of your mode of acting weary grown,
Will to your jealous cares no more be prone,
For devotees from you are never known;
Ah! wretched saint, though pious, choleric,
Damned patron of a race of blood ne'er sick;
Be tractable, and in Heaven's name leave me
To save my king and rule Gaul's destiny."

At this harangue, George bursting with fell rage,
On visage pictured fury's crimson page;
And bending on the Paris saint his eyes,
He felt his strength and courage doubly rise,—
Denis, he judged the sovereign of poltroons,
On whom he pounced — thus falcon darts eftsoons
And seizes tender pigeons for its prey,—
Denis falls back and prudent utters bray.
Thus summoning his faithful ass outright,
The donkey winged, his succor and delight.
"Come," he exclaimed, "come and my life
defend"—
Denis forgot thus speaking to his friend,
That never saint of life can see an end.

From Italy our dappled of gray hue,
Just then arrived — and I narrator true,
Why he returned already have displayed.
To saint his back he bent, with saddle 'rayed;
When patron firmly on his Neddy placed,
By kindling valor, felt his heart enchased!
With subtle malice he from earth had ta'en,
A sword so lately grasped by Briton slain;
Then brandishing the fatal glave to sight,
St. George he pushes, presses, grapples tight.
Great Albion's chief by indignation led,
Aims three dread blows at his devoted head;
The whole are parried, Denis guards his sconce,
Directing in return his blows at once
Upon the horse, and eke his cavalier,
From steel electric vivid sparks appear;
Now as the weapons cross, they cut and thrust,
Each moment either seems of warrior first;
Seeking to strike helm, gorget, glory bright,
And spot so delicate with laces dight;
Where, 'neath the cuirass, *braguette* greets the sight.

These vain attempts made both more ardent far;
Oft 'twixt them balanced was the fate of war;
When lo! the ass's tones discordant sound
As grating octaves harshly bray around,—
Heaven trembles; echo from the wood's recess,
The din repeats, while shuddering with distress,
St. George turned pale; good Denis keen I trow,
Made feint, and with celestial back-hand blow,

Of Albion's chief did the proboscis clip,
And on his saddle bow rolled bleeding tip.

George without nose, but not of courage void,
Revenges honor of his face annoyed,
Profaning Heaven with English d——n subjoined,
One blow of scimitar forthwith purloined
From Denis that, which on a Thursday morn,
Of old from Malchus, was by Peter shorn.

At this rare sight and voice deserving praise
Of the saint ass — at sound of dreadful brays,
All trembled in the Heavenly concave high;
The beamy portal of the starry sky
Burst ope, and from the vaults where seraphs dwell,
Issued at length the archangel Gabriel,
Who graceful poised upon his pinions bright,
Sailed gently through the realms of endless light;
That rod supporting, which in days of yore,
Towards the Nile the prophet Moses bore,
When the Red Sea submissive stopped its waves,
And kings and people thus found watery graves.

"What is't I see?" the angel wrathful cried,
"Two patron saints, offsprings to Heaven allied:
Eternal spirits of the power of peace,
Fighting like mortals; ye bid concord cease:
Let woman's stupid race to blows aspire,
To man leave baleful passions, flame, and fire;
Abandon straight to Sin's profane control,

Of this vile crew each gross and wicked soul,
In vice created, and to death consigned;
But ye immortal sons of Heaven refined,
Nourished forever with ambrosia pure,
Would ye such blissful scenes no more endure?
Are ye stark mad? — Good Heaven! an ear, a nose;
Ye who on mercy and sweet grace repose,
The precepts of pure concord to instil,
Can ye, for things like these pursue the will
Of foolish passions and their cause embrace?
Either renounce the bright empyreal space,
Or instant yield submissive to my laws;
Let charity within plead her own cause;
Thou, insolent St. George, pick up that ear,
And you, good Mister Denis, also hear,
That nose resume, and with your fingers blessed,
In its own place let each thing henceforth rest."

Denis, with hand submissive, forthwith goes
To join the tip on mutilated nose,
And George devout, the ear to Denis takes,
By him cut off, each sign of cross then makes,
An *oremus* to Gabriel muttering sweet:
Forthwith of flesh the cartilages meet;
In fine, both miens assume their wonted grace,
Blood, fibres, skin, each hardens in its place,
Leaving no vestige in this saintly pair,
Of shivered nose, and sconce of ear quite bare:
'Tis thus with saintly flesh, fat, firm, and fair.

Then Gabriel said, with presidential voice,
" 'Tis well, embrace; " there was in faith no choice;
So Denis void of hate or passion's glow,
With honest heart, anon, embraced his foe;
But George as kissing, cherished vengeful fit,
And swore that Denis should not thus be quit.
The great archangel, this embracing o'er,
Received my two saints gracious as before,
With one on either side empyreum sought,
Where nectarine bumpers to each saint were
brought.

Few readers will believe this combat brave;
But near those walls Scamander's waters lave,[6]
Of old was chronicled a deed of fame,
When gods Olympian armed for battle came,
Alike by England's Milton are enrolled,
Of angels winged, a legion manifold;
Reddening celestial plains with sanguine tide,
Mountains by hundreds scattered far and wide,
And what's still worse from cannon-firing ball;[7]
Wherefore, if Michael ere the Devil's fall,
With Satan fought, each to support his cause,
Sure Messieurs George and Denis by such laws
Were right in bidding hostile banners float,
And striving each to cut the other's throat.

But if in Heaven sweet peace was thus restored,
Alas! on earth such proved not yet the word;
Fell scene accursed of discord and of blows;

Good Charles went everywhere, nor knew repose,
Sighed Agnes' name, and sought, and wept her fate;
And yet the thundering Joan forever great,
With bloody sword that owned no victor's will,
Prepared to give fierce Wharton straight his fill;
She struck; — the blow upon the spot just placed,
Whereby the convent had been late debased.
Wharton reeled backwards, and his trenchant steel
Fled from his grasp impressed with mortal seal;
He fell, denying all the saints in death.
The tribe of ancient nuns, anon, takes breath,
And at the feet of Amazon august,
Viewing the Cavalier consigned to dust,
Cried, saying, "*Aves* — Ah! how just the case,
That punishment should strike the sinning place."

Sister Ribondi, who in vestry room,
Had bowed obedient to the victor's doom;
While weeping still for the departed, sighed,
And offering thanks, as she the sinner eyed,
Exclaimed in charitable tones: "Than he,
Alas! alas! none could more guilty be! !"

END OF CANTO XI.

NOTES TO CANTO XI.

[1] Ribondi is a term in familiar conversation, signifying roundness, plumpness, *embonpoint,* and alludes to particularly fleshy parts of the human body.

[2] Whether Joan ever wielded her sword upon male personages on such an occasion as this portrayed by the poet we cannot take upon ourselves to determine. The following very curious extract will, however, afford sufficient proof of the rooted animosity entertained by the Maid of Arc towards females who pursued a vicious course of life, and, as the annotator has never before found this incident quoted, which is handed down by a contemporary writer, it may not prove uninteresting to the lover of historical facts.

"And as there were in the company several women of loose morals who prevented the men at arms from advancing, the said maiden Joan, in an elevated voice, commanded them to begone. After this exclamation every one prepared to march forward, and as Joan, who was on horseback, met two or three of these females on the road, she drew her sword to strike them, and beat one with the flat side of her weapon with such lusty strokes that she broke her said sword, which caused the king great displeasure when he heard it, who said to her that she ought to have taken a stick to beat them, and not the sword which had been revealed to her by God."—*"Annales de France," par Maistre Nicole Gille Contrôleur du Trésor de Louis XI.*

[3] It is a fact not to be disputed, that St. George is always portrayed as riding upon a gallant palfrey, from whence is derived the French proverb, when speaking of a cavalier who is well mounted, *"Monté comme un St. George."*

[4] René Descartes, a famous French philosopher, was born of a noble family at La Haye, in Touraine, in 1596, and received his education at the Jesuits' College at La Flèche, on leaving which seminary he removed to Paris. After having served under the Prince of Orange and the Duke of Bavaria he quitted the military career and travelled into Italy, where he became acquainted with the famous Galileo at Florence. In 1629 he settled at Amsterdam, where he applied assiduously to the mathematical sciences, particularly dioptrics, in which branch he made very important discoveries. About this period he visited England, and died at Stockholm, whither he had been invited by Christina, queen of Sweden, having had a pension and an estate granted him in 1666. His remains were conveyed to Paris and interred with great pomp in the church of Saint Genevieve.

[5] There was formerly in the Faubourg St. Denis at Paris a very ancient edifice, on the site of which still exists a more modern structure, called *la Chapelle de St. Denis,* built, according to the traditionary legend, upon one of the spots where rested our Saint in his headless progress. It appears probable that in this chapel was formerly displayed as a relic the head of the saint, which, on the day of his annual festival, was publicly shown in a sumptuous case with a small crystal glass on the cover through which the devotee might peep at the pericranium within, and which was reverently kissed by the besotted observers, who, for such permission, dropped a coin in the silver platter of the officiating priest.

[6] Scamander or Scamandros, a celebrated river of Troas rising at the east of mount Ida and falling into the sea below Sigæum. According to Homer, this river was called Xanthus by the gods and Scamander by men.

[7] This sarcasm is levelled against that part of the fifth book of Milton's "Paradise Lost," wherein he states that some of the heavenly host made powder and cannon and with the same hurled legions of angels from the celestial

plains to our terrestrial sphere, while the latter heaped upon their backs and thus transported up to heaven hundreds of mountains with the forests that clothed them, as well as the rivers that flowed therefrom, and that they precipitated mountains, forests and streams upon the artillery of the enemy. This, says the French annotator, is one of the parts of Milton's production which bears upon the face of it the most striking proofs of probability.

CANTO XII.

ARGUMENT.

MONROSE KILLS THE ALMONER.— CHARLES DISCOVERS AGNES, WHO CONSOLED HERSELF WITH MONROSE IN THE CASTLE OF CUTENDRE.

I SWORE to bid the moral theme good night,
Brief to narrate, nor long harangues indite.
What is there love's young god cannot subdue?
A babbler he, my pen unequal, too,
With slender point still scribbles on amain
Those fantasies that strike my feverish brain.
Young beauties, maidens, widows, wives enrolled
Upon his charming banner's ample fold;
Ye who alike his flames receive or darts,
Now tell me, when two glowing youthful hearts,
Equal in talents, merit and in grace,
When both would court you to the fond embrace,
Pressing alike and fanning rapture's fire,
Awakening in the breast each keen desire,
You then a strange embarrassment must own.
To ye was e'er that trifling tale made known,
Of certain ass — such as our schools display;[1]
Near which some person in the stable lay;
Two equal measures, eyes of beast to strike,

In form the same and distant both alike,[2]
The jackass tempted thus on either side,
Pricks up his ears amid the distance wide,
Just in the centre of these loads of hay,
The laws of equilibrium to obey,
And dies of hunger, fearful to make choice:
Of such philosophy ne'er heed the voice,
Deign rather at the self-same time employ
The sexes twain and let them bask in joy,
But take good heed, let nought your life destroy.

Not far removed from this monastic pile,
Polluted, sad, and stained with bloodshed vile,
Where nuns a score that morn from sorrow's spell,
By Amazon had been avenged too well,
Close to the Loire was seen a castle's height,
With drawbridge, loop-holes, watch-towers, fair to sight;
A current level with its margin flowed,
Meandering round this turreted abode,
Encircling, too, four hundred bow shots wide,
The park's defence — its walls in ponderous pride:
A veteran chief, by name, Cutendre known,
As baron claimed this edifice his own;
Each stranger there became a welcome guest.
The ancient lord, whose heart was of the best,
Had made his fort asylum of the land;
All were his friends, or French or English band;
Strangers in coach, in boots, in gaiters 'rayed,
Prince, nun, or monk, or Turk, or priest by trade,

Were welcomed there with amity most true;
But those that came must enter two and two;
For every lord his fantasy will feed,
And this same baron firmly had decreed
That in his castle he would feast each pair,
But never one — such proved his whimsy rare.
When two and two assailed his mansion's gate,
All then went right, but woe betide the fate
Of him, who single sounded at his port;
He badly supped, was fickle fortune's sport;
Till some companion should console his view,
Making that number just — when two make two.

The martial Joan who had reta'en her arms,
Which loudly rattled o'er her robust charms,
Led on toward night, as freshly breathed the air,
(Planning the while) sweet Agnes, tender, fair.
The chaplain, who her steps still close pursued,
Vile Almoner with lustful wish endued,
Gained charitable walls of this retreat.
So when of greedy wolf the grinders meet,
Of bleating lamb the tender velvet skin,
With ardor fraught his banquet to begin,
To escalade the fold he straight aspires:
Thus glowed libidinous the foul desires,
In chaplain ravisher; with eyes in flame,
Pursuing still the remnant of his game,
Torn from possession while he grasped the prey.
He rings, he cries — the mandate they obey;
But seeing only one, the levers straight,

Whose moving powers, as harsh on high they grate,
Force the huge trembling beams to raise amain
Of drawbridge; while so moving winds the chain,
And thus in air the upraised bridge soon stands,
Worked by the veteran baron's own commands.
This sight made priest profane the blessed on high,
As following rising beams with angry eye;
With hands upreared, he strives in vain to speak.
Thus oft a cat from gutter's height will sneak,
To cage descending with intention dire,
Thrusting its eager outstretched paws through wire
Which shields the harmless warbler from its will,
On feathered form it gazes hungry still,
While songster on a perch plumes downy breast.
Our priest with more confusion felt oppressed,
As 'neath some tufted elms his eye descried
A lovely youth with tresses flowing wide,
Brows of dark hue, and upright, open mien,
Bright eyes, soft chin, where yet no beard was seen,
With rosy hue and clad with grace sublime,
Beaming the heavenly tints of blissful prime.
'Twas either love himself, or else my page —
Ah! 'twas Monrose. The day had seemed an age,
Which in research for this new love was spent;
Received in convent, whither first he went;
To those sage nuns his presence there appeared
Charming as angel Gabriel's form revered,
From Heaven descending to deal blessings round.
Viewing Monrose the tender sisters found
Deep vermil tinge their cheeks of rosy dye;

In whispers breathing: " Heavenly Father, why,
When we were ravished, was this youth not by?"
Forming a ring, their tongues incessant go,
They press upon him and no sooner know
That this sweet page in search of Agnes hied,
When straight was given a courser and a guide;
In order that no ill might him befall,
In journeying to Cutendre's castle wall.

Arrived, he sees upon his route appear
The brutal chaplain, standing drawbridge near,
When feeling joy and rage his bosom swell:
"Ah! then 'tis you," he cried, " vile priest of hell!
By Chandos and my soul's salvation now,
And more, by her I swear who has my vow,
That thou shalt expiate thy damning deeds."
The chaplain's wrath his power of speech impedes,
He grasps, all trembling from excess of ire,
Pistol — whose trigger straight he draws to fire;
From flint and steel sparks kindled — bullet hies,
At random whistling as through air it flies,
Pursuing track by hasty aim designed,
Which from its goal unsteady hand inclined.
The page presents — more surely flies the lead,
It strikes the skull — hard and terrific head,
That front whereon the soul's foul sins were read.

Our chaplain fell, the page by conquest blest,
Forthwith experienced in his virtuous breast,

A thrill of soft compassion for his foe.
"Alas!" he cried, "from hence as Christian go;
Te deum say, a dog's own life you've passed,[3]
Of Heaven claim pardon for your sins at last,
Pronounce amen, and for your soul seek grace."
"No," cried our villain of the tonsured race;[4]
"I'm damned, and to the devil I go — good night."
Speaking he died and his perfidious sprite,
To swell the infernal cohort flew outright.

While thus impenitent, this monster hied,
On brimstone flames of Satan to be fried,
The monarch Charles, with sorrow-teeming mind,
Sought everywhere, his mistress lost to find;
He strolled near Loire his mental woes to calm,
Soothed by his confessor's sermonic balm:
'Tis fitting now I give description clear,
That brief a doctor's attributes ye hear,
Who, a young monarch, slave of love's pure creed,
Chose for director of each word and deed.

'Tis one, who to indulgence sets no line,
Who in his hand knows gently to incline,
Of good and eke of ill the scale ne'er even,
Conducting you by pleasing paths to Heaven;
And makes his master, too, in conscience sin,
Alike his tone, his look and gestures win;
Observing all, and soothing each disaster,
The favorite, the mistress, and the master,
Always prepared to spread the soothing plaster.[5]

The confessor of Gallia's gracious sire,
Son of Saint Dominic possessed his fire,
By name good Bonifoux, whose worth I'll sing,
To everybody he was everything.
His lord he thus bespoke, devout of heart:
" How much I pity in you earth's gross part,
Which mastery holds, for fatal is the affair;
Agnes to love, is sinful I declare,
But 'tis a vice to be forgiven with ease,
In ancient times they practised sins like these;
With Jews, who felt for decalogue inflamed,
Old Abraham, sire of faithful people named,
With Agar chose a father's state to share,
His handmaid's eyes were bright, the damsel fair,
Which drew upon her Sara's jealous ire.
With sisters, Jacob tasted Hymen's fire;
The patriarchs all have felt the heavenly glow,
Which from the change of love's warm transports
flow.
Boaz, the veteran, after harvest led
The young and lovely Ruth to his old bed;
And, without counting Bathsheba the belle [6]
Who filled good David's heart with amorous spell,
Amidst the joys of his seraglio fair,
His valiant son, renowned for braids of hair,
One lovely morning by a chance most strange,
With all the flock, enjoyed voluptuous range.
Of Solomon the judgment sage you've heard,
Like oracle, men listened to his word,
Wisest of monarchs, tutored in all things,

He was alike the most gallant of kings.
If you the track of these dear sins pursue,
If love must all your youthful years subdue,
Console yourself — wisdom in turn will reign,
We sin in youth, when old, we grace obtain."

"Ah!" Charley cried, "this lecture's good to con,
But I lag far behind great Solomon;
His joys augment, of pangs my bosom's store,
Three hundred concubines he could adore,
I have but one. Alas! she's mine no more."

Those teardrops which the monarch's eye be-
gemmed,
His plaintive tongue to silence straight condemned,
When turning toward the river's banks his eyes,
On palfrey mounted, trotting hard, he spies
A scarlet cloak, an ample paunch and round;
The judge's band: good Bonneau thus was found.
Now each must own, that after her adored,
Nought to the lover can such bliss afford,
As once more his true confidant to greet;
The breathless monarch 'gan his name repeat;
Crying, "What demon brings thee here, Bonneau?
Where is my love? — Whence cam'st thou? — Let
me know
What spot she graces? — Where her bright eyes
reign?
How shall I find her?—Tell me quick!—Explain!"

To all these questions prompt by Charles proposed,
Anon good Bonneau in their turns disclosed;
How doublet he had been reduced to wear;
How kitchen service eke had been his care;
How he by fraud clandestine, luckily sped,
And as by miracle from Chandos fled,
When all were occupied to join the fight;
How each was in pursuit of Agnes bright;
Omitting nought, he thus the tale went through,
Recounting all; whereas he nothing knew.
He could not fatal history impart,
Of lustful English priest with brutal heart;
The love respectful of young page adored
And convent's sackage by lascivious horde.
Having thus mutual fears explained full well,
And o'er and o'er proceeded griefs to tell,
Cursed England's race and destiny so bad,
They both became than ever still more sad.

'Twas night, and Ursa Major's car on high,
Towards the nadir had his course gone by,
The Jacobin our pensive prince addressed:
"Darkness is near, let memory warm your breast,
That every mortal, prince or monk, thus late,
Should seek some roof where he in happy state
May sup and pass the hours of night away."

Our tristful king, the monk 'gan straight obey
Without reply — and dwelling on his pain,
With head reclined he galloped o'er the plain;

When soon good Charles, the priest, and Bonneau too,
All three made halt with castle's moat in view.

The youthful page who near the drawbridge stood,
Straight having plunged amid the limpid flood,
His foe's dire carcase doomed to realms of night;
Of her for whom he journeyed ne'er lost sight.
He fed in secret on his mental care,
Viewing the bridge that barred him from his fair;
But when by pallid moonbeams he surveyed
The Gallic trio, soon his heart was swayed
By hope's bright impulse, which illumed his mind,
With grace expert and of no common kind,
His name concealing, and his flame still more,
Scarce was he seen — scarce had he breathed his lore,
Ere he inspired a tenderness divine,
He pleased the prince, he pleased the monk benign;
Who with his wheedling cant caressed him bland,
With air devout, while squeezing palm of hand.

The number equal, four thus being made,
Two levers moving to the view displayed;
The bridge descending, while each palfrey's bound,
From massive planks sent forth discordant sound;
Fat Bonneau puffing, out of breath proceeds
Straight toward the kitchen, for he always heeds
The supper hour; while to the self-same place,
The monk advanced, devoutly offering grace.

Charles with the name of simple squire arrayed
Cutendre sought, ere Somnus he obeyed.
The worthy baron, courtesy expressed,
And to his chamber led the royal guest.
Charles now required the balm of solitude,
To feed those pains wherewith he felt imbued;
Agnes he wept; but shedding thus the tear,
He little dreamed her charms reposed so near.

Than him, Monrose the secret better knew,
With art, in converse soon a page he drew,
From whom he learned where Agnes was reposing,
Remembering all, as if with senses dosing.
Just as the wary cat with eager gaze,
Watching the mouse-hole whence the reptile strays,
Softly advancing, earth ne'er feels the beat,
Or owns impression of its velvet feet;
No sooner seen, upon the prey it springs:
Monrose alike, impelled by love's own wings,
With arms extended, onward cautious feels,
Planting the toes, and raising high the heels;
Oh! Agnes, Agnes, he thy chamber gains:
'Fore breeze the straw less swiftly flies o'er plains,
Or sympathetic iron owns attraction,
When by the ruling loadstone put in action,
Than lovely Monrose, on arriving fell
On bended knees beside the couch of *Belle,*
Within whose sheets she had her charms impressed,
To seek the renovating balm of rest;
Neither to utter word had force or time,

The fire electric blazing at the prime.
In an eye's twinkling, one warm amorous kiss,
Their half-closed mouths united straight in bliss;
Their dying eyes the tender fires disclose,
Each soul then floating on the bud of rose;
Their lips while kissing closer contact seek,
And eloquently thus their passions speak;
Mute intercourse, the language of desire,
Enchanting prelude, organ of love's fire;
Which, for a moment to suspend was meet,
Ending this twofold concert: *duo* sweet.

Agnes, impatient, lent her Monrose aid,
Promptly to cast aside day's masquerade.
His cumberous trappings only formed to hide
Of nature's paragon the darling pride,
Which never shocked in golden age man's eyes,
And naked Cupid never would disguise.

Ye gods, what bliss! Is't Flora that discloses
Her love to Zephyr on a bed of roses?[7]
Is't Psyche with embracings Cupid blessing?
Is't Venus, son of Cinyras caressing,
Who clasps him in embrace, from daybeams far,
While madly jealous, sighs the God of War?

Our Gallia's Mars, King Charles, in castle's wall,
With Bonneau sighs, and lets the teardrop fall;
Regretting eats and drinks with sadness 'rayed:
An ancient valet of loquacious trade,

To render gay his highness taciturn,
Informed the king, who nothing sought to learn,
That two bright beauties, one robust and bold,
With raven locks, and mien that Mars foretold;
The other gentle, blue-eyed health disclosing,
Within the castle then were both reposing.
Astonished Charles, suspecting from this strain,
Bade him repeat it o'er and o'er again;
What were the eyes, the mouth, and what the hair,
The converse tender, and the modest air,
Of that loved object which his heart adored:
'Tis her at length — his all in life's restored!
Of this assured, he quits the meal anon,
" Bonneau adieu, for her I must be gone."
He spake, he flew — reckless of noise was he,
Kings have a licence, spurning mystery.

Replete with joy, aloud he cons the word,
Agnes still naming, till the sound she heard;
The amorous pair turned cold on couch of bliss.
The scene was trying, how escape from this?
When lo! the youthful page his card thus played,
Beside the canopy; a niche displayed
The private oratory — pocket altar,
'Fore which the soul that had become defaulter
Might claim for five-pence, monk and crucifix:
Behind this altar, fashioned for such tricks,
Awaiting for its saint, a space was seen,
An alcove covered with a curtain green.
What did Monrose? with happy thoughts impressed,

He, of the sacred spot became possessed;
In form of saint, he took his stand expert
Bereft of mantle, short clothes, and of shirt.
Charles flew, no barrier could his impulse check;
Entering he clasped his loved one round the neck,
And weeping, craved anon those sinful things,
Which charm all lovers, and especially kings.
At such a sight, our curtained saint was shocked,
He made a noise, and straight the altar rocked,—
The prince approaching, then his hand applied;
He felt a body, and retiring cried:
"Love and Saint Francis, Satan lord of night!"
Half overcome by jealousy and fright,
The arras drawing on the altar rich,
With a loud crash the curtain fell 'neath which
That lovely figure had remained concealed,
Which nature in her sportive mood revealed.
His back from modest motives was surveyed,
Which Cæsar without decency displayed
To Nicomedes, when in youthful prime:
That which the Grecian hero in old time,
So much in his Hephestion admired;
That wherewith Adrian himself was fired,
Gracing pantheon, with this nether cheek:
Oh Heaven, great heroes, why were ye so weak?

If the kind reader has not lost the thread
Of my narration, he must bear in head,
That when in camp, my all redoubted Joan,
Traced on the summit of posterior's bone,

With hand conducted by St. Denis keen,
Three lilies, as expert as ere were seen.
This shield—three fleur du luces, rump displaying—
Moved royal Charles, who forthwith fell to praying;
He thought great Beelzebub had played a trick,
Struck with repentance, and with sadness sick.
Sweet Agnes fainted, by her fears enthralled,
When lo! the prince with thought on thought appalled,
Her hand straight seized, exclaiming: "Fly with speed,
Fly, save my belle from fiend, in this sad need."
His monarch's cries — the ghostly monk deplored,
Who with regret, abandoned ample board.
Friend Bonneau breathless gained the chamber too;
Joan wide awakened brandished to the view
That sword o'er which bright victory appeared,
Searching the spot from whence the sound she heard.
Spite of all this Cutendre's baron lay,
Unconscious snoring night's dull round away.

END OF CANTO XII.

NOTES TO CANTO XII.

[1] The scholastic ass thus alluded to by Voltaire was, no doubt, formed in the mould of Butler's erudite hero, of whom we are told that

> "He was in logic a great critic,
> Profoundly skilled in analytic;
> He could distinguish and divide
> A hair 'twixt south and southwest side;
> On either which he would dispute,
> Confute, change hands, and still confute;
> He'd undertake to prove by force
> Of argument, a man's no horse;
> He'd prove a buzzard is no fowl,
> And that a lord may be an owl;
> A calf an alderman, a goose a justice,
> And rooks committeemen and trustees."

[2] The ass quoted by Buridan is the supposition of a philosopher, who states that if a donkey were placed between two bundles of hay perfectly equal in size and deposited at the same distance from him on either side, he would die with hunger; our sage maintaining that the animal would not know of which to make a choice. This proverb is applied to persons of undetermined and irresolute minds.

[3] What may have been the *Te Deum* recommended by Monrose to the Almoner, as his passport to eternity, I will not undertake to define, but the *Te Deum* usually offered up is the chant which Christian princes cause to be sung whensoever they have obtained an advantage over their enemies by causing thousands of their Christian brethren to be slaughtered; being a thanksgiving to the Most High for having accorded them this especial grace, at the same time that they have caused the throats to be cut of an equal number of their own subjects.

[4] Tonsure is an ecclesiastical term, indicatory of the first ceremony requisite in the ordination of a Catholic priest. It is esteemed a sacred operation, and consists in shaving away a portion of the hair on the crown of the head, in form of a circle, which operation initiates a laic into the mystery of vegetating at the expense of the labors of others.

[5] Our poet's description of a kingly Catholic confessor, which we may naturally suppose to be correct, proves that all such characters are endowed with very pliant consciences, and that they possess a salve for every sore; indeed, were it not for this and the implicit confidence placed by crowned heads in such ghostly advisers it would be difficult to imagine from the conduct of monarchs in general that they were gifted with any consciences at all. The Dominican monk who poisoned the Emperor Charles the Sixth with a consecrated wafer had absolved his victim at the confessional on the preceding evening, knowing that he was to receive communion the ensuing day. Be it remembered that the Sforzas and the Medicis had prepared themselves for the commission of their bloody act while at confession. That Louis the Eleventh, the Nero of France, whensoever he committed a crime asked pardon (weeping bitterly) of the small leaden image of the Virgin which he always wore stuck in his bonnet, after which he went to confess and then enjoyed a sound repose; while lastly, we are informed by Strada that the murderer of William the First, Prince of Orange, did not dare undertake the commission of his sanguinary deed until he had first purged his soul at the confessional and partaken of the holy wafer.

[6] In reference to David's lusting after Bathsheba, the wife of Uriah, whom he espied in a bath, and whose husband he caused to be slaughtered, in order to possess her person.

[7] Zephyrus, son of Astreus and Aurora, married a nymph called Chloris or Flora. Zephyr was supposed to produce

flowers and fruits by the sweetness of his breath. Psyche, a lovely nymph, was espoused by Cupid, who conveyed her to a place of ecstatic bliss, where he long enjoyed her society. Cinyras, a name given by the ancients to Adonis, who was the son of Myrrha, daughter of Cinyras, king of Cyprus, by whom she produced Adonis, having become enamored of her father.

CANTO XIII.

ARGUMENT.

DEPARTURE FROM THE CASTLE OF CUTENDRE.— COMBAT BETWEEN JOAN AND JOHN CHANDOS.— SINGULAR LAW OF ARMS, WHERETO THE MAID IS OBLIGED TO SUBMIT.— VISION OF FATHER BONIFOUX, AND THE MIRACLE WHICH SAVES JOAN'S PUDICITY.

'Twas just that brilliant season of the year,
When Sol, to ope anew his bright career
Curtails the night, to lengthen out the day;
Delighted, as he slow expands the ray,
To view the happy climate of our land;
"Till gained the tropic, lo! he takes his stand.
O great St. John, thy festive morn now smiled,
First of all Johns, who preached in desert wild,
Those who of old, with lungs stentorian cried,
Mark ye, salvation's path is open wide,
Precursor bright, thou art my love, my pride.
Another John, of fate had better boon,
Who journeyed to the regions of the moon
With valiant Astolphe; where it was decreed,
(If we a most veracious scribe may heed)
That he the errant wits should set aright,
Of bright Angelica's love-ridden knight.
Restore me mine, John, second of that name,

Thou patron erst of that sweet child of fame;
Who pleased Ferrara's peers with blithesome tales,
Where poignant wit through every page prevails.
Thou who forgavest the sallies terse which he,
In comic couplets, dared address to thee;
Extend thy fostering succor to my song,
I need such aid; for thou well know'st the throng
More stupid is and less indulgent far
Than when bright genius beamed Italia's star
And Ariosto drove the poet's car.[1]
Protect my verse against that rigid train
That hurls its bolts to mar my playful strain;
If sometimes harmless badinage I court,
Come smiling, make my playful theme thy sport;
Too serious am I, when the strains require,
But I would fain my song should never tire.
Direct my pen — and deign before all other,
Give best respects to Denis, his sworn brother.

As onward fiery Joan with ardor hied,
She through a lattice in the park, espied
Twice fifty palfreys, a right glittering troop
Of knights behind, each bearing dame on croup,
And 'squires who wielded in the doughty hand,
The equipage of wars, destructive band;
An hundred bucklers, whence reflecting stream,
Of night's chaste harbinger, the gentle beam;
An hundred golden helms which plumage shade,
And lances tipped with sharp and pointed blade;
And riband knots befringed with gold I ween,

That pendant hung from weapon's point so keen:
Beholding these, Joan firmly judged of course,
Cutendre's towers surprised by British force;
But Joan in this egregiously thought wrong —
To err is easy, amidst war's rude throng;
Our maiden ofttimes saw, and judged amiss,
Yet Denis ne'er corrected her in this.

'Twas not of Albion's sons an hardy band,
Which thus surprised Cutendre's smiling land,
But Dunois, who from Milan safe had flown;
The great Dunois, to Joan of Arc well known;
'Twas la Trimouille, with Dorothy his belle,
So fastly bound in love's and pleasure's spell,
For reasons which she doubtless knew full well.
The fair thus journeyed with her cherished knight,
Trimouille, the tender lover sworn outright,
Who proved to calls of constancy ne'er brittle,
Marshaled by honor, who felt love's darts tittle,
She followed him, nor deigned from truth to stir,
Fearing no more the grand Inquisitor.
Of numbers equal, lo! this glittering train,
To pass the night, entered the walls amain,
Joan thither flew — the King who saw her go,
Conceived she sallied on to brave the foe,
And led by error mocking valor's rage,
Thus left once more his Agnes with the page.

Oh! happy page — and happier ten times o'er,
The King august, full fraught with Christian lore,

Who fervently to Heaven had breathed a prayer,
Whilst thou didst occupy the altar there!
'Twas fitting thou shouldst prompt assume thy clothes,
Thy breeches diapered with *fleur de rose;*
Agnes with timorous hand affording aid,
Which from the toil direct full often strayed.

From ruby mouth how many sighs were sipped
By Monrose, as she thus his form equipped;
While her bright eyes beholding him in dress,
Seemed still desirous of voluptuousness.
Monrose in silence for the park then hied,
As saintly confessor, in secret sighed;
Viewing so sweet a youth in tip-toe action,
Infused a *je ne sais quoi* — a strange distraction.

The tender Agnes then composed her mien,
In eyes, air, port, and speech a change was seen.
To join his monarch Bonifoux was led,
Encouraging, consoling, thus he said:
"Within the niche an envoy from on high,
Came to announce from the supremest sky,
That Albion's baleful power anon will bend,
And Gallia's sufferings straight shall have an end,
That soon must victory the king relieve."
Charles credence yielded, he would fain believe,
The martial Joan supported this address:
"From Heaven," said she, "receive the kind express;

Come, let us, mighty prince, rejoin the camp,
Where your long absence has infused a damp."

Dunois, Trimouille, ne'er discussed the advice,
Each seconding the motion in a trice,
And by these heroes Dorothy outright
Was ushered duteous to the royal sight;
The kiss received, and straight the noble party
Quitted Cutendre's castle, hale and hearty.

How oft does austere Heaven feel merriment glow,
Viewing the passions of us folks below!
To gaze celestial, lo! the plain discovers
This phalanx gay of heroes and of lovers;
The Gallic monarch trotted by his belle,
Who still essayed the tale of faith to tell;
And thus on palfrey's back with motion bland,
Expressed her tenderness by squeezing hand;
And yet, true love's heart-weakness so entrances!
From time to time, on page she cast side glances.
The confessor then followed singing psalms,
To chase from travellers all dire alarms,
Yet paused, beholding such attractions nigh,
Gazing alike with a distracted eye,
On monarch, Agnes, page, his book of prayer
With gold illumined; and on love's choice care,
Trimouille, most brilliant ornament at court,
Ambling by Dorothy in amorous sport;
Whose soul subdued by joy's ecstatic flow,
Confessed the transports of Cytherean glow,

Named him deliverer of her heart oppressed,
The cherished lover, idol of her breast;
Whereto he answered: "When the wars shall cease,
On my estates we'll spend our days in peace;
Oh! object cherished, I'm a fool for you,
When shall we both inhabit dear Poitou?"

Beside them trotted the belligerent Joan,
Great Gaul's support, the stay-laced Amazon;
Whose front was decked with velvet bonnet green,
Enriched with gold, o'er which a plume was seen.
Her strapping charms the donkey fierce bestrode,
Cantering and chatting as with Charles she rode;
The neck oft bridling, as soft sighs within
For Dunois escaped, her helpmate in war's din:
For ever did a thrill her heart subdue,
Remembering he'd stark naked met her view.

Bonneau with patriarchal beard arrayed,
Perspiring, blowing, closed the cavalcade;
Oh! precious servant of so good a king,
His care was such, he thought of everything:
Two mules, of old wine each had store on back,
Fat dainty sausages, long puddings black,
Patties delicious, hams for *gourmands* fitting,
Fowls roasted, or trussed ready for the spitting.

Advancing thus full fraught with love and rage,
John Chandos sought his Agnes and his page;
Who stationed near a wood with sword in hand,

Pounced unexpected on our Gallic band.
John Chandos' troop was martial to behold,
Of Britons fierce and equal numbers told
With train that followed the love-smitten King,
Tho' in the mass it proved a different thing.
No bosoms white were there — eyes kindling fire,
"Oh! oh!" quoth he, in tones of passion dire;
"My gallant Gauls, just objects of my hate,
Three dames you needs must have decreed by fate;
While I, John Chandos, cannot boast e'en one,
Come—we'll to blows, here fortune's wheel shall run,
Deciding which of us in war's fell thunder,
At will shall make his enemies knock under;
Raise battle axe, and place in rest the lance,
Let the most valiant of our troop advance,
And enter lists: so he that conquers seizes,
One of the three, to do just what he pleases."

This offer cynical brave Charles stung keen,
He'd punish, and to advance with spear was seen,
When Dunois thus addressed: "The honor, sire,
Of 'venging you and dames, let me acquire."
He spake, he flew; Trimouille his course impedes,
Each has just claim to share in martial deeds;
Bonneau, who ne'er another's will denied,
Proposed that drawing lots should straight decide.[2]
Thus ancient warriors did, when in its prime
True chivalry proclaimed the heroic time;
E'en nowadays, in some republics still,
Men are decreed the highest posts to fill

From cast of dice — such matters ne'er go ill.
Did I e'en dare, in these my flights so high,
Quote some whom mortal man would ne'er belie,
I'd state that such was Saint Mathias' case,[3]
Who by this means of Judas gained the place.
Fat Bonneau held the box, emitting sighs,
For Charles he feared, he quaked, he cast the dies.

Denis from heavenly rampart, azure space,
Beheld all passing with paternal grace;
On maid and donkey bent his wistful glance,
'Twas he directed what we construe chance,[4]
And proved propitious — Joan obtained the lot;
Joan, it was thine to make that cast forgot,
Hell's game infernal, which the monk erst played,
When raffling for thy charms, celestial maid.

Joan to the monarch sped, to arms then flew,
And modestly behind a hedge withdrew,
To untie petticoats and stays unlace,
That she on limbs her polished arms might brace.
Prepared already by attendant squire,
Her ass then vaulted fraught with glowing fire;
The lance she brandished with a martial ease,
And donkey's sides tight pressed with nervous knees;
Then loud invoked those martyred thousands fair,
Who made the virgin gem so much their care;[5]
But Chandos, worthless Christian, feared no thrall,
Wherefore in fight, he ne'er invoked at all.

John to encounter Joan with fury drove,
Equal the valor was of each that strove;
In iron cased, and barbed the ass and steed,
Goaded by spur, eclipsed the lightning's speed;
'Gainst either hardened head, how dire the stroke,
Front against front, piecemeal the armor broke;
Fire flashed, the coursers' blood with crimson seal,
Dyed flying remnants of the battered steel;
From this fell shock did echo wide resound,
And of the coursers eight hoofs spring from ground,
While either warrior from the saddle bounded,
Pitched on the rump astonished and confounded.
Thus when two cords of equal length made tight,
Attach two balls suspended to the sight,
And in a curve at the same instant darting,
Their speed increasing from the point of starting;
They clash, they flatten at the dreadful knock,
When each remounts urged by impellant shock;
Their weight augmented in a like degree
As each redoubles in velocity.
The gazers judged each courser dead outright,
And either party trembled for its knight;
But Gaul's august protectress, own we must,
Had not the flesh so firm, nor so robust,
Bones knit so fast, muscles or limbs so tight,
As fierce John Chandos, Albion's choicest knight;
Compelled in dread encounter to resign
The equilibrium, central point and line,
Her quadruped, those parts to heaven displayed,
Which Joan unveiled upon the verdant glade;

Her well-turned back, plump limbs, in one word all,
She fell, in short, as maidens ought to fall.

Chandos conceiving that to this dread plight,
He had reduced the King or Dunois' knight;
To view the vanquished on a sudden led,
Withdrew the helm, when he beheld a head,
Where languishing two large black eyes were placed.
Quickly the thongs of breastplate he unlaced:
Oh Heaven! Oh wonder! lo! his optics strike
Two swelling breasts in contour both alike;
Half-globes, soft polished, where two central studs
Arising, vied in glow with coral buds,
Which in its birth the fragrant tree discloses,
That ope's to blushing spring its vermil roses.
'Tis said that then, his voice he deigned to raise,
And for the first time, breathed to Heaven his praise.
" She's mine," he cried, " the boasted maid of Gaul,
Revenge is satisfied, I've doomed her fall;
Grace be to Heaven, I've doubly earned the blow,
Which prostrate lays this haughty beauty low;
Let Denis Saint look down and loud accuse 'em,
My rights are Mars and Love — so thus I use 'em."

His squire exclaimed, " Forward, my lord, proceed,
Establish Britain's throne by this one deed.
In vain would Father Lourdis strike with fear,
Vowing the virgin gem beyond compeer
The grand Paladium; of old Troy the boast,
That sacred shield and guard of Latium's host;

Of victory 'tis the pledge he dares insure,
That oriflamme your prowess must secure." [6]
" Yes," answered Chandos, "and I have in view,
The best of gifts — glory and pleasure too."

Enhorrored, fainting, Joan heard what was said,
While from her lips the invocation fled
To saintly Denis — could she better do?
Dunois, who kept heroic deeds in view,
Would in its course this triumph vile arrest,
Yet how proceed? In every state the test,
Was to submit to combat's stern behest; [7]
Each lance erect and all regards bent low,
With ear abased and wounded with the blow;
The ass celestial languishingly raised
His eye, and all confused on Chandos gazed:
Long had his bosom been love's hidden seat,
He nourished for the maid a flame discreet;
A chastely noble sentimental glow,
But little known to asses here below.

The confessor of Charles trembled with fear,
Listening the speech of Albion's graceless peer;
But for his penitent he dreaded most,
Who for the glory of the Gallic host,
Which had been impudently slurred with shame,
Might wish with Agnes to perform the same;
And that Trimouille at Dorothea's touch,
Would also imitate, and do as much.

At an oak's base he 'gan his saint oration,
And breathed internally his meditation,
On nature, cause, effect of that which we
Deem gentle sin, but ne'er term lechery.
While thinking deep, our Benedictine monk
A dream beheld as in a trance he sunk,
Resembling much that visionary view,
Of Jacob blessed for having spoke untrue;
Whom gain and envy once induced to sin,
Vending like Jew his buck with hairy skin.[8]

Old Jacob famed! O mystery sublime!
Euphrates near, one night upon a time,
Thou sawest a thousand rams for rutting stray,
With ewes prepared their pleasure to obey.
The monk beheld by far more pleasing sights,
He saw to act the self-same feats in flights,
Rush on of future times a host of knights;
The several bright attractions o'er he scanned,
Of those rare beauties who in warfare bland
Enlinked the masters of the earth debased,
Each at her hero's side in order placed,
With Paphian bonds their willing slaves they bound;
As when with Flora, Zephyr breathes around,
And vernal months their genial empire hold;
When feathered choirs of varied tints and gold
With tender courtings wave the leafy spray,
The butterflies embrace on flowerets gay,
And lions seek the deep umbrageous green
To join their mates, no longer savage seen.

'Twas then he saw First Francis truly royal,[9]
A monarch ever brave and knight most loyal,
Who haply felt in chains of Anne relieved,[10]
From other chains on Pavia's plains received.[11]
Fifth Charles with laurel there, and myrtle view,[12]
Serving the Flemish fair and Moorish too.
Good Heaven, what kings! One this fond game would nurse,
So got the gout; the other gained what's worse.
Near charming Dian, play the smiles and graces[13]
To love's soft movements, as in fond embraces
She rocks her Second Henry into rest,
Who sinks, o'ercome, strained closely to her breast.
Heir fickle of Ninth Charles next mounts the stage,
Who laughing leaves his Chloris for a page,[14]
Heedless of warfare which Parisians wage.[15]
But ah! what feats our friar's vision told,
When Borgia's amorous pastimes stood enrolled;
Countless, Sixth Alexander, were thy fights,[16]
As void of triple crown love led thy flights
Thus with Vanoza passing hours serene;
Then mark again his holiness was seen,
For offspring breathing lover's tender thrall.
O thou Tenth Leo, — and sublime Third Paul,[17]
All monarchs ye surpassed at this dear game,
All save great Henry — greater still in fame,[18]
That valiant conqueror of the rebel league,[19]
Hero far better known by fond intrigue,
By pleasures tasted with fair Gabrielle's charms,[20]
Than twenty years of great exploits in arms.

Anon, the choicest sight of all appears,
Age of rare miracles — bright hundred years;
Great Louis and his sumptuous court now move,[21]
Where all the arts were taught by blooming love.
Love reared the structure of Versailles renowned;
By love the dazzled multitude was crowned,
From flowery couch, he formed great Louis' throne,
Spite of the yells of Mars and battle's groan;
Love, to the chief and sun, of all his court,
Led the most charming rivals to resort,
All were impatient, all on fire were seen,—
Thy niece, with eyes celestial, Mazarine;
The generous Vallière, and the tender too;[22]
La Montespan more ardent, proud, than you,[23]
One yielding to ecstatic rapture's power,
The other waiting pleasure's promised hour.

Now mark the Regency; licentious time,
Auspicious era — lust was then in prime,[24]
As folly tinkling loud her bells in hand,
With lightsome step, tripped over Gallia's land,
Where to devotion not a soul was prone,
And every act save penitence was known.
The Regent from his Palais Royal's Hall,
Gives signal of voluptuousness to all;
This charming bidding, you responsive greet,
Young Daphne — you that rule the courtier's suite,
From 'midst the Luxembourg responses send,
You whom the god of feast and Bacchus tend
To couch of bliss, love serving you as page.

Here let me pause; for of this latter age,
I dare not point in verse the semblance true,
These flattering charms too potent ills pursue.
Time present as the Lord's own ark we see,
Who dares invade it with a touch too free,
By vengeful wrath divine is punished soon,
Condemned to suffer the lethargic swoon.
I will be mute — yet reader, might I dare
Of belles that live, I'd trace the fairest fair
Of tender creatures — noble, touching, — you
More generous are, than Agnes — and more true;
Before your round, plump knees, Ah! might I dare,
That incense breathe, which Venus well might share,
If I love's weapons in due order laid,
If I the soft, the tender link displayed;
If I exclaimed — peace, I'll say nothing — no,
All praise of mine would rate your charms too low.

At length the monk entranced of sable hue,
Beheld at pleasure what I dare not view,
Though ever modest with an eager eye,
The heavenly spectacle his orbs descry;
Those noble lovers, and those beauties hidden,
Pleasures at once delightful and forbidden.
"Alas!" said he, "if guided by one star,
The mundane great in pairs pursue this war,
If all that's earthly yields to those decrees,
Ought I to moan if Chandos on his knees
Before the brunette seeks love's course to run?
Of Heaven above, the saintly will be done."

Fainting with bliss, "Amen," the monk then said,
Hoping to taste the joys of vision fled.

But distant was it from St. Denis' thought,
That he should see performed what Chandos sought;
That Joan and France should hear destruction's word.
Friend reader, thou hast doubtless sometimes heard,
That short-clothes anciently by tags were braced,[25]
A dreadful custom this, and much misplaced,
Which never saint should use, unless indeed,
No other means were present in their stead.
To ice the wretched lover's fire is turned,
His powers by impotence become inurned,
Surprised with efforts to find vigor sink,
Consuming thus, at pleasure's very brink:
So with the flower that scorching rays hath spent,
Its head reclining, and its stalk low bent;
That seeks in vain moist vapors to inhale,
And waft its fragrance to the passing gale;—
Such was the method Denis took to blight
The valiant Briton in his conquest's right.

Joan thus escaped, to her conqueror's sore cost;
Regained those senses, which himself had lost;
Then cried with terrible imposing tone:
"Invincible thou art not — straightway own,
Thou seest that here, 'mid war's most noble glow,
Thy saint hath left thee, and thy steed laid low,
On other ground I'll vengeance take for Gaul,

Saint Denis wills, and I'll requite this thrall;
Lo! here I challenge thee and Albion's powers,
To combat in the face of Orleans' towers."
Whereto bold Chandos said: " My fair, I wot,
Thou'lt find me there, whether a maid or not;
Vigorous St. George shall aid my gallant throng,
And there I promise to requite my wrong."

END OF CANTO XIII.

NOTES TO CANTO XIII.

[1] Ludovico Ariosto, the renowned Italian poet, was born at the Castle of Reggio in Lombardy in 1474. He was patronized by the Cardinal d'Este, through whose interest he obtained several employments. He afterwards entered into the service of Alfonso, Duke of Ferrara, by whom he was appointed Governor of Grassingnana. The most famous poem of Ariosto is entitled *"Orlando Furioso."* Some comedies of Ariosto were performed in the hall of Ferrara before the duke and his court. In 1533 he was honored with the laurel crown by the Emperor Charles V., and died the same year. Angelica is the name of the mistress of Orlando.

[2] Examples of drawing lots are very frequently found in Homer, and among the Hebrews they also divined in the same manner, since we are told that the place of Judas was decided by drawing lots, and in Venice, Genoa and other states many elevated dignities and employments used to be distributed by having recourse to the same expedient.

[3] After Judas had betrayed his Master it was necessary that a disciple should be elected to fill his place, whereupon two personages were put in nomination: Joseph, called Barsabas, surnamed the Just, and Matthias; upon which they all went to prayer, saying: "Lord, thou who readest the hearts of men, make known unto us which of these two thou hast chosen to become thine apostle, from which honor Judas by his crime is fallen, in order that he might go to his own place;" after which they gave forth their lots, when the lot fell upon Matthias, who became in consequence numbered with the eleven apostles.

[4] Chance, hazard, or fate, were species of divinations commonly decided among the ancients by means of dice

whereon were graven some characters or words, the explanation of which were found on tablets written for that purpose by the priests who presided over the oracles of their divinities, which were so arranged as to deceive the credulous multitude. In some temples these dice were thrown by the individuals themselves, while in others they were drawn from an urn; from whence is derived that mode of expression so common among the Greeks, "the chance is fallen."

[5] Alluding to the festival celebrated by the Catholics in honor of St. Ursula and her companions, reputed to have been of the number of the eleven thousand virgins massacred by the Huns at the city of Cologne. We are led to surmise that there exists a trifling mistake in the acceptation of the reading in the ancient ritual, where we find it thus recorded, "XI. M. V.," which was simply intended to express "eleven martyred virgins." Father Sirmond conjectured that among these sufferers were found Saints Ursula and Undecimilla, V. M.; therefore, instead of the last-mentioned virgin's name, they rendered it undecim millia, meaning "eleven thousand." At all events it was enough to lose eleven gems of such extreme rarity even at that remote period.

[6] This oriflamme, so much vaunted by Lourdis, and before mentioned in canto the second, was originally the banner of the monks of St. Denis, being a species of pointed flag of red taffeta without embroidery or ornament, severed at the end in two places, thus forming three tails, being edged round with green silk and affixed to the point of a gilded lance; from whence, according to Ducange, it derived the name of *oriflame;* that is to say *or* (gold) from the color of the lance, and *flame* from the fiery dye of the taffeta. The oriflamme was carried by the fraternity of St. Denis in their processions, and in the partial wars which they had to sustain against those who sought to infringe upon the rights of their church. The Counts of Vexin, who were chosen for their champions, received this banner at the altar of the holy martyrs whenever

they sallied forth upon one of these military expeditions, and brought it back with great pomp when the campaign was terminated. Philip the First having united the estates of the Counts of Vexin to the crown, the French monarchs from this union contracted the same engagements towards the Abbey of St. Denis, and the custom was to receive this holy standard from the hands of the abbot, kneeling, uncovered, after having offered devotions to Our Lady of Paris in the Church of the Gallic Apostle. It was sometimes carried by the kings, wound around their bodies without being unfurled to public view. Louis the Fat was the first monarch who went to take the oriflamme in grand ceremony at the altar of St. Denis. His successors insensibly accustomed themselves to use it, and thus by degrees it became the principal standard of the kingdom.

[7] The first mention made of a duel in history is at the period of the second Punic war, when two Spanish princes desired the permission of Scipio that they might determine their respective right of succession to the dominion of their ancestors by single combat. It was anciently believed that heaven only granted victory to such as had the best right, and such duels were equally practised in civil as in criminal cases. A very curious account of the forms resorted to upon these occasions is to be found in the ancient *"Coutumier de Normandie."* The accuser swore to the truth of his accusation, to which the party accused gave the lie, whereupon both cast their pledges of defiance, being a glove, a gauntlet or a cap, from which moment both the champions were held as prisoners until the day of combat. These duels were interdicted by Philip the Bel in 1303, notwithstanding which the Parliament of Paris decreed a similar combat between two noblemen in 1386, and in 1547 Henry the Second permitted the combat in his presence between Jarnac and Chataigneraye. The defendant had the choice of arms and if he was not vanquished before sunset he was absolved and regarded as the victor. This abuse was so much tolerated in ancient times that even bishops and ecclesiastical judges ordered the duel in doubtful and intricate cases.

[8] Our author here alludes to the artifice which Jacob practised when, assisted by his mother, Rebecca, he personated his brother Esau by placing on the back of his hands and the smooth part of his neck the skins of the kids of the goats, by which means Isaac, being blind and conceiving him to be his first-born from the touch, accorded him his blessing, and with it the birthright of his elder brother, Esau.

[9] Francis the First, so famous for having been the patron of men of letters, ascended the throne of France in 1515, at the age of twenty-one, and died in 1547. By the above line Voltaire alludes to the fate of this monarch, who is supposed to have fallen a sacrifice to the jealousy of the husband of one of his mistresses. He was a hatter by trade, who got himself purposely impregnated with a certain disease, which was communicated by his wife to Francis, who, as well as his mistress, not being aware of the nature of the malady which preyed upon them, became both the sacrifices. In the gallery of the Louvre is an original portrait of this famous lady from the pencil of the justly celebrated *Leonardo da Vinci*, universally known by the appellation of *La Belle Ferronière*.

[10] Anne de Pisseleu, Duchess of Estampes, and wife of the Duke of Estampes, was one of the mistresses of Francis the First, who carried on a secret correspondence with the Emperor Charles the Fifth, making him acquainted with the state of the French armies as well as the kingdom, by which means the latter gained the greatest advantages and nearly accomplished the ruin of France. Upon the death of the king this intriguing woman retired to her country seat, where she ended her days in 1576.

[11] Alluding to the famous battle of Pavia, gained by the Emperor Charles the Fifth over the French forces, in which conflict Francis was made prisoner.

[12] Charles the Fifth, emperor of Germany and king of Spain, was born at Ghent in 1500, and succeeded his

grandfather Ferdinand in the kingdom of Spain in 1516, and to the empire on the demise of Maximilian in 1519. For the latter title Francis the First contested, which was the origin of a violent war in 1521. Charles entered into a league with Henry the Eighth of England and after several important battles Francis was taken prisoner, and a peace was concluded in 1529, when Charles, directing his forces against Africa, took Goletta, vanquished Barbarossa, and entering Tunis re-established Muly Hassan upon the throne. After directing his armies anew against France, from whence he was obliged to retire and ratify a peace in 1538, and attempting the conquest of Algiers, where his fleet was dispersed in a hurricane, the emperor returned in disgrace. Charles then leagued once more with England against France, but fortune proving no longer favorable he entered into a treaty in 1545, when the protestant princes of Germany, confederating against him, obtained liberty of conscience for those of that religion, and in 1556 he resigned his crown to his son Philip, retired to a monastery in Estremadura, where he employed the residue of his days in religious exercises, mechanical pursuits and gardening, and terminated his extraordinary career in 1558.

[13] Diana of Poitiers, Duchess of Valentinois, was born in 1500, for whom the attachment of Henry the Second commenced while he was yet dauphin, notwithstanding she had been the mistress of his father, Francis the First, and had attained a certain age when Henry became captivated by her charms. The extraordinary beauty of this lady, the excellence of her wit, and the profoundness of her judgment had already rendered her celebrated, and on becoming the monarch's favorite, who adored her to distraction, she filled the post of his private adviser, so that in a very short space of time the change in public affairs became such as to afford incontestible proof of the extent of her mental powers. The reign of Henry the Second was that of Diana of Poitiers, and from this epoch all regards were directed towards this princess; those who resided at court, on account of her grace and beauty,

but still more from the agreeable turn of her wit, seemed envious of their monarch's happy destiny. Everyone attracted towards her by manners, at the same time noble and decorous, disputed the enviable honor of serving her as squire. The palaces, the mansions of individuals, the armor worn by knights, the articles of household furniture, the utensils used for domestic purposes, and even the churches, were decorated with amorous cyphers showing those sentiments which were entertained by the king towards a woman who was well deserving of his whole affection. On the demise of Henry the Duchess of Valentinois immediately retired to her mansion, called d'Anet, where she died on the 26th of April, 1566.

[14] Henry the Third had many youthful favorites who were denominated his *mignons,* but whether they acted in the same capacity as Hephestion did to Alexander, which seems to be implied by the poet, does not become us to inquire.

[15] The historic fact adverted to by Voltaire was the triumphal entry of the Duke of Guise into Paris in 1587, where he was received with rejoicings equal to those lavished upon the monarch himself, which excited the jealousy of the king, who, in order to restrain the ambition of the duke, invested the chief avenues of the city, upon which the populace, instead of being appeased, took the alarm and immediately barricades were raised in all the streets, so that in order to insure his personal safety Henry retired, leaving the Duke of Guise absolute master of the seditious populace, the Bastille and all the great outlets of the city.

[16] Pope Alexander the Sixth was born at Valencia in Spain in 1431. His original name was Roderic Borgia, and his mother was sister of Calixtus the Third, by whom he was elevated to the dignity of a cardinal in 1455. On the death of Innocent the Eighth his intrigues procured his election by the Conclave, though he had then four sons and a daughter by a Roman lady named Vanoza, while Lucrecia, his child, passed for being his own mistress, as well as

the concubine of his brother. His son, Cæsar Borgia, was a monster of wickedness and equally depraved with himself, as there is scarcely a detestable crime of which these profligate wretches have not been accused. Providence at length interposed and punished them by the same means they had prepared to effect the ruin of another. In 1503 the Pope and his son attempted to poison a wealthy cardinal in order to possess themselves of his riches, when, by a mistake of the butler, they drank the wine intended for their victim, from the effects of which Alexander expired almost immediately, but Borgia slowly recovered, only to die by the hand of an assassin some time afterwards.

[17] John de Medicis, afterwards Pope Leo the Tenth, was born at Florence in 1475, and when only eleven years of age was installed an archbishop by Louis the Eleventh of France, and at fourteen Julius the Second invested him with the dignity of legate, in which capacity he served in the army which was defeated by the French near Ravenna in 1512, upon which occasion he was taken prisoner, but the soldiers showed the most superstitious veneration for his person as the representative of the Pope. In 1513 Leo was raised to the papal chair, when his coronation was celebrated with unusual pomp. He was extremely fond of magnificence, had a taste for literature, and was a liberal patron of men of learning and genius, particularly poets; and, if the unbiassed biographers of his life may be credited, there is little doubt but he indulged in those pleasures which were interdicted by his function as head of the Catholic Church, and to which Voltaire refers in the above line. Leo formed two great projects. One was to effect a general association of the Christian powers against the Turks, and the other the completion of Saint Peter's Church at Rome. To effect these points he issued plenary indulgences, which, being carried into Germany, occasioned the secession from the Romish Church commenced by Luther, whom the Pope anathematized. In 1520 a war also broke out between the Emperor Charles the Fifth and Francis the First of France, who both courted the

alliance of the Pope, and were both deceived by the Italian *finesse* of his Holiness, who amused either monarch with promises never intended to be ratified. Leo the Tenth died of a fever in 1521, and, notwithstanding his faults, was possessed of those eminent qualifications which justly entitle him to the character of a great man. Alexander Farnese was elected to the papal chair in 1534, under the name of Paul the Third, previous to which elevation he had a daughter who was united to Bosio Sforce, and a son named Peter Lewis Farnese, whom he created Duke of Parma and Placentia by retrenching those cities from Saint Peter's patrimony. Under this pontificate the Council of Trent was called, the Inquisition was established, the society of the Jesuits was confirmed, the interim of Charles the Fifth was condemned, and Henry the Eighth of England was most rigorously treated. Paul died in 1539, aged eighty-two.

[18] Henry the Fourth, surnamed the Great, was born at Pau, the capital of Bearn, in 1553. His father was Anthony of Bourbon, King of Navarre, and his mother Joan d'Albert. He was descended from Louis the Ninth of France, and thereby became heir to that kingdom, but being educated in the Protestant persuasion his claim was resisted. Henry early distinguished himself for feats of arms, and after the peace of Saint Germain in 1570 was taken to the French court, and two years afterwards married Margaret, sister of Charles the Ninth, at the rejoicings upon which occasion was perpetrated the infamous massacre of Saint Bartholomew. In 1576 he quitted Paris and put himself at the head of the Huguenots. He succeeded to the throne of Navarre in 1572, and to that of France in 1589; but, his religion proving an obstacle against his coronation, he consented to abjure it in 1593. Henry issued the famous edict of Nantes, granting toleration to the Protestants, in 1595, and the same year entered into a war with Spain, which lasted until 1598, when France enjoyed an uninterrupted peace until his death. His abjuration was very obnoxious to the Protestants, and by no means satisfactory

to the opposite party, who were doubtful of his sincerity. His greatest enemies were the Jesuits, one of whose pupils wounded him in the mouth when attempting his life, which was ultimately sacrificed by Ravillac on the 14th of May, 1610. Henry certainly merited the name of Great, for his constant study was the prosperity and happiness of his people, and he would have been faultless had his heart proved as callous to the attacks of love as it was insensible to the impulse of vengeance. But the predominant passion of this prince was his devotion to numerous mistresses, which greatly obscured by this bad example the brilliancy of his acknowledged virtues.

[19] The famous League was projected by the Cardinal of Lorraine while his nephew, Henry of Lorraine, the adored of the people, was commander-in-chief of the rebel forces; the plea of the Leaguers being to defend the Catholic faith against the Protestant party. The association having its origin in Paris, where they caused to be spread among the most zealous inhabitants the project of *A Union for the defence of Religion, the King, and the safety of the State,* by which was intended no less than the oppression of the monarch and his government by the arms of fanaticism. Henry the Third, wearied with the insolence of the chiefs of this cabal, caused the Duke of Guise, the cardinal, and Louis his brother to be assassinated; but these acts, far from putting a stop to the excesses of the Leaguers, rather tended to increase the sanguinary struggle which for so long a period spread fire, sword and devastation throughout the kingdom.

[20] Among the numerous mistresses who enslaved the versatile heart of Henry the Fourth none ever possessed so great a hold as the lovely Gabrielle d'Estrées, sister of Francis Hannibal d'Estrées. It was in 1591 that he for the first time beheld her at the Castle of Cœuvres, where she resided with her father, at which interview he was so touched with her figure and the sprightliness of her wit that he resolved she should thenceforth rank as his favorite mistress. He once assumed the disguise of a

peasant and passed the guards of his enemies in order to procure an interview, though at the imminent hazard of his liberty and life, and in order to see her more freely he caused her to espouse Nicholas d'Amerval, Lord of Liancourt, with whom she did not cohabit; and to such a degree did he adore her that, although married, he resolved to make her his at the altar. It was under this idea that Gabrielle engaged her lover to embrace Catholicism in order that he might obtain the Pope's bull which should annul his marriage with Margaret of Valois. To effect this she made every effort, in conjunction with the king, to do away with the obstacles that impeded their union, but the unfortunate death of Gabrielle in 1599 severed the difficulty. It is supposed that she was poisoned by Zamet, the wealthy financier. One thing, however, is certain: that she expired in the most horrible convulsions, so that the countenance of this female, one of the most lovely of her age, was so completely changed the day after her demise as to be no longer recognizable. Henry created Gabrielle Duchess of Beaufort, and had three children by her.

[21] Louis the Grand Monarch, who appears to have been gratified by subduing all obstacles that were raised to oppose his career, found the spot whereon this celebrated palace stands admirably calculated to forward his views. He converted the village of Versailles into a city and reared the magnificent edifice which unites the finest productions of taste and art with a degree of splendor unexampled in modern times, the whole having been accomplished in the short space of seven years, during the period of a war which might have been thought sufficiently ruinous in itself to have exhausted the resources of the most flourishing nation in the universe.

[22] Louisa Frances de la Baume le Blanc, Duchess of Vallière, was educated to be maid of honor to Henrietta Maria, Queen of England, first wife of Philip, Duke of Orleans. She was distinguished in early life for her great knowledge and a manner of conducting herself very opposite

to that pursued by young ladies of her age; yet, notwithstanding the virtuous turn of her mind, her heart was particularly tender and sensitive, and it was that sensibility which betrayed her; for on first beholding Louis the Fourteenth she became desperately in love with him. The monarch, being made acquainted with her sentiments, returned her affections, and during two years she was the hidden object of all the gallant amusements and *fêtes* given by the king, at which period he created her Duchess of Vallière. The influence, however, which she possessed, did not lead her to interfere with the cabals of the court or state affairs, confining herself to acts of charity and private pursuits that conferred honor upon her intellect. Prior to the year 1669 the duchess became aware that Madame de Montespan had acquired an ascendancy over the king's affections — a conviction which she supported with admirable tranquillity till 1675, at which period she entered the Carmelite Sisterhood at Paris, performing the most painful austerities with a devotion almost unparalleled, and in 1710 she died, under the name of Sister Louisa of Mercy. She had a son, created Duke de Vermandois, and a daughter, named de Blois, who was married to the Prince de Conti.

[23] Madame de Montespan was wife of the marquis of that name, and one of the celebrated mistresses of Louis the Fourteenth, over whom she acquired a complete ascendancy, which she maintained until that monarch became attached to the famous Madame de Maintenon. The Marchioness de Montespan had children by the king, one of whom became Duke of Maine. She died in 1717.

[24] Philip, Duke of Orleans, was Regent of France during the minority of Louis the Fifteenth, at which period the licentiousness and debauchery of the court were so flagitious that, were it not for numerous historians of that time whose veracity may be depended upon, the disgusting scenes hourly enacted would rather be considered as the ebullitions of romance than the unvarnished delineations of facts as they really occurred.

[25] It was anciently the custom to wear short clothes attached with tagged points, wherefore it was said of a man who had not been able to perform his duty, that "his tag was knotted." It has been allowed from all antiquity that sorcerers possess the power of preventing the consummation of the marriage rites, which was called knotting the tag. The fashion of tagged points was exploded in the reign of Louis the Fourteenth, at which period buttons first came into vogue.

CANTO XIV.

ARGUMENT.

AFFRONT OFFERED BY JOHN CHANDOS TO THE DEVOUT DOROTHY. —COMBAT BETWEEN TRIMOUILLE AND CHANDOS.— THE VALIANT CHANDOS DIES BY THE HAND OF DUNOIS.

O! THOU voluptuousness, in whom we see
Nature's true source — Venus' bright deity,
By Epicurus erst in grace revered,
'Fore whom, through chaos, darkness disappeared,
Giving fecundity and life's warm glow,
Felicity and sentiment, nay all below
By multitudes possessed — life's flowing tide,
At thy command new born, revivified:
Thou, painted as disarming in thine arms
Great Jove and Mars, the god of dire alarms;
Thou, whose sweet smile can lull the thunder's dint,
Becalm the air, and 'neath whose foot's light print,
Soft pleasures spring that all the earth control —
Goddess descend; of blissful days the soul;
Come in thy car, surrounded by the loves,
While, with their downy wings, thy constant doves
Awake the zephyrs that afford thee shade,
As billing through the floods of air they wade:
Come, heat the world with thy pacific toils,
Come, let thy voice dispel all doubts and broils,

Dreadful *ennui,* than those more noxious ill,
Perverse and squint-eyed Envy — blacker still;
Be plunged eternally in hell's domain,
Forever bound in adamantine chain.
Be all on fire; uniting at thy call,
Let universal love control us all,
To flames our code and flimsy laws consign,
We only follow one; and that is thine.

In safety, tender Venus, onward lead
The monarch ready for his France to bleed;
Conduct remote from perils at his side
Agnes, in whom his bosom's throbs confide,
In earnest, for those lovers I entreat:
For Joan of Arc, no invocation's meet,
She's not yet subject to thy charming sway,
St. Denis guides the tenor of her way,
A maiden she, the saint her patron friend;
To thy dear favors, let me recommend
Trimouille the courtly, and his Dorothy,
Let peace reward their sensibility;
May she no pangs of separation bear,
But always own her true knight's fostering care,
Nor ever feel dire persecution's fate,
To foes consigned, who vowed eternal hate.

And be thou, Comus, Bonneau's due reward;[1]
To him *Bon Touranceau* thy gifts accord,
He, who pacific truce knew how to end,
'Twixt cynic Chandos, and King Charles his friend;

He planned most dexterously each force should bide
On either margin of the current's tide,
That no reproach or quarrel should ensue,
To right or left, Loire's stream between the two.
He to the British force his cares made known,
Rendering their manners, tastes, and wants his own;
In gravy swimming, was the huge sirloin,
Plum puddings moistened with the Garonne's wine;
All these were tendered, and more dainty meats,
Ragouts and piquant sauces; gourmands' treats;
And red-legged partridges the table's blisses,
For sovereign Charles and fair ones, dainty dishes.
The fierce John Chandos having quaffed his drink,
Proceeded onward by the Loire's clear brink,
Swearing the first time he could Joan attain,
He'd use the rights of such as victory gain;
Attending which, with him his page he led.
Joan now returned with courage newly fed,
Incontinent her station took with pride,
Placed at the gallant Dunois' martial side.

The Gallic king with guard in bright blue gear,
Agnes in front, the Confessor in rear;
Had now a league proceeded on their way,
O'er verdant meads, bedecked with flowrets gay;
By limpid Loire, its banks extending wide,
Tranquil in current, changeful in its tide.

On boats appeared, supporting half-worn planks,
A bridge, that served to join the river's banks,

In front a chapel on the margin stood;
'Twas Sabbath-day! — In sandal, hermit's hood,
A form appeared — chanting like priest amain
The mass — a child replying to the strain.
The matin service Charles and his escort
Had heard, before they left Cutendre's fort;
But Dorothy must now hear two at least,[2]
Her faith in Heaven's behest so much increased,
Since righteous fate of innocence the shield,
Had chosen bastard Dunois for the field;
Protector of that truth which love delights,
She soon dismounting, set her coats to rights,
With holy water from three fountains signs
Her front; and most submissive knee reclines;
Hands then she joins, and bending neck towards ground,
The holy hermit as he turned around,
Dazzled, and master of himself no more,
Instead of singing out the missal's lore,
Fratres oremus — awed by beauty's spell;
Naught could he chant, save: — *Fratres, qu'elle est belle.*

Chandos the chapel entered, much more fraught
With love of pastime, than a zealous thought;
His front erect, the head he slightly bent
To Trimouille's beauty, on the lord intent,
Still whistled, passing and again repassed;
Behind the belle he knelt him down at last,
Ne'er uttering word of *ave,* or of *pater,*

As heart that owned Redeemer and Creator.
With air enchanting, and with look benign,
Knelt Dorothy, impelled by grace divine,
Her front to earth, her bottom reared full high,
Short coats were raised from inadvertency,
Offering to Chandos' sight, who gazed intent,
Two legs uncovered, whereto love had lent
Form, contour, and in short the whole design,
The ivory's lustre — Dian, such were thine,
Which erst Acteon famous hunter viewed.
Chandos whose mind no orison imbued,
Felt in his heart a most profane desire,
Without respect for sacred spot or choir,
He dared his hand most insolently glide
'Neath coats that veiled the satin's lily pride.
I cannot with a cynic's pencil draw,
To strike the sage and modest sight with awe
Of every reader; nor to mind retail,
Of daring Chandos, the audacious tale;
But Trimouille, having seen his fair retire,
Dear object mastered by love's potent fire,
Forth to the chapel straight his steps inclined —
Ah! whither will not love conduct the mind?
Trimouille arrived, just as the priest turned round,
And Chandos insolent, his rude hand found,
Near the most perfect of all backs below,
As fainting Dorothy, with terror's glow,
Emitted piercing screams; loud, echoing wide.
Fain would I have some modern painter guide
His pencil to portray this touching scene,

And trace of objects four, on every mien,
The fell astonishment that mantled there —
With cries the knight of Poitou rent the air:
"What durst thou, most discourteous chief?"
quoth he.
"Unbridled Briton, can thine imfamy
These holy walls with profanation blast?"
With bantering air, as haughty look he cast
Adjusting dress — when near the door he drew,
Fierce Chandos said: "What is it, sir, to you?
Of this same church are you the sexton, pray?"
"I'm more, a Frenchman, and my faith obey,
I rank the well-beloved of this bright fair,
And deal forth vengeance on those heads that dare
Her fame attack." "To malice some are prone,
Well might you at this juncture risk your own,"
The Briton cried; "of us, each one can see
The full extent of his capacity;
And therefore, when John Chandos wills, he may
Ogle a back, but ne'er his own display."

For jeering Briton, and the handsome Gaul,
Were steeds caparisoned for combat's thrall;
From Squires, both ready for the hostile field,
Receive the spiral lance and orbed shield;
In saddle vaulting and in rapid course,
Pass and repass in tiltings' furious force,
Nor tears, nor sighs of Dorothy can charm,
Or check the blow of either's direful arm.
Her tender lover cried: "My charmer true,

I combat to avenge, or die for you."
Too wrong he judged — his valor and his lance
Glittered in vain for tender love and France.

Twice having pierced John Chandos' battered mail,
And well assured that victory would not fail;
His palfrey stumbled, rolling o'er his corse,
And plunging, struck his casque with dreadful force;
Inflicting on his front an ample wound,
A crimson tide bedewed the verdant ground.
The hermit running, sought in death to bless,
In Manus cried and wooed him to confess;
Oh! Dorothy; Oh! most unheard-of grief,
Beside him robbed of motion, life, relief,
Thou gavest thy soul to dire despair's sad bent;
But ah! what said'st thou, when thy tongue found vent?
" 'Tis I have killed thee then! — sweet love, 'tis I,
The faithful partner of thy destiny,
Who never should thy side revered have left,
For quitting thee, of comfort I'm bereft;
This sainted chapel must my misery prove,
At once a traitor to Trimouille and love,
Seeking to hear two masses in one day;"
And as she spoke, melted in tears away.

Chandos at his success, gave vent to jeers,
" My pink of Frenchmen, flower of cavaliers,
And also you, devoutest Dorothy,

Adoring couple, shall my prisoners be,
Of knightly combats, 'tis the law's decree.
Some fleeting moments Agnes was my prey,
And 'neath me conquered, Joan, the maiden lay.
I must avow that ill I did my duty,
I' faith I've blushed, but now with you, my beauty,
What's lost I will retake, as here I live,
And he Trimouille shall his opinion give."

The hermit, knight, and Dorothy with fear,
Tremble all three such horrid threats to hear:
So to a cavern's depth when dreads oppress,
By fear confounded flies the shepherdess;
Her flock in trembling owns the rueful cause,
The poor dog struggling in the wolf's fell jaws.

But Heaven's all just, though in its vengeance slow;
Such insolence could not unpunished go;
Redoubled sins of Chandos ne'er abated,
So many blushing maidens violated,
Blasphemy, impiousness, repentance scoffed;
These crimes in Heaven's dread scale heaped oft and oft,
Were by the angel weighed of death supreme.
The great Dunois from t'other side the stream,
Witnessed the combat and the overthrow
Of La Trimouille, a female bending low,
Who fainting, clasped him in her fond embrace;
The hermit hard by muttering prayers of grace,

And Chandos cantering near his lovely prize;
Beholding this, he spurs — he gallops — flies!

'Twas Albion's custom then, that foul or fair,
All objects should their appellations bear;
Having the bridge's barrier now passed through,
Straight to the conqueror our Dunois flew;
" Son of a w——," neatly pronounced and clear,[3]
Struck straight the tympanum of either ear:—
" Yes," he exclaimed with pride, " that name is mine.
Such bore Alcides; Bacchus the divine;
Perseus the happy, Romulus the grand,
Who purged the earth of rapine's baleful band;
'Tis in their names thus much I mean to act,
Of Norman bastard well thou know'st the fact,[4]
Whose conquering arms thy race in panic drove.
Oh bastards ye, the sons of thundering Jove,
Direct my lance — each nervous blow decree;
Honor commands, avenge yourselves and me."
This prayer perhaps, you'll think was not well
timed,
But Dunois deep with fabled theme was primed,
For him the Bible lore less charms possessed;[5]
He spake, he flew, the gilded rowel pressed,
Whose piercing teeth perform propellant deed,
The flanks keen goading of his noble steed.
The first blow of his barbed lance amain,
John Chandos struck, and burst the links in twain;
Severed scales diapered of armor bright,[6]
And steel that corslet linked to helmet tight.

A blow tremendous dealt our Briton brave,
The which impenetrable shields concave
Receiving, glanced the impending stroke aside.
Encountering now as onward swift they glide,
Strength but augmented by fell fury's glow,
Each desperate seizes his athletic foe.
Their coursers, thus escaped the brilliant weight
Which they had borne upon their backs so late,
Peaceful went straying o'er the champaign wide:
Thus when we see, hurled from the mountain's side,
Two rocks detached, by fell convulsions riven,
With frightful din one o'er the other driven;
So dire these combatants with clangor ringing,
Striking the earth and to each other clinging;
From horrid shock, the echoes wide rebound,
The breeze retires — nymphs shed the sigh profound:
Or, as by terror followed, Mars we view,
Reddened with gore, and armed by Furies too,
From heavenly plain descending prompt to save
Those tribes existing near Scamander's wave,
And when the lance against him Pallas reared,
In his support a hundred kings appeared,
The fixed earth to its centre trembling stood,
Troubled was Acheron's infernal flood,
And turning pale, upon its margin dread,
E'en Pluto shook for empire of the dead.

Our knights arising stamped by valor's seal,
With eyes inflamed, scanned o'er from head to heel

Their forms respective, then unsheathed their brands,
Dealing a hundred blows from doughty hands,
Battering the steel their bodies casing o'er.
From wounds already blood began to pour,
Their arms be-dyeing with a blackish red;
Now rushing thither, the spectators led
The furious combatants in ring around,
Necks stretched, eyes fixed, nor breathing forth a sound;
Courage augments, when crowds are standing by,
For glory's keenest spur's the public eye;
The champions only had the prelude shown,
Of conflict that on record stands alone.
Achilles, Hector — gods in fierce array,
The grenadiers more terrible than they;[7]
And lions still more formidable far,
Are less implacable, less fierce in war;
Less given to blood. The bastard ever great,
Conjoining force with art, and blessed by fate,
Seized on the Briton's arm, who struck awry,
And with a back blow smote his glave on high,
Then with a leg advanced his point to gain,
Chandos o'erthrew upon the gory plain;
Who falling dragged alike his foe to ground;
Struggling, the clouds of dust their forms confound;
So in the sand for masterdom they move,
The Briton under, and the Gaul above.
The noble victor's heart which mercies guide,
When smiling fate grants conquest on his side,

His adversary pressing with one knee,
Exclaimed: "O yield, yield! Briton unto me;"
Whereto John Chandos cried, "An instant wait,
Hold! — it is thus, Dunois, I yield to fate!"

As last resource of his infuriate mind,
Short dagger drawing, he throws out behind
His nervous arm; which then toward neck he bends,
And strikes his victor, offering to be friends;
The mail unbattered there, and firm of joint,
Repelling, blunts the dagger's murderous point,
Straight Dunois cried: "Thy death thou wilt pursue,
Then perish, dog!"— and without more ado
Raised high the weapon o'er his struggling foe,
And drove through clavicles the deadly blow.
Expiring Chandos struggling still in death,
Uttered, "base bastard" with his faltering breath;
His fierce, inhuman, sanguinary heart,
E'en to the last performed its wanton part;
His eyes, his front, infused dark horror's thrill,
Each trait seemed menacing the victor still;
His impious soul, relentless, fraught with evil,
Sped to infernal realms, to brave the devil;
Thus ended as he lived, in death's dire thrall,
This hardy Briton vanquished by a Gaul.

Dunois disdained to bear away the spoils,
Despising customs due to victor's toils,
Too well established with the famous Greeks:

To proffer friendly aid, Trimouille he seeks,
He calls to earthly bourne the fleeting breath,
And rescues twice, sweet Dorothy from death,
His form supporting as they slowly move,
Her pressure on his frame imprints soft love;
Anew he breathes and feels a wound no more,
Save from those eye-beams he must still adore;
He ogles then, confessing strength new born;
His loving fair one by sharp anguish torn,
Feels equally the tender transport rise,
The smile enchanting, mantling in her eyes,
Athwart a veil of tears now glistening bright:
So we behold through filmy vapors light
Of clouds all fleecy — tempered radiance stream,
Caught from the god of day's effulgent beam.

The Gallic King, his Agnes fraught with grace;
And Joan the illustrious, all by turns embrace
The happy Dunois, whose triumphant hand,
Had love avenged, and his dear native land;
But most the diffidence was formed to please,
Of his demeanor and his repartees.
'Tis easy; yet those show an envied state,
Who act with modesty, however great.

Some jealous germs Joan stifled in her breast,
Her heart upbraiding destiny's behest;
She felt aggrieved, her maiden hand in strife
Had not deprived the miscreant of his life;

Bearing forever twofold wrongs in head,
Which near Cutendre dyed her cheeks with red,
When braved by Chandos, to the combat's list,
She was at once thrown on her back — and missed.

END OF CANTO XIV.

NOTES TO CANTO XIV.

[1] Comus was the deity supposed to preside over nocturnal joys, festivities and bacchanalian orgies. He was also said to preside at women's toilettes, as well as those of young persons fond of dress and finery. Comus is represented as a young man with a countenance flushed and heated, his head reclined, and with a drowsy air negligently holding a flambeau in his right hand reversed, and supporting himself with the left on a stake. A wreath of roses adorns his head, from whence the ancients derived the custom of wearing a coronet of the same flowers at all great banquets.

[2] The charming Dorothy was of opinion that she could never have too much of a good thing, and when the beautiful ceremonial of the mass is taken into consideration, its fine Latin prayers, which one in the hundred may, perhaps, comprehend, with the accompanying chant, it would be strange indeed had not a sensitive, love-ridden soul like that of our *belle* been a second time subdued by such a scene within some twelve hours.

[3] John Chandos was wholly unacquainted with the modern vocabulary of *haut ton,* therefore, instead of saying son of a lady of intrigue, which would raise no blush on the feminine cheek, though signifying precisely the same thing, our hero was satisfied with delivering his mind in plain, blunt English. However, the bar of bastardy has not always been deemed an impediment to inheritance, since it was uniformly the contrary in Spain, and King Henri de Trastamare was not regarded as an illegitimate sovereign, although a natural child, which race of bastards established in the house of Austria continued to reign in Spain until the period of Philip the Fifth, and, as a further proof that bastardy was not regarded as an opprobrium,

letters were long preserved of William, Duke of Normandy, King of England, bearing the signature of *Guillaume le Batard,* while documents are in existence to prove that our gallant Count Dunois subscribed himself *le Batard d'Orleans.*

[4] William the First of England, commonly called the Conqueror, was the illegitimate son of Robert the First, Duke of Normandy, and of Arlotte, the daughter of a furrier at Falaise, a city of lower Normandy, where he was born in 1024, the circumstance being thus related in history: "It chanced that his father, riding through Falaise, saw certain young persons dancing near the way, and as he staid awhile to behold their pastime he particularly fixed his eyes upon a young damsel named Arlotte, who was but of mean birth, being a skinner's daughter, she dancing there among the rest. The duke was so taken with her person and dancing that the same night he caused her to be secretly brought to his bed, of whom he then begot William; and so lascivious was this Arlotte reported to be in her behavior when the duke approached to embrace her that the English afterwards (adding an aspiration to her name), from her called every unchaste woman a harlot."

[5] It is somewhat astonishing that our poet should have made the great Dunois more enamored of pagan flights than the immaculate record of the Jews, a thrice saintly book abounding with the inspirations of the Most High and containing every thing requisite for a Christian to know and to practice. It was, however, formerly deemed requisite that laics should never praise this work, since the word of God, they were told, would not fail to be prejudicial to them, wherefore it was much better that the priests should read it in their stead, for since they alone possessed stomachs sufficiently strong to swallow it, the common herds were to content themselves with the produce of their sacerdotal digestion.

[6] Diapered means decorated or ornamented. From the remotest period of antiquity no soldier was permitted to

embellish his shield with any engraving until his performance of some gallant action empowered him so to do.

[7] In the above line Voltaire eulogizes that corps of the French army which owed its institution to Louis the Fourteenth, and was so called from each soldier having a certain number of hand grenades, which he threw among the enemy in time of action.

CANTO XV.

ARGUMENT.

SPLENDID FEAST AT THE MANSION HOUSE OF ORLEANS, FOLLOWED BY A GENERAL ASSAULT.— CHARLES ATTACKS THE ENGLISH.— TOGETHER WITH WHAT HAPPENS TO THE LOVELY AGNES AND THE COMPANIONS OF HER JOURNEY.

MALIGNANT censors, you're despised by me,
Mine own defects I better know than ye,
Through this choice tale on memory's page enrolled,
Graven in ore, my wish was to unfold
Naught but the brilliant flights of high renown;
On Charles's head, of Orleans place the crown,
By Joan, by love, and glory, power sublime;
'Tis shameful thus to have misused my time,
Singing of Sir Cutendre and a page,
Of Grisbourbon the slave of lustful rage,
The mule's dull driver and mishaps a train,
That harm the thread of my poetic vein.

But all these narratives that greet your eyes,
Were the effusions of Tritemus wise;[1]
I simply copy, nor one trait invent,
On facts, let reader cast a look intent,
If sometimes it occurs his stern decree,
Judges my sage with keen severity;

If at some traits your brow to scowl inclines,
The knife and pounce-box may efface my lines
Through half this charming work, but let him view
With some respect at least, the moiety true.

O! sacred truth, thou virgin ever pure,
When wilt thou rightful reverence ensure?
Divinity who mak'st us wise, why dwell
In palace placed at bottom of a well?
Ah! when wilt thou from out those depths appear,
When will our learned men their voices rear,
From gall exempt, and from all flattery free,
Detailing lives with pure fidelity,
And grand exploits of our fine errant knights.
Prudent was Ariosto in his flights,[2]
Archbishop Turpin for his purpose citing,
Which made his book divine, still more inviting
A testimony stamping to the view
Of readers all; each feat detailed as true.
Feeling alarms at the impending ill,
Charles on the route to Orleans journeyed still,
By courtier troop environed, glittering bright,
Their robes and arms all costly to the sight;
And Dunois, asking counsel that might strike him,
As are accustomed, always princes like him
When rendered tractable by adverse fate,
But blessed by fortune, wayward, obstinate.
Charles thought his Agnes trotted in the rear
With Bonifoux, well pleased with thought so dear,
His glance full oft the royal lover turned,

He stopped to see if Agnes was discerned;
And when Dunois preparing Charles for fame,
Of Orleans spoke, he sighed out Agnes' name.

The bastard fortunate, whose prudent care,
Labored that France felicity might share,
A fort beheld athwart the glimmering eve,
Which Bedford's Duke had long thought fit to leave;
This structure near the invested city lay:
By Dunois ta'en, Charles there resolved to stay —
When fortified anon, the fort was seen,
Made by besieging host their magazine.
The god who victory yields 'mid crimson tides,
And he who bloated at the feast presides,
To stock this fort, for fame alike incline,
The one with cannon, t'other with choice wine:
Of war's combustion, every apparatus,
And all the groaning table spreads to sate us,
This little fort was able to bestow
What choice success, for Dunois and Bonneau.

Orleans enchanted at these tidings rare,
To Heaven's high King, preferred a solemn prayer;
Te Deum sung by Drone from Serpent Bass,
Before the noble chieftains of the place;
Next was the dinner served for judge and mayor,
The bishops, prebends, warriors, all were there:
From sparkling goblets, every guest quaffed round,
Till senseless each lay stretched upon the ground;

Fireworks on stream, whose brilliant gleams of light,
Flashing full wide, illum'd the realms of night;
The people's cries, reports of cannons loud,
With din confused announced to all the crowd,
That Charles restored — by fate no longer crossed,
Repaired to find what had so long been lost.

These shouts of glory and each blissful strain,
Were followed by the lengthened yells of pain,
As Bedford's name was heard from every breath;
Fly to the walls! defend the breach! or death!
The Britons taking 'vantage of this chance,
When citizens engaged with wine and dance,
Extolled their prince, by songs and couplets graced,
Beneath a gate two sausage forms then placed;
Not puddings, such as Bonneau had in view,
When he produced them for a new ragout,
But sausages of which, the fatal powder [3]
Dilating, bursts with din, than thunder louder,
Capsizes all; confounds the air and earth,
Dire murd'rous engines of infernal birth;
Which in their iron entrails bear the brand
Kneaded by Lucifer's destructive hand;
By means of match, arranged with baleful art,
The fell explosions, quick as lightning part,
Spread, mount, and to a thousand yards convey
Bars, hinges, bolts, in splintry, torn array:
Fierce Talbot onward rushes with full speed,
Success, rage, glory, love, excite the deed;

From far emblazoned on his arms, the eye,
In gold, a Louvet's cipher could descry,
For Louvet ever was the dame that taught
His soul to love, and swayed each mighty thought—
His was the wish to clasp bright beauty's pride,
On walls demolished, and with carnage dyed.

This handsome Briton, child of raging war,
Of captain's chief, shone Albion's leading star;
"Let's fly, my generous victors," was the word.
"Dispensing everywhere fire, flame and sword;
Let's drink the wine of Orleans' coward race,
Their gold purloin, and all their wives embrace."
Not Cæsar's self so eloquent of speech,
Such honor and audacity could preach
To martial spirits, as this fiery strain,
Instilling fury through the warlike train.

Upon that spot where flaming portal broke,
Which mounting, spread around a thickening smoke,
Of stone and turf a rampart high appeared,
By order of La Hire and Poton reared,[4]
From whence projected forth a parapet,
Thickly with ranged artillery beset;
The first attack well pointed to o'erthrow,
Of daring Bedford the tremendous blow.

There straight La Hire and Poton took their stand,
Of citizens behind them strove a band;
The cannons roar — the horrid order — "Kill,"

With repetitions harsh the vacuum fill;
When from their iron jaws the thunders cease,
Leaving incontinent the winds at peace;
Against the ramparts scaling ladders rose,
Already bearing squadrons of its foes,
With foot on step, and grasped in hand the glave,
Each soldier urges on his comrade brave.

Nor Poton or La Hire in peril dire,
That foresight had forgot which all admire,
Each change of fate they watched with prudent eye,
Prepared to meet each cast of fortune's die;
There was the molten pitch; the boiling oil;
Of stakes a forest to make foes recoil,
Large cutting scythes in sharp array were seen,
Emblems of death, destructive weapons keen;
And muskets launching forth the storms of lead,
Tempestuous rattling round each Briton's head.
All that necessity combined with art,
Misfortune, intrepidity, impart,
And, fear itself, alike were marshalled there,
The deeds ensanguined of that day to share.
How many Britons then were boiled, pierced, riven,
Dying in crowds, and ranks on ranks hard driven;
Just so beneath a hundred hands we view,
Cropt yellow ears the harvest's plain bestrew.

Still the attack's pursued with courage stern,
With numbers falling, numbers still return;
Like Hydra with creative powers imbued,

To earth heads falling, are by heads renewed;
Yet these affrighted not the son of Jove,
And Britons thus, through fire and carnage drove,
More formidable still though efforts fail,
And brave, in mastering numbers that assail.

Fierce Richemont, hope of Orleans in the fight,
Thou didst rush onward to the ramparts' height;
Five hundred citizens, a chosen band,
Reeling, march forward under thy command,
Illumined by the generous wine's oblation,
Its zest excelling virtuous animation;
As daring Richemont bellowed out amain:
"Your legs, good folks, your weight cannot sustain;
But I'm your head, 'tis fit we come to blows."
He spake, then rushed 'mid thickest of the foes;
Talbot already had carved out a way
Along the ramparts, urged by fury's sway;
One direful arm hurled foes to death's drear night,
The other urged his phalanx to the fight,
Crying out: "Louvet," in stentorian vein.
By Louvet heard, he thought it honor's strain;
Thus "Louvet" sounded forth from Britain's band,
Though not a soul the cause could understand;
Oh! stupid mortals, with what ease we teach
Your tongues those things which are beyond our reach.

In sadness Charles within the fort was locked,
Fast by another English cohort blocked;

The town besieged, unable thus to gain,
His soul of *ennui* felt the dreadful bane;
"What!" he exclaimed, "and must I thus stand by,
Nor succor those who in my service die?
With joyous hymns, their sire's return they hailed,
I should have entered — fought, perhaps prevailed;
And saved them from inhuman Britain's bands,
But here sad destiny enchains my hands!"
"Ah, no," quoth Joan, "'tis fitting you be seen,
Come, signalize your blows; let vengeance keen
These Britons place 'twixt you and Orleans town;
March on, the city save, and reap renown;
Though small our band, we thousands boast in you."
"What!" quoth the monarch, "canst thou flatter too?
My worth's but small, yet soon my name shall teem,
Deserving Gaul's as well as thine esteem;
And England's too"— he spake, spurred on for fame.
Before his person, streamed the oriflamme;
Joan and Dunois both galloped at his side,
Horsemen behind, to list his orders ride,
And 'midst a thousand cries is heard to ring:
"Long live St. Denis, Montjoie, and the King." [5]
Charles, Dunois, and of Barr the haughty belle,
Rushed on the rear of Britain's sons, pell mell;
As from those hills whose entrails vast confine,
The reservoirs of Danube and the Rhine;
Or as the eagle towering with wings spread,
Fixed piercing eye, and pointed talons dread,

"MARCH ON; THE CITY SAVE AND REAP RENOWN"

Poised in 'mid air on falcon darts in turn,
That gorged on necks of the expiring hern.

'Twas then the audacious Briton showed in fight,
Like iron on the anvil's surface bright,
Which tends the temper's value to enchance;
And furious drove the valiant sons of France.
Now let your eyes the British phalanx trace,
And Gallic soldiers, sons of Clodion's race,[6]
Inflamed and fierce, insatiate each of gore,
They flew like winds that through the vacuum pour,
In contact joined, immovable they're seen,
Like rock amidst old ocean's empire green;
Foot against foot, the crest opposed to crest,
Hand to hand, eye to eye, and breast to breast,
Onward they rush, oaths breathing that appall
While rolling o'er each other, dead they fall.

Oh! wherefore cannot I in sounding lays,
Of feats heroical prolong the praise?
'Tis only Homer hath a right to tell
All these adventures, and on such to dwell,
To lengthen out, and feats anew expose,
To calculate the several wounds and blows,
To add to Hector's battles, still a store
Of mighty deeds, and join to combats more.

From such dread scenes, my friend, avert the gaze,
And dare on high your anxious eyes upraise;
Let your whole mind to scenes celestial soar,

Come mount, the mansion of the gods explore,
Of wisdom contemplate profoundest state,
Which amidst peace, controls our mundane fate;
Far worthier is such spectacle for you
Than barbarous, bloody deeds, exposed to view;
Of combats, all alike, through every page,
Whose long details, must weary out the sage.

END OF CANTO XV.

NOTES TO CANTO XV.

[1] We have remarked upon a former occasion that the Abbé Tritemus never produced any work respecting the *Pucelle* or the beautiful Agnes Sorel. It is therefore modesty alone which prompted the author of this poem to announce his labors as the productions of another.

[2] Archbishop Turpin, to whom the lives of Charlemagne and of Roland le Furieux are attributed, was archbishop of Rheims about the end of the eighth century, whereas the work in question was written by one Turpin, a monk who flourished in the eleventh century, and it is from that romance that the celebrated Ariosto has extracted some of his tales.

[3] The *saucisse* used in war is a small bag of pitched cloth two inches in diameter, filled with gunpowder, to which is attached a slow fuse, and is used in the blowing up of a mine, being constructed to go into its very chamber. It is also requisite to place two *saucisses* to each furnace in order to render the explosion certain of success. Our poet, however, has been guilty of a trifling error in giving existence to the *saucisse* in the fifteenth century, as its invention is due to the monks in 1579, when it proved of the greatest utility in taking the city of Cahors, which fact d'Aubigné particularly testifies in his history.

[4] Poton de Saintrailles and La Hire, two dauntless knights, were the firm supporters of the cause of Charles the Seventh, and greatly instrumental in maintaining the possession of Orleans for that monarch by their intrepidity and skill in warlike tactics.

[5] Mont-joie Saint Denis was the ancient war-cry of the king of France. Some historians derive its etymology from

moult joie, great joy, or *mon-joie* instead of saying *ma-joie;* in short, much research has been made into the origin of this expression. Raoul de Presle, who lived in the time of Charles the Sixth, from what is reported by Pasquier, states that Clovis, fighting in the Valley of Conflans-Sainte Honorine, the battle terminated on the summit of the mountain, where stood a tower called *Mont Joie;* but Robert Cenal, Bishop of Avranches, states that Clovis, finding himself at the battle of Tolbiac a short time prior to his embracing Christianity, invoked Saint Denis, under the name of Jupiter, saying, *Saint Denis mon Jove,* which in lapse of time was pronounced *Mont-Joie.* The cry of the dukes of Burgundy was *Mont Joie Saint Andre,* because the Cross of Saint Andrew was figured upon their banners. The dukes of Bourbon used *Mont-Joie Notre Dame,* and the kings of England, *Mont-Joie, Notre Dame, Saint George.*

[6] Clodion, surnamed *le Chevelu,* or long-haired, because he ordained that kings and princes of the blood royal should wear long hair, succeeded his father, Pharamond, in 428 as King of the Franks.

CANTO XVI.

ARGUMENT.

HOW ST. PETER APPEASED ST. GEORGE AND ST. DENIS, PROMISING A NOBLE RECOMPENSE TO HIM WHO SHOULD PRODUCE THE BEST ODE.— DEATH OF THE LOVELY ROSAMORE.

Celestial Pallas! open to my lay,
Bright spirits who six pennons wide display!
Ye feathered gods! whose tutelary hands,
People and kings, encircle in fate's bands;
Ye! who expanding wide your wings, conceal
The blaze eternal farthest heavens reveal;
Deign for a little time apart to stand,
Let me behold as war thus wields the brand,
What's done in sanctuary's depth of Heaven,
And be my curiosity forgiven.

'Twas Tritemus the Abbé breathed his prayer;
Not me, my eye accustomed all to dare,
Cannot the depth of court supremest see,
I shall not have so much temerity.

Saints George and Denis, our apostles kind,
Were both in heaven's ethereal realms confined;
All they beheld, yet neither could extend
His hand those earthly combats to befriend;

They both caballed, to this all folks resort,
And such the practice ever is at court;
Denis and George in turn their anger wreaking,
To Mister Peter in the empyreum speaking.

This porter famed, whose vicar is the Pope,
Closes in net, of all our fates, the hope;
His double keys rule life and death below,
To whom thus Peter said: "Ye doubtless know
The dire affront, my friends, I had to bear,
When Malchus from my hand received his ear;
Right well I called to mind my master's word,
He bade me in the scabbard sheathe my sword;
Deprived was I of combat's brilliant right,
A mode far different now I will indite,
To terminate at once your great alarms,
And save ye from the shock of hostile arms."

"You, Denis, from yon district forth shall draw
The greatest saints that ever Gallia saw;
You, Mister George, repair with equal speed,
And cull those saints that sprang from Albion's seed:
Let either troop incontinent compose
A Hymn in verse, but not an Ode in prose;
Houdart judged wrong, amid such heavenly heights,
'Tis meet in speaking to use godlike flights;
Let each, I say, indite Pindaric ode,
And poets make my virtues rare their code;
My rights, my attributes, my primacy,

To music set the whole immediately;
The race terrestrial always needs much time,
Dull couplets to produce in so-so rhyme.
We scribble faster in bright glory's plain,
Go, I repeat, let each essay his vein,
And he whose flights ensure the victor's pride,
The fate of combatants shall then decide."

Thus from the heights of his ethereal throne,
To rivals spoke the infallible Barjone;
The whole was uttered in two words at most,
A style laconic suits the heavenly host;
The rival saints, in twinkling of an eye,
That they might terminate their quarrels high,
Sped to assemble each the saints that bore,
While on earth's soil, of wit an ample store.

The patron saint in Paris' walls adored,
Invited to his round and ample board
Saint Fortunatus little known on earth,
Reported to have given the *Pange* birth,[1]
And Prosper's saint of epithets the bard,
Though somewhat Jansenist as well as hard;
On list the name of Gregory was read,
Grand saint, who of the see of Tours was head;
Dear to the soil where Bonneau felt life's vigor,
And Bernard famed for antithesis figure,[2]
Who had no rival in his famous time,
With other saints to form the council prime;

For well thou knowest, my friend, in times like
these,
Those who advice ne'er ask, but rarely please.

George hearing of St. Denis all this din,
Disdainful eyed him, with sarcastic grin,
Amidst enclosure saintly; then espied
The noted monk, Augustine, Albion's pride,[3]
And in a style perhaps a little quaint,
Thus his advice delivered to the saint:

"Austin, my hearty blade, I'm formed for arms,
And not for verse, which has for me no charms;
I well know how my fateful glave to wield,
Sever a trunk, break heads and limbs in the field
You versify — come; set to work and rhyme,
Support our country's fame in lays sublime,
One Briton on the plain of deadly thrall,
With ease can triumph o'er these sons of Gaul.
Oft have we seen upon the Norman plain,
In Guienne, Picardy, and Higher Maine,[4]
Those pretty gentlemen with ease laid low,
If in the fight we stronger arms can show;
Trust me, where hymn and ode, or aught's required,
Where rhyme and thinking are the points desired,
That we have brains as good as theirs for jingle,
Work, Austin, and with verse make ears all tingle.
London shall prove the empire and excel
In those two arts, acting and speaking well:
Denis, of rhymesters will collect a host,

Who in the mass but little genius boast;
Toil thou alone, old authors thou canst weigh —
Courage, proceed, sound from thy harp the lay;
The sacred strain shall Albion's name adorn,
And laugh his dull academy to scorn."

Austin, to whom the labor was consigned,
Thanked him, as author blessed by patron kind:
Himself and Denis in a snug abode,
Squatted themselves and each composed his ode;
When all was done, the blazing Seraphim,
The bloated chubby heads of Cherubim,
Near Barjone in two ranks were perched aloft,
Angels beneath, nestling in ether soft,
While all the saints, for judgment grand adepts,
With care arranged themselves upon the steps.

Austin began the wonders to impart,
Which made obdurate the Egyptian's heart;
Moses and imitators in profusion,
Who were his equals in divine illusion;
The streams of Nile, so fruitful found of yore,
Laving with horrid tide of blood, the shore;
The reptiles poisonous from black mud engendered,
Transformed to rod — the rod to serpent rendered;
Day changed to night; cities and deserts wild,
By swarms of gnats and vermin foul, defiled;
Mange in the bones; thunders in airy space,
And all the first-born of a rebel race
Butchered by Heaven's avenging angel dire;

Egypt in mourning, Jews for faith on fire,
From patrons all the silver vessels bearing,[5]
And for the theft, celestial blessings sharing;
For forty summers erring to and fro;
For calf, some twenty thousand Jews laid low;[6]
And twenty thousand more to graves consigned,
Because the females in their loves were kind.[7]
Then came the Hebrew's Ravaillac, Aod,
Murdering his master in the name of God;
And Samuel, who seized the kitchen knife[8]
With holy hand from altar, and of life
Agag bereft, whom he anatomized,
Because this Agag was uncircumcised;
Of Bethulie was praised the savior fair,[9]
Pure folly acting with her charms so rare;
Baasha the good, who Nadab massacred;
Achab to death consigned for impious deed,
Not having outright slaughtered Benhadad;
King Joash, who was bruised by Josabad;
In whom the son of Atrabad was seen;
And famous Athalia, Israel's queen,
Sent prematurely to resign her breath,
So wickedly by Joash doomed to death.

Dull was the litany and somewhat long,
While interspersed these brilliant traits among,
Were mighty deeds detailed in sounding lays,
Those acts so cherished in remotest days;
When Sol dissolved and back the ocean ran,
Transformed to powder was the moon so wan.

The globe forever changeful was on fire,
Heaven's chief a hundred times awoke in ire.
Ruins and tombs were seen, and seas of blood;
Yet still beside the silvery current's flood,
Milk flowed beneath the olive's verdant shade;
Like ram was seen to skip the hill and glade,
While as the mountains, rams kept jumping too.
Austin sang praises, to high heaven the due,
Which threatened loud the conqueror of Chaldee,
And left the Jewish race in slavery,
But always broke the teeth of lions dread,
And crushed the loathsome rampant serpent's head.
The fertile currents of the Nile addressed,
Leviathan and Basilisk suppressed.[10]

Austin was silent, his Pindaric strain
Called forth amid the bright empyreal train
A doubtful murmur — sounds made to infuse
Ill-favored thoughts on his odaic muse.
Denis arose, low bent his eyes serene,
Which straightway reared, displayed his modest mien;
Before his auditors then bending low,
As if surprised at their celestial glow;
Thus seemed he to address the sacred host —
Encourage that one who admires you most;
Thrice with humility he lowly bent,
To counsellors and leading president;
Then chanted with a tender voice and clear,
The hymn expert, which ye anon shall hear.

" Oh! Peter, thou on whom Heaven deigned to raise
Its church immortal, prithee list my praise;
Pastor on high, of flocks the faithful friend,
Master of kings, before whose feet they bend,
Doctor Divine, Priest, Saintly Father just,
Of all our christian kings, support august,
To them extend thy fostering grace benign,
Pure are their rights, and all those rights are thine,
At Rome the Pope ranks chief of sceptred men,
None doubt it, and if his lieutenant then,
Bestows on whom he lists this present small,
'Tis in thy name, for thou dispensest all.

"Alas! our men of parliament debased,
Have banished Charles, and impudently placed
A foreign stock upon the throne of France,
Taking from son the sire's inheritance.[11]
Porter divine, thy benefits oppose
To this audacity, to ten years' woes,
In thy benignity our sufferings ease,
And of the Palace Court restore the keys."

Such was the prelude of St. Denis' strain;
He paused awhile, then read with studious pain
From optics' corner, glance in Cephas' eyes,
Feigning embarrassment in bosom rise.
Cephas content, upon his front displayed
Internal proof how self-love was obeyed;
And to clear up at once the wits confounded
Of skilful singer, from his lips resounded

In phrase his own, all tremor to dispel:
"Continue, Denis; everything goes well."

With prudence Denis once more struck the lyre:
"Mine adversary may have charmed the choir,
The arm of vengeance hath he loudly praised;
Whereas my sounding plaudits shall be raised,
To honor clemency's bright power with skill,
Hating is good; but loving's better still."

Denis more confident in voice and mind,
Then sang in pleasing verse, the shepherd kind,
Who went in search of sheep that strayed at large,
And glad on back supported home the charge;
The farmer bland, whose kindness deigned dispense
Still to the sluggard workmen recompense
Who came too late, that diligent for pay,
He might his toil renew with blush of day;
The worthy patron who with loaves but five,
And fishes three, could hunger's yearnings drive
From craving multitude; which numbered o'er,
Produced to full five thousand ample store.
Prophet more gentle than austere, whose reign
Yielded her comfort, in adultery ta'en;
Whose feet to Magdalen were not denied,
But by the sinner, bathed with tears and dried:
By Magdalen is Agnes' form designed,
Denis advantage took of verse refined;
He well succeeded, and the host above,
The trait confessing, pardoned guilty love.

Hailed was of Denis the odaic treasure,
The prize it gained, and praises without measure,
Of England's saint was foiled the boldness dread;
Austin blushed deep, and skulking, forthwith fled·
Each laughed — through Paradise aloud they
bawled.
E'en so in Paris, hootings once appalled,
A pedant dull, just like Thersites old,
Informer vile, a hypocrite most bold,
Whose recompense was hatred and disdain,
As in style vulgar, he dared waft a strain;
Attempting thus our useful arts to smother,
And hurl his condemnations on each brother.

Peter of Agnus' gave Denis two,
He kissed them reverently, and straight to view,
Subscribed by twelve elect was seen decree,
That Albion's host upon that day should flee
'Fore Gallia's bands, to glory's conquest led
By sovereign Charles in person, at their head.

Incontinent the Amazon of Bar,
Beheld in air athwart dense cloud afar,
The form and likeness of her donkey gray,
As oft a cloud imbued by sunny ray
Receives impression, and reflects the hue.
" This day," she cried, " is glorious to my view,
All, all is ours — my ass in Heaven I see."
Bedford, astounded at this prodigy,
Halted, and felt invincible no more,

In Heaven he conned, all petrified the lore,
That by St. George he was abandoned quite.
The Briton thinking he beheld outright
A host, rushed sudden from the town alarmed,
Its populace by Heavenly impulse charmed,
Viewing them urged to flight by terror's spell,
Forth rushing straight, pursued them all, pell-mell;
Charles at a distance amidst slaughter strove,
And to the very camp a passage drove;
Besieged in turn besiegers now appear;
Assailed and slaughtered in the front and rear,
In heaps on borders of their trenches laying,
Arms, dead and dying wedged, fell fate obeying.

'Twas even there, upon that fateful plain,
Thou camest to give thy dauntless valor rein,
Bold Christopher, by surname Arundel,
Thy cold indifference — visage hard and fell,
Tended thy lofty valor to enhance,
From 'neath that warlike brow the silent glance
Examined shrewdly how they fought in Gaul,
From his important look it seemed to all,
He loitered there Time's heavy hours to kill,
His Rosamore attached, and faithful still
Like him was cased in steely war's attire.
'Tis thus some page we view, or faithful 'squire,
His cuirass polished steel, helm gold and burnished,
With plumage of the peacock gayly furnished,
Floating o'er crest obedient to the gale;
For since the day her hand had dared assail,

And severed head from trunk of Martinguerre,
Her chief delight had been war's deeds to dare;
It seemed that Pallas so renowned for charms,
Had left the needle for bright feats of arms;
Or Bradamant, or even Joan the belle;
Oft she addressed the friend she loved so well,
Retailing sentiments sublimely grand,
When lo! some friend, fell foe of Cupid's band,
For their mishaps towards Arundel, decreed
That young La Hire and Poton should proceed,
And Richemont of no pitying thrill the slave.

Poton beholding mien so fierce and grave
Of Albion's son, felt an indignant glow,
And toward the babbler poising lance's blow,
Entered his flank, and pierced the back clean
through,
Of blood too cold, ran streams of purple hue.
He fell — he died — the shivered lance still seen,
Plunged in his corpse, and rolling on the green.

At this dread sight, this moment of distress,
No eye saw Rosamore her lover press,
Nor tear her flaxen locks, nor rend the skies
With keen affliction's agonizing cries;
Nor rail infuriate 'gainst high Heaven's decree,
Not e'en a sigh. — "*Vengeance,*" she cried, "for
me!"
When, at the moment Poton from the glade,
Forward inclined to grasp his battered blade,

Her naked arm, that arm of power so dread,
Which with one stroke, had severed when in bed,
The sconce from hoary chief of robber's band,
Clean cut off Poton's all redoubted hand;
That dexter fist, for her so fraught with sin,
Those nerves all hidden 'neath the fingers' skin,
In motion for the last time met the sight;
Since which brave Poton, never more could write.

Handsome La Hire, who beamed with valor's glow,
Now dealt at Poton's conqueror a blow —
A mortal thrust, transpiercing through the heart;
Falling, the straps of the gold helmet part,
Discovering neck of rose and lily's hue,
Nor was there aught concealed her front from view;
Her ample tresses streaming o'er her breast,
Her large blue eyes closed in eternal rest,
Each trait presenting lovely female face,
A form for pleasure framed, replete with grace;
La Hire thus gazing, breathes full many a sigh,
And weeping, wafts this lamentable cry:
"Just Heaven, as vile assassin I appear,
A *black huzzar,* and not a cavalier:[12]
My heart and sword foul infamy display,
Is it permitted thus the fair to slay?"
But Richemont, always ranking wicked wit,
Ever obdurate, cried: "La Hire, this fit,
This fell remorse, has o'er thee too much weight,
She's English, and the evil is not great;

Besides, my gallant friend, she cannot boast
A maiden's name, like Joan of Gallia's host."

While thus indulging in such speech profane,
From arrow's barbed point he felt the pain,
Wounded he turned, still more provoked and dread,
His thrusts both right and left increased the dead:
Foes, rushing torrent-like, surround his form,
Himself, La Hire, and nobles brave the storm,
With soldiers, citizens, all strive their best,
They kill, they fall, pursue, retire, hard pressed;
Of bleeding trunks a mount the sod displays,
And Britons of their dying, ramparts made.

In this all-sanguinary, dreadful fray,
To Dunois the King was heard to say:
" Tell me, in grace, dear bastard, tell me where
From hence is gone the ever-blooming fair?"
" Who?" inquired Dunois — when the good King said:
"Dost thou not know then, whither she is fled?"
" But who? Alas! she vanished from my sight,
Ere we were led by lucky chance last night
To that same fort where Bedford's stores are centred,
And into which, we all, without her — entered."
" Ne'er fear," quoth Joan, " restored she soon shall be."
"Heaven grant," quoth Charles, " that she rest true to me,

For me preserve her." Thus soft phrases citing,
Onward they kept advancing still, and fighting.
At length our hemisphere in night's dun tomb,
Showed cloudy mantle of portentous gloom,
And ended the career, so wondrous new,
Of grand exploits which good Charles meant to do.

While thus escaping from the conflict dread,
The anxious monarch sudden heard it said,
That tender damsels had paced o'er the glade,
Their course directing to a forest's shade;
Amidst the rest, a form divinely fair,
With full eye beaming, and of youthful air;
The smile most tender, skin like satin soft,
To whom there preached a Benedictine oft,
Squires gaily decked, with looks around fierce
glancing,
Bold cavaliers upon their palfreys prancing,
All cased in steel, and gold, and ribbons gay,
Such the fair riders tended on their way.
The errant troop had bent its course, I ween,
For palace, which till then, no eye had seen
In this sequestered spot — its ample height
Showing fantastic structure to the sight.

The King surprised, such wonders rare to see,
Cried, " Bonneau, those who love will follow me;
To-morrow with the dawn will I repair
To view the object of love's constant care,
My Agnes; or in death life's glow I'll steep."

He rested little in the arms of sleep,
And when phosphoric beam illumed the gray,
Announcing rosy harbinger of day,
While yet in Heaven, unharnessed were the steeds
That wheel bright Phœbus on to blazing deeds,
The monarch, Dunois, Joan, and eke Bonneau,
Their saddles vaulted with a joyous glow,
In search of this all-sumptuous palace led.
" My grand aim is to find my love," Charles said;
" Soon may we join again the British host,
Her to rejoin, is now what presses most."

END OF CANTO XVI.

NOTES TO CANTO XVI.

[1] Fortunatus, Bishop of Poitiers, a poet, was not, however, the author of the *"Pange Lingua,"* which is attributed to him. The *"Pange Lingua"* is a hymn chanted in the Catholic churches, and during processions, when the Holy Sacrament is exposed to the public.

[2] Saint Bernard, a Burgundian, was born in 1091. He became a Monk of the order of Citeaux, and afterwards Abbott of the Monastery of Clairvaux. Bernard occupied himself in all the public affairs of his time by acting as well as writing.

[3] Saint Augustine, or Austin, was a Roman monk, and despatched by Pope Gregory the First, with forty others of the fraternity, to convert the inhabitants of Britain, in 596. On landing in the Isle of Thanet he made known his mission to King Ethelbert, who assigned Canterbury for the residence of Augustine and his associates, with free permission for the exercise of their functions, the good monarch himself embracing Christianity without ever attempting by force to convert his subjects to his own opinions. Augustine became the first Archbishop of Canterbury, where he died in 604, after which he was canonized.

[4] Alluding to the famous battles of Cressy, Poictiers and Agincourt.

[5] In Exodus XII, 35 and 36, we find it stated that the Jews *"borrowed of the Egyptians jewels of silver and jewels of gold, and raiment. And the Lord gave the people favor in the sight of the Egyptians, so that they lent unto them such things as they required; And they spoiled the Egyptians."* Thou shalt not steal!

[6] Moses, upon his return from the Mount with the Tables of the Commandments, finding that the people had constructed and were worshipping the Golden Calf, testified his dissatisfaction to Aaron for having permitted this disorder during his absence; after which, taking his station at the entrance of the camp, he cried with a loud voice, "Let those approach me who love the Lord," upon which the Tribe of Levi assembled around Moses, who commanded them to take their swords and traverse the camp, killing all they should meet, without sparing either son, brother, kinsman or friend; which order they obeyed with a most praiseworthy zeal, thus slaughtering to the number of twenty-three thousand souls.

[7] Phineas, the son of Eleazar and grandson of Aaron, was the third High Priest of the Jews. Zambri, or Zamri, a prince of the tribe of Simeon, having taken to his tent a Midianitish woman, Phineas, indignant at the act, followed and slew them both; after which were also massacred twenty-four thousand of his fellow-creatures for this most sacrilegious act.

[8] Samuel, the prophet of the tribe of Levi, consecrated Saul King of Israel, but upon the latter sparing the life of Agag, King of the Amalekites, "Samuel hewed Agag into pieces, before the Lord in Gilgal."

[9] Concerning *Judith* of Bethulie, whose history is so well known, we have spoken upon a former occasion.

[10] Basilisk, a most renowned serpent, otherwise called cockatrice, said to inflict death by the glance of its eye, which power we may suppose it to have possessed antecedent to the creation, as no optics have hitherto been able to discern it. For a further account of this wonderful animal, I shall refer my readers to our poet's *"Zadig,"* or the Book of Fate.

[11] Alluding to the convention which took place after the marriage of Henry the Fifth with Catherine, daughter of Charles the Sixth, whereby the Dauphin her brother, after-

wards Charles the Seventh, then eighteen years of age, was excluded from the throne; to which Henry succeeded in right of his wife Catherine, to the complete annihilation of the Salic law.

[12] Alluding to the *Hussards of Death,* as they were termed, who neither gave nor received quarter.

CANTO XVII.

ARGUMENT.

HOW CHARLES THE SEVENTH, AGNES SOREL, JOAN, DUNOIS, LA TRIMOUILLE, ALL BECAME FOOLS.—AND THE MANNER IN WHICH THEY REGAINED THEIR SENSES BY THE EXORCISMS OF THE RIGHT REVEREND FATHER BONIFOUX, THE KING'S CONFESSOR.

Oh! what enchanters does this world display,
Nothing of soft enchantresses to say,
No more fond weaknesses my soul engage,
Of fools, the springtime; error's charming age.
But, in each era, we deceivers find,
Puissant sorcerers enchaining mind;
Bright glory beaming, and in purple dight,
First wafting you 'mid Heaven's all-glowing height,
To plunge you in the abyss and darksome wave,
Your draught fell bitterness, your doom the grave:
Take heed then all, however rich and great,
Nor ever fondle dangerous men of state,
And if some sweet enchantment ye would share,
To greatest kings prefer your witching fair.

Hermaphrodix, for good purpose thought right
To rear this pile enclosing Agnes bright,
To wreak his vengeance on the Gallic lasses,
On valiant cavaliers, on saints, and asses,

Whose modesty enforced by Heavenly rites,
Had braved the power of necromantic flights.

Whoso that entered this abode so fell,
Could not, incontinent, his best friend tell;
His senses, wit, and memory all fled,
Lethean waters, whereof quaff the dead,
Or bad wine swallowed by the living soul,
Condemn him to a far less dire control.

Beneath grand arch of portico right vast,
With heavy modern, and antique o'ercast,
Was seen a brilliant phantom to parade,
Light-footed, and whose eyes bright fire displayed,
In gesture quick, with face now prompt — now
checked,
The mien high raised, and form with tinsel decked;
Unsteady motion ever moved his frame,
This phantom bore *Imagination's* name:
Not that bright goddess who from heavenly dome,
O'er Greece presided, and imperial Rome,
O'er such a host of authors' glowing lays,
Dispensing wide her colors' brilliant rays,
Her glittering diamonds, and immortal flowers,
Whose flights to fame aspired from brilliant powers:
To him who blazed the godlike painter bold,
Who sang Achilles the renowned of old,
And Virgil chronicler of Dido's praise —
Who warmed alike an Ovid's amorous lays;
But that same sprite who common sense abjures,

Flighty, insipid, scared; who fame insures
From crowds of authors, ranging at his side,
By him inspired, who serves them for a guide —
A Scudéry,[1] Desmarets,[2] and Le Moine [3]
His gifts received; such favors too conjoin
To grace new opera, and romancing strain,
And long he exercised imperial reign
O'er pulpit, bar, and the theatric crew.
Close to this pile, *Bombast* the eye might view,
A babbling monster in his arms caressed,
Which the *seraphic doctor* erst expressed,
Deep, subtle, versed in energy's bold page,
Imagination's commentating sage,
Creator of confusion's dire epoch,
Of late producing *Marie à la Coque;*[4]
Around him, bad *bons mots* were seen to flit,
With double meanings, of all fools the wit;
The equivoque, that aims its shaft awry,
The lame enigma with its squinting eye;
Dreams, blunders, presages, in clouds arise,
And nonsense with a host of silly lies:
So near some moldering pile, with dusky coat,
Is seen the bat, and heard the screech-owl's note.
This edifice accursed, howe'er it be,
Constructed was with such dire industry,
That all who entered were anon bereft
Of every ray of reason they had left.

Now scarce had Agnes with her escort passed
The portal's threshold of this palace vast,

Ere she of Bonifoux, confessor grave,
In love became the veriest faithful slave,
In him the cherished monarch met her eyes:
"Oh! thou my hero, and my soul's dear prize,
Just Heaven my prayer accords in sending thee;
Hast thou o'er Britons gained the victory?
Some wound perchance thy person hath received,
Be now with armor's weight by me relieved."
With tenderest care, and with affection true,
Anon she sought to unfrock Bonifoux,
And to his arms her willing frame commending,
With eyes inflamed, and neck towards him bending,
A kiss required, that should be given and ta'en:
What could thy dread, fair Agnes, then restrain?
As seeking chin from hair but lately cleared,
Nought could'st thou feel save tanned and frowsy
beard,
Long prickly hairs by comb imperfect dressed!
Away ran confessor by dread oppressed,
The fair forgetting who pursued amain,
Agnes thus finding nothing but disdain,
Her pace redoubled, breathing suppliant cries,
As liquid gems flowed copious from her eyes.

As each amid the vast enclosure sped,
One signing cross, while tears another shed,
Loud sounds were heard and shrieks of dread alarm;
A touching fair, adorned with every charm,
Appeared affrighted, holding close embraced,
The knees of knight with limbs in armor cased,

Whose vile intention was with wrathful blow,
To lay the supplicating beauty low.

Would any credence yield that such a fact,
Of La Trimouille could prove the savage act;
Who would at other times with heart elate,
For Dorothy have braved death's icy state?
Her for the fierce Tyrconnel he mistook,
Though nought resembling, or in trait or look
That Briton fell; while she her knight then sought,
Who thus assailed her with fell fury fraught:
" Object of lasting flame, love's glowing pride,"
His form not knowing, thus aloud she cried:
" Have ye not seen him, who can love impart,
The knight who sways my palpitating heart,
Who hither came, that he might rest with me,
Trimouille so cherished, whither can he be?
Where is he now? wherefore doth he fly? "
The knight of Poitou heard this touching cry,
Unconscious that his mistress breathed her pain;
He thought some ruthless Briton roared war's strain,
Who rushing on him, strove his days to end,
Thus life with sword in hand he would defend,
And toward his Dorothy infuriate hied.
" Soon wilt thou change thy tone," he loudly cried,
" Briton disdainful, arrogant, severe,
Bold Islander, drunk ever with strong beer;
Well it becomes thee now, such speech to frame,
And thus dare menace one of my great name,
I ranking grandson of Poitou's famed race,

Whose feats have hurried hence to Hell's black
space
So many valiant sons of Albion's crew,
More generous, bold, and noble far than you;
What! does thine hand refuse the sword to wield,
To what vile terrors does thy bosom yield;
In words the braggart — coward in the feat,
Albion's Thersites — England's roebuck fleet;
Formed fitly with thy Whigs at home to cry,
Quick, draw thy broadsword, we'll our prowess try;
So then, unsheathe, I say, or even now,
That front I'll scar as the most recreant brow;
Or if thou wilt not that we strive together,
Thy monstrous rump I'll lash with stirrup leather."
At this discourse in fearful wrath expressed,
Pale, fainting, and with fear of death distressed:
" I am no Briton," Dorothy cried out —
" I'm far from such.— How! what art thou about,
Wherefore am I maltreated thus by thee,
Why have I rushed into such jeopardy?
To search for Poitou's knight was my intent,
A helpless female 'tis you thus torment,
Who bathes your noble knee with tears full fraught."
Thus she bespoke him, but her words were nought,
And La Trimouille, whose folly knew no check,
Then strove to seize the fair one by the neck;
The confessor, who in his nimble speed,
Thus sought from Agnes Sorel to be freed,
In running tripped and fell between the pair;
The squire of Poitou strove to grasp his hair,

But finding none, rolled with him on the ground,
The arms of Agnes straight his form surround,
Who on him falling, uttered shrieks of fear,
And sobs that stayed the course of sorrow's tear,
While Dorothy beneath them struggling lay,
In sad disorder, and in torn array.

Just in the middle of this novel fight,
By Bonneau led, King Charles appeared in sight:
With Dunois bold, and Joan, the maid of Fate,
Who just had passed this castle's dreadful gate,
With fond intent his faithful fair to view;
Oh! mighty power, Oh! wonder strange and new;
Scarcely from palfrey had they set foot low,
Scarce had they passed beneath the portico,
When each incontinent was reft of brain.
Of doctors furred in Paris, thus the train,
With arguments replete 'neath bonnets square,
Gravely to Antique Sorbonne all repair;
Resort of strife, Theology's drear cell,
Where disputation and loud uproar dwell;
Whose sacred temple there they deigned uprear,
Which beamy reason never yet went near.
One after t'other comes true reverend wight,
Steady in mind and air to casual sight;
Each when at home a very sage is seen,
Well might he pass for gentle and serene,
A foe to quarrelling and rather mute,
Ne'er yielding to extravagant dispute,

Nay, even some, as long heads might be treated,
Fools only when upon their benches seated.[5]

Charles owning joy and tenderness supreme,
With humid eyes where sparkled ardor's beam,
As throes impetuous his warm heart inflamed,
In tones of languor and of love exclaimed:
" My mistress chaste — my Agnes ever dear,
My paradise, sole source of blessings here,
How often have I lost thy form adored,
To my desires thou art at length restored,
Speak now of love, thy form I clasp, I see
How charming beams that heavenly face on me;
But thou no longer show'st that slender waist,
Which erst by me with ease could be embraced,
Pressing my fingers round thy cestus rare:
What stomach *embonpoint!* — What *derriére!*
Such of our converse tender is the test,
Pregnant is Agnes, I shall soon be blessed
With lovely bastard, who for us will fight,
I here must graft, 'mid transports of delight,
This dawning fruit impregnated by me,
E'en now upon its tender parent tree;
Love so ordains it, for the feat I'm wild,
To rush before this sweet expected child."

To whom breathed thus the monarch's glowing
strain?
To whom addressed he this pathetic vein?
Who had he thus within embrace so glowing?

'Twas our fat Bonneau — dusty, sweating, blowing;
'Twas Bonneau; man to earthly scenes allied,
Soul ne'er possessed, so deadly stupefied;
Charles, by an ardent passion hotly pressed,
With nervous arms his courtier huge caressed
Down threw him, and our Bonneau ponderous fell
Upon the troop that scattered lay, pell-mell;
Which feeling with the shock, his cumbrous load,
What yells, good Heaven, then filled the vast abode;
The confessor with germ of sense now graced,
His paunch so corpulent precisely placed,
Agnes above, and Dorothy below,
He rose — then ran as fast as he could go.

While scarcely breathing, Bonneau panting sped.
Seized by a fit Trimouille just then was led,
To think his arms sweet Dorothy embraced,
And Bonneau's steps, thus crying out, he chased:
"Restore my heart, thou hangman — life restore,
Stop, hear my speech,"— nor words he uttered more;
But with huge sabre dealt on back rude stroke.
Bonneau then galled by breastplate's ponderous yoke,
Resembling too the massive weight he bore,
Emitted as from forge tremendous roar,
Just as when battering hammer loud resounds;
Fear hastened of his course the unsteady bounds.
Joan thus beholding Bonneau at full trot,
And the dire strokes he from assailant got;

Joan in her helm and armor bright arrayed,
Followed Trimouille and with good interest paid
All that on kingly confidant was poured.
Dunois of gallant knights puissant lord,
This dire attempt on life could never see,
Of La Trimouille, his friend in chivalry;
For him it was the destiny to fight,
He knew it; but the maid was to his sight,
A Briton fierce, for blows he 'gan to burn;
Her then he banged, while she thrashed him in turn,
As Poitou's knight spurred on, with blows
distressed
Poor Bonneau's hide, with weight of fat oppressed.

The worthy Charles amid this din and quarrel,
In Bonneau still thought he saw Agnes Sorel,
For monarch this the destiny how dire,
For lover warmed by lover's tenderest fire;
No foe his ardent bosom could affright,
Against an army now prepared to fight.
These warriors coursing Bonneau's rear amain,
As bloody ravishers by Charles were ta'en;
On Dunois, straight he fell with sword in hand,
Round wheeled the bastard to oppose his brand,
And on his visor dealt tremendous blow;
Did he Gaul's monarch in opponent know,
Himself he would regard with horror's eye,
Struck with remorse and shame he'd wish to die;
His sword alike the warrior Joan assailed,
Whose glave puissant to requite ne'er failed,

And the bold bastard who no terrors knew,
At once belabored king and mistress too,
Now right now left his direful weapon wheels,
And round their heads the rattling tempest peals.
Stop, charming Dunois — stop all-conquering Joan,
What tears, what fell regrets your breasts will own,
When ye shall learn who thus your arms assailed,
Who 'twas attacked and o'er whom ye prevailed.

The knight of Poitou in this dread alarm,
Let fall from time to time his doughty arm
Assaulting beauties of the warrior maid;
Friend Bonneau followed not this soldier's trade,
His thick head than the rest less trouble felt,
All he received but never one blow dealt,
As running, Bonifoux impelled by dread,
Maintained the van and thus the cohort led.
The whirlwind on our wildest rage entailed,
All against all, assailants and assailed,
Beating and beaten each in skirmish vile,
Crying and bawling traversed the vast pile;
In tears sweet Agnes; Dorothy, fear-chilled,
Screamed out for help, " My throat is cut, I'm killed,"
While the confessor fraught with contrite deed,
Still of the strange procession took the lead.

Sudden at lattice he on high descried,
This mansion's lord, arrayed in hellish pride;
Hermaphrodix, whose glance was gay to see

Gaul's sons tormented with barbarity.
With laughter bursting, either side he pressed;
At this good Bonifoux then stood confessed
The fatal mystery of this empire fell,
Who quick pronounced it was the work of hell;
A ray of reason beamed through magic foul,
His tonsure vast, his long and ample cowl [6]
Had served as cuirass to protect his brain,
Wherefore he recollection could retain
How Bonneau, after mode antique and good,
So wisely by forefathers understood,
In pouch would carry, ne'er to be in fault,
Cloves, nutmeg, pepper, cinnamon, and salt;
Our Bonifoux had always book of mass,
Who straight perceived a fountain clear as glass,
Whither with salt he sped, and lore full fraught,
Resolved the foul fiend should by him be caught;
Anon he 'gan mysterious rite so rare,
And muttered low, the imps of sin to scare
With look demure: "*Sanctum Catholicam,*
Papam, Romam, Benedictum Aquam."
In Bonneau's cup the holy water placed,
Thus armed by Heaven he onwards cunning paced,
And ere the fiend guessed what was to be done,
Sprinkled of Alix, the hobgoblin son.

The burning floods of Styx had less control
In pagan times o'er every damned soul.
His thick-tanned hide glowed o'er with many a
spark,

A cloud all smoky, dense, and lowering dark
The lord enveloped, and his palace too,
Our band bewildering in night's darkest hue.
Still running, each in shades the other sought;
Just then the palace faded into nought,
With combat ceased mistakes and errors too,
They saw aright, their friends each other knew,
And every brain resumed its wonted place;
Thus to each hero a short second's space,
Restored the little sense some moments lost.
Folly alas! or wisdom to our cost
We find in this our poor terrestrial state,
Are held as nothing by o'erruling fate,
Whoso could see and not own pleasure's sway,
As knights at feet of monk in black array,
Bestow their blessings, chanted litanies,
And pardon craved for all their fooleries.
O! La Trimouille, and you, O royal lover,
Your raptures, who can paint, what brain discover:
These words alone were heard to rend the air —
"My all, my king!" "My Agnes chastely fair!"
"'Tis you!" "'Tis thou!" "Sweet moments, hours
of bliss!"
Embracing then — and then the tender kiss;
Questions by hundreds, and in haste replies;
Faulty their tongues in uttering thoughts that rise;
The monk aloof and with paternal glance,
Muttered his prayers, and eyed them all askance.
The handsome bastard and fair maiden blessed,
In modest terms their tenderness expressed;

And the companion of their loves so rare,
Raising the head as well as voice in air,
Discordant octave thundering, space was torn,
His throat thus issuing strain from lecher's horn;
At this rare braying, Heaven's loud chanticleer —
All was dismay and Nature shrunk with fear
Quite horror-struck, as Joan beheld amazed,
The magic bastions of this palace razed,
A hundred brazen gates and towers of steel.
Thus anciently to serve Hebraic weal,
When word was given for trumpets loud to blow,
Down instant fell the walls of Jericho,
To powder crumbled, lo! with the earth they lie,
For such rare doings now, the time's gone by.

The palace then, with brilliant gold enchased,
Sublime in structure and by sin debased,
Became an ample monastery soon;
Changed was the chapel into grand saloon;
The boudoir, where this mighty lord of crimes
Wallowed as passion's slave, in former times
Was changed into a sanctuary straight;
The potent order was, of ruling fate
That hall of banqueting unchanged should be,
Thenceforth entitled, the Refectory,
There are the viands blessed and rosy wine.
Joan's heart aspiring towards the saints benign,
On Orleans bent, on Rheims and Coronation,
To Dunois spoke: " Blessed is each operation,
As well in love, as great designs 'gainst evil;

Now we have hope; I'm certain that the Devil
Has done his worst, nor can he now do more."
Yet speaking thus, Joan was mistaken sore.

END OF CANTO XVII.

NOTES TO CANTO XVII.

[1] Magdalen de Scudéry was born at Havre de Grace in 1607, and became an author from necessity. She possessed a liveliness of wit, a countenance extremely deformed, while the quantity of romances wherewith she inundated the press, caused her to be noticed in all the literary circles, those labors being denominated by the satirical Despreaux, *La boutique de verbiage.* Madame Scudéry's correspondence with the leading literary characters of Europe was very extensive, and she was a member of the academy *Ricovrati* of Padua, where she received the surname of Sappho. She died at Paris in 1701, aged ninety-four. In the above line, Voltaire means to attack her epic poem *"Alaric."*

[2] Jean Desmarets de St. Sorlin was born in 1595, and became one of the first members of the French Academy. Cardinal Richelieu named him Comptroller-General Extraordinary of the War Department, and Secretary-General of Marine of the East Indies. He died at Paris in his eighty-first year.

[3] Peter Le Moine was a native of Chaumont in Bassigni, born in 1602. He entered the company of the Jesuits, and is generally known by his poetical efforts.

[4] Marie à la Coque of the Incarnation was a celebrated nun of the order of Ursulines, named Marie Guyert, who was born at Tours, in 1599. After the death of her husband she entered the convent at the age of thirty-two, and composed for the novices a book entitled "The Christian School." In 1639 she went to Quebec, and there established a convent of her order which she governed with a great degree of wisdom and prudence, and her printed works

occupy several volumes. This lady, who was afterwards elevated to the dignity of a saint, is reported to have had very extraordinary visions, and been honored by signal favors from heaven; as among other things, it was stated by her adherents, that Christ visited her every night; and upon one of these occasions (so says Monsieur Languet) He took Marie's heart and placed it within His own, where, after burning the same for one hour in this brazier of celestial love, He replaced it in her body, saying: "Marie, in remembrance of the grace which I have just accorded thee, thou wilt experience pains at every new moon, with colics and swellings, wherefore to avert such accidents it will be necessary that thou shouldst lose some blood."

[5] These are some of the questions proposed by the Sorbonnic community, and the points upon which they argued. First—If Adam had or had not a navel. Second—If the apple whereof he ate in Eden was a pippin or a golden rennet. Third—If it is requisite to believe that Tobit's dog wagged his tail; and fourthly, Whether the Son of God could have metamorphosed himself into the form of a cow? Notwithstanding all this, it must be allowed, that in speaking of these theologians and casuist doctors, Voltaire only portrays them as *non compos mentis* when convened for the purposes of disputation, allowing that once divested of their robes and square caps, they were wont to conduct themselves in every respect like other social and reasonable beings.

[6] Of the priestly tonsure we have spoken upon a former occasion, and with respect to the cowl, it consists of a piece of woollen stuff, suspended from the nape of the neck, and destined to cover all the stock of science contained in a monkish sconce; yet, however trifling may appear this small appendage to the monastic garb, it nevertheless gave rise in ancient times to the most furious disputes between the Cordeliers, whose order was in consequence divided into two factions, named the Spiritual Brothers, and those of the Community, the one maintaining that the cowl

ought to be narrow, and the other wide in its dimensions, which knotty point occupied a century of disputation, and was with infinite difficulty terminated by the bulls of four popes, viz., Nicholas the Fourth, Clement the Fifth, John the Twenty-second, and Benet the Twelfth, during which period some hundreds of its wearers suffered at the stake for the maintenance of their respective opinions. To the cowl, we might add the sleeves of the Augustine Monks and the Feuillant Brothers, which created infinite trouble, as appears in the annals of ecclesiastical history.

CANTO XVIII.

ARGUMENT.

DISGRACE OF CHARLES AND HIS GOLDEN TROOP.

I KNOW not in this world's historic page,
Nor hero, man of wealth or even sage,
Prophet or Christian, ranking faith his forte,
Who has not of some rascal been the sport,
Or now 'tis jealousy that scowls on merit,
Or else the workings of an evil spirit.

Thus Providence at all times put to trials
Good monarch Charles by unforeseen denials;
Sadly from cradle was he reared in sooth,
Pursued by the Burgundian from his youth;[1]
By sire deprived of rights, he felt distress;
The Parliament Parisian, near Gonesse,
Tutor of Kings, adjourned their pupils there,
And bound on English brow Gaul's lily rare.
Of mass and weal deprived, he'd errant stray,
And scarcely ever would prolong his stay
At one fixed spot. Friend, mistress, uncle, mother,[2]
Always by one betrayed or else the other.
An English page partakes his Agnes' smiles;
Hell sends Hermaphrodix with fateful wiles,

Dire magic spells to turn his store of brains:
On every side he shuns misfortune's banes,
Yet suffers all to Heaven's decree resigned,
Thus fate forgives his sins, humanely kind.

Alert and brave of lovers was the escort,
Far journeying then from that bewitching fort,
Where Beelzebub caused senses all to veer,
Of Bonneau, Agnes, and each cavalier;
By skirts of sombre forest rode each knight,
Which by the name of Orleans since is hight.
Tithonus' spouse had scarcely risen so high,
To mingle matin gleams with night's drear dye,
When from afar are seen some sergeants there,
With short-cut aprons and in bonnets square,
On corselet half way down, the eye might see,
Quartered with powdered lilies, leopards three:
Halting, the monarch then with care surveyed
A troop, that squatting near the forest laid;
Some paces onward moved Dunois and Joan.
Agnes, whose bosom throbbed with love alone,
Charles thus bespoke: "Let's go, let's fly, my sire!"
Joan onward sped still nearer to inquire,
And saw a wretched troop in couples bound,
With fronts abashed and eyes enchained to ground.
"Alas! some knights I view," quoth heroine beauty,
"Who captives are, and therefore 'tis our duty,
From bondage straight to free this faithful train;
Come, Bastard, come; and let's anon make plain
What Dunois is, and Joan of Arc the maid."

With lance in rest, these words were quick obeyed;
Rushing on troop that guarded heroes true,
Joan's aspect fierce no sooner struck their view,
With dauntless Dunois, and still more the ass,
Than with light steps scoured nimbly o'er the grass,
These would-be brave, like hares that timid glide;
Joan instant owned transporting flush of pride,
And thus extolled outright the hand-cuffed train —
Bold knights that drooped, oppressed by Albion's chain:
" Your monarch thank who saves ye from this thrall,
His hand salute, then follow one and all,
And vengeance wreak on Briton's stubborn band."
The troop though thus addressed with offer bland,
With eyes bent low a sullen air proclaimed;
Impatient reader, would you have them named,
Would you inquire what was this noble crew,
By Joan impelled such valiant feats to do?
These knights were wretches framed to grace the cord,
Who reaped in Paris, for deserts, reward,
Marching on back of Amphitrite to row,[3]
Whose trappings formed were their old trade to show;
Good Charles the pitying sigh could not control:
"Alas!" said he, " these objects in my soul
Have deep implanted the keen shaft of pain;
What! shall the Britons in my empire reign?
'Tis their decrees my subjects now obey,
For them alone the multitude must pray;

Their fiat every cruel edict rallies,
Thus doomed, poor souls, from Paris go to
galleys."
Charles, who compassion's thrill could not restrain,
Moved courteous toward the leader of this train,
Who at the front appeared of cavalcade;
No scoundrel better could depict his trade;
His long chin shaded by a beard uncouth,
His rolling glance, more lying than his mouth,
To earth directed with ambiguous squint;
His red joined eyebrows, full of cunning's dint
Were indexes of fell deceit and fraud,
Abuse and boldness stamped his forehead broad;
Remorse and laws despised no duty bound,
Foam dewed his mouth, as teeth he constant ground.

The sycophant beholding thus his prince,
Seemed humbly his devotion to evince,
Bent low his gaze, then softened and composed
That visage, which his haggard crimes disclosed:
Just so the mastiff that with daring gaze,
Its thirst of blood with sudden growl betrays,
Which master viewing fawns about him gay,
And licks his hand discoursing in this way,
Lolling for bread, carnivorous thoughts asleep,
As sweetly docile as the harmless sheep:
Or such as to our mental eyes portrayed
The Dæmon 'scaping from Tartarian shade,
Alike concealing talons and the tail,
With false mien striving o'er us to prevail,

In whom yon Anchoret fresh cropped we greet,
Better to tempt Nun Rose, or maid discreet.

By artful felon thus, Gaul's monarch cheated,
With kind commiseration then was greeted;
Such converse affable all fears allayed:
"Tell me," quoth Charles, "poor devil, what's thy trade,
Thy name, thy birthplace, and for what foul deed,
The Châtelet has indulgently decreed [4]
That thou henceforth shouldst row on Provence' main?"
Whereto the culprit thus made known his pain:
"All-bounteous Sire, who heed'st the sufferer's cry,
My name is Fréron, and of Nantes am I,
I love the Lord with ardor nought can smother,
For certain time I ranked a convent's brother;
Their morals as of old my mind retains,
To save young children I took wondrous pains;
Passed were my days in virtue's pure intents,
'Neath charnel house yclept of Innocents: [5]
Of my rare genius, Paris saw the feats,
Dearly to Lambert I sold all my sheets;
Full well I'm known in Maubert's famous square,
And justice above all was done me there;
Some who devotion lacked gave truth dread shock,
Reproaching me with vices of the frock,
With mundane sins — swindling to theft allied —
But I have always conscience on my side."

The monarch heard with pity all he said;
" Console thyself," he cried, " and nothing dread.
Now tell me, friend, if comrades who with thee,
For Marseilles speeding on like embassy,
Were all as thou art, good and honest race? "
"Ah! " Fréron cried, " I swear by christian grace,
As for myself — for each I'll answer bold,
Since every one is cast in self-same mould.
The Abbé Guyon marching at my side,
Is worthy love, that cannot be denied;
To him no mischief-making lies pertain,
Ne'er vile, nor dealing out detraction's strain.
Brave Master Chaumeix 'neath his visage low,[6]
A proud heart bears fraught with audacious glow,
For doctrine too, he'd suffer whipping sound;
There's famous Gauchat, who might well confound
Jew rabbis all — on text and note, rare chief.
See yonder advocate without a brief,
Who left for heavenly bliss the wrangling bar,
That Sabatier, than honey sweeter far:[7]
Ah! choicest wit! saint, priest, and tender heart;
'Tis true he played his master trait'rous part
But void of malice, little gleaned from coffer:
He sold his faith to him who most would offer,[8]
He trafficked, just like me, in libel writs;
And where's the harm? We live but by our wits,
Employ us, and we all will faithful be.
Laurels and glory in these times we see
Have come to authors e'en of charnel houses;
Our great success vile envy's wrath arouses,

Of scribes, of heroes, such the fate we view,
Of brilliant wits, and devotees a crew,
Since virtue ever was lampooned, poor thing.
Who knows this better than my noble king?"

While breathing thus his soft seductive lays,
Two melancholy forms met Charles's gaze,
Whose hands concealed huge fronts: the monarch cried,
"Name those so bashful doomed to stem the tide."

"You there behold," quoth scribe of weekly sheet,[9]
"Two, the most virtuous and the most discreet
Of those condemned on wave to tug the oar;
Fantin is one, preaching too great his lore,
Humble with them — to small folks *debonnaire,*
His piety the living chose to spare,
And store of goodly deeds at once to hide,
Those he confessed and robbed, just as they died.
The other's Grizel, who young nuns directed,[10]
Who secret favors of his flock neglected,
But sagely piled up hoards for Heaven above,
His soul replete with pure and saintly love
The pelf despised, yet owned of fear the thrall,
Lest to ungodly hands the gold should fall.

"As for the noble wight you see in rear,
He's my support, La Beaumelle ever dear;[11]
Of scoundrels ten, who sold their wits to me
Though vilest, yet most faithful found, was he:

Absent in mind, yet sometimes 'tis averred,
When to support the Christian tenets spurred,
He, for his own, a neighbor's purse mistook;
Besides, you find such wisdom in his book,
For feeble wits, he also knows so well,
How dangerous 'tis the naked truth to tell,
That light, deceptive is, to foolish eyes,
Which thus are hoodwinked; wherefore scribe so wise,
So horrible, beholding her to sight,
Resolved he never would her themes indite:
For me, I here aver, most gracious sire,
In you I see a hero I admire;
This, from my pen posterity shall learn,
Save those whom calumny would make you spurn,
And with her breath pestiferous blacken o'er;
From nets of impious men the good restore:
Avenge us, save us, pay us; and outright,
Honor of Fréron: — we for you will write."

From him, pathetic speech applauding burst
For Salic law; the British race he cursed,
Proving that soon without war's slaughtering ill,
The state he'd rescue with a goose's quill.
Sage Charles admired this doctrine so profound,
Dispensing sweetest smiles on all around,
And with compassion too assurance gave,
That each might thenceforth his protection crave.
Agnes, who heard this touching interview,
Felt tenderest sympathy her soul imbue.

Her heart was good: the fair to love resigned,
To gentleness is ever more inclined
Than heroine or belle to prudery prone:
"My king," quoth she, "this day you needs must own,
Propitious proves to this most wretched race,
Since on contemplating your royal face
Bliss they enjoy, and broken are their chains;
Yours is a front where grace celestial reigns;
Of legal men, how daring is the band,
For masters acting who usurp your land.
'Tis thee, my love, they should alone obey,
They're pedants all in judges' false array;
I've seen the race of these same inkstand heroes,
Who for the good of kings are tutoring Neroes,
Proud race and tryants vile, in sable dight,
Who revenues of pupil thieve outright;
Before them citing him with daring frown,
And gravely confiscating thus his crown: [12]
These worthy people crouching at your knee,
Like you are treated by their bold decree,
Protect them all; yours is a common cause,
Avenge their wrongs, proscribed by self-same laws."

This tender speech touched deep the monarch's mind,
His soul to clemency's bright thrill inclined.
The heart of Joan by feeling ne'er unstrung,
To Charles maintained that each one should be hung,
That Fréron, and all those of such a trade,

Were but to ornament the gallows made.
Dunois on wisdom more profoundly bent,
Thus spoke, as able soldier, mind's intent:
" We oft lack troops," quoth he, " in war's alarms
We stand in need of backs, of legs, and arms;
These fellows have them: in adventures fell,
Assaults, long marches, combatings, pell-mell,
We little stand in need of such as write,
Enlist them all, and by to-morrow's light,
Instead of oar let each a musket bear;
Paper to daub in city was their care,
Let them prove useful now on battle plain."
The monarch relished well great Dunois' strain,
As at his knees appeared this worthy crew,
Sighing and bathing them with sorrow's dew;
To pent-house of the fort they went enrolled,
Where Agnes, Charles, and all his Troop of Gold,
The dinner o'er, delicious evening spent,
With Bonneau, Agnes on good deeds intent,
Took heed that each should share of food a hoard,
The ample refuse of the royal board.

Charles at the supper having gaily fed,
Anon with Agnes hied him to his bed;
When each awakening, from the couch arose,
Surprised were seen, no doublet, gown, nor clothes,
For ruffles, Agnes vainly turned the eye,
Her necklace boasting pearls of yellow dye,
Portrait of royal love she found no more.
Fat Bonneau, treasurer of all the store,

In narrow purse (sure gold was ne'er kept faster)
No longer found the treasures of his master.
Clothes, vessels, linen, vanished to a rag,
The scrawling cohort 'neath the unfurled flag
Of Nantes famed gazetteer — with zealous pain,
Had during night performed legerdemain;
Easing of equipage thus light their sire,
Sham warriors these, when true ones with real fire,
As Plato says, no luxury e'er needed.
To 'scape secure through by-ways they proceeded,
And at the pot-house then divided spoil,
Where written, they produced with sagest toil,
Of Christian moral treatises, the treasure,
Upon contempt of wealth and mundane pleasure.
'Twas proved as brothers, men were all allied,
Born equal, and all good things to divide;
And miseries too, dispensed from Heaven above,
Living in common, to share social love.
This saintly book, which since has met our eyes,
Contains a commentary, wondrous wise
To tutor and direct the heart and mind,
With preface, and to reader, counsel kind.

With dread assailed, the troop of clement sire
Became alike a prey to troubles dire,
O'er plain, through wood, the band they strove to
trace,
As good Phineas erst the prince of Thrace:
Eneas, too, renowned for pious mind,
Who quite aghast with fright, betrayed short wind,

When to their very teeth, just at midday,
The glutton harpies, ravenous for their prey,
From caverns rushing, borne on outstretched wings,
Pouncing devoured the dinner of these kings.

Timid was Agnes, Dorothy in grief;
To veil their charms appeared no kind relief,
While Treasurer so loud roared out his pain,
From peals of laughter they could not refrain.
"Ah!" Bonneau cried, "a loss so great before,
We ne'er experienced amid combat's roar;
The rascals have ta'en all — I die with grief;
Why did my king accord them kind relief?
Such is the recompense indulgence gains,
'Tis thus we're paid by men of brilliant brains."
Agnes commiserating, Agnes kind;
Forever courteous, always bland of mind,
Anon replied: "My dear and fat Bonneau,
'Fore Heaven take heed, nor let this ill-starred blow,
With new disgust inspire you 'gainst these men,
Who wield of authors the prolific pen.
Good writers have I known, of that I'm sure,
Possessing hearts just like their hands as pure;
Who, without robbing, love their master dear,
Doing all good, nor suffering soul to hear;
Lauding bright virtue, or in prose or verse,
Her feats in acting, abler to rehearse;
Fruit of their labors is the public weal,
As pleasures soft, the weight from labors steal,
They touch the heart, ears own the dulcet sound,

Cherished are they, and if Frelons are found
In this our era, bees alike abound."
" Alas ! " quoth Bonneau, " what care I for these,
Such trifles vain, your Frelons and your bees,[13]
'Tis meet we dine, and I my purse have lost."
Each now essayed to calm his temper crossed,
Like heroes to all hardships fell inured,
Prepared to soften all the ills endured ;
Sole remedy no doubt, in such disgrace,
Was safely to regain anon the place
Well stocked with magazines of Charles benign,
And amply stored with tons of rosy wine.
Our gallant cavaliers but half equipped,
And fair ones, too, of richest vestments stripped,
Weary and scant arrayed, rode Fort to view,
One foot half clad, the other void of shoe.

END OF CANTO XVIII.

NOTES TO CANTO XVIII.

[1] Meaning the Duke of Burgundy, one of the most potent princes in Europe, who caused the Duke of Orleans to be assassinated, which crime was amply avenged by our good King Charles, at that period Dauphin of France, who at the Bridge of Montereau, under the feigned appearance of an amicable interview, caused the Duke of Burgundy to be stabbed; an event which occurred in 1419.

[2] Isabella of Bavaria, mother of Charles the Seventh, was one of his most inveterate persecutors, leaguing against him with the son and heir of the Duke of Burgundy, who so far fomented the hatred of the Queen against the Dauphin, her son, that she exerted all the power she possessed over the weak mind of her husband, Charles the Sixth; in consequence of which, the treaty of peace with England was signed, Princess Catherine affianced to Henry the Fifth, the right of the Dauphin's succession to the crown publicly proclaimed invalid, and a regular act signed by the King to that effect.

[3] Voltaire here designates the Ocean under the name of Amphitrite the spouse of Neptune, upon whose billows are condemned to toil that class of culprits doomed to the galleys.

[4] In a very ancient edifice called the *Châtelet,* used as a prison, where formerly united all the jurisdictions of Paris: it was there that culprits were tried and sentence pronounced in all civil as well as criminal cases.

[5] There was in the fifteenth century a writer of this name, who produced his periodical sheets at the Charnel Houses of the *Saints Innocents.* This individual performed some slippery tricks, for which he was several

times confined in the prisons of the *Châtelet, Bicêtre,* and *Fort L'Évêque.* He had been for a certain period a monk, but was driven away from his convent; after which he succeeded well in the mode of life he adopted, namely, that of author. He was originally a native of Nantes, and exercised at Paris the function of a satirical gazetteer. Voltaire here satirizes a contemporary writer of the same name.

[6] Abraham Chaumeix, born at Orleans in 1713. He made rapid progress in literature, and at forty he wrote against the Encyclopædia and M. de Voltaire.

[7] Sabatier, author of two dictionaries, containing the *pour* and the *contre;* was a most daring calumniator. He betrayed his employer, M. Le Comte de L———, and for this ingratitude was driven away in a manner the most disgraceful, the poignant effects of which he experienced for a considerable length of time.

[8] There be poets, who, altogether unmindful of former flights and of former opinions, coincide with Fréron and affirm that men should live by their wits *coute qui coute,* and who for the sake of a butt of sack, an annual stipend, and the enviable title of a Laureate will compose birthday and New Year's odes, as the drudging shoemaker executes the order of his employer for which he is to be paid.

[9] Fréron produced a weekly sheet wherein he sometimes hazarded little untruths, calumnies, and injuries, for which he was legally pursued, as we have already stated.

[10] This is another prophecy, as all Paris knows one Abbé Grisel, famous director of women of quality, who dissipated in secret debaucheries the sums of money swindled from his devotees, and which were deposited in his hands for the purpose of rendering assistance to the poor and the unfortunate. It might have been as well had our poet stated something respecting the Abbé la Coste, condemned to be branded upon the shoulder with a burning iron, as well as to perpetual hard labor as a galley-slave, in the year 1759

for having committed many forgeries. This same Abbé la Coste was a fellow laborer with Fréron in his work entitled *"Année Littéraire."*

[11] La Beaumelle, sometime preacher at Geneva, afterwards preceptor at the mansion of Monsieur le Boisi, then took refuge at Copenhagen, from whence, being expelled, he repaired to Gotha, at which place a lady's toilette being stripped of its lace, he fled from thence with the chambermaid who had been guilty of the theft, a fact perfectly well known to all the Court of Gotha. He was twice imprisoned in dungeons at Paris, and subsequently banished. La Beaumelle is the author of a poor work entitled *"Mes Pensées,"* wherein he lavishes abuse against the major portion of personages high in office. It is this same individual who adulterated the letters of Madame de Maintenon, and caused them to be printed with the most scandalous and defamatory notes; he also published at Frankfort the "Age of Louis XIV." in four volumes, which he falsified and burdened with annotations, not only disgusting on account of their ignorance, but rendered punishable by law for the calumnies which they disseminated against the royal family and the most illustrious houses of France. All the above cited persons produced slanderous volumes against the poet who thus deigns to usher them into publicity.

[12] On the third of January, 1420, the act of banishment in case of non-appearance within three days was proclaimed by sound of trumpet at the Marble Table against Charles the Seventh, then Dauphin, by order of Desmarets, solicitor-general of his father, Charles the Sixth, for the alleged murder of the Duke of Burgundy, which act had been committed at the instigation of the Dauphin.

[13] *Frelon* is intended as a *jeu d'esprit* upon the name of Fréron, and signifies a Hornet, famous only for the venom of its sting, and an instinctive predilection for plundering honey from the hive of the industrious bees.

CANTO XIX.

ARGUMENT.

DEATH OF THE BRAVE AND TENDER TRIMOUILLE AND OF THE CHARMING DOROTHY.—THE OBDURATE TYRCONNEL BECOMES A MONK OF THE ORDER OF CHARTREUX.

O DIREFUL War, of Death the sister dread,
The cut-throat's right—or Hero's as 'tis said;
Thou monster bloody from the loins derived
Of Atropos; — how have thy crimes deprived
This earth of souls. 'Tis thou inspirest those fears
Wide-spreading devastation, blood, and tears.
But when the pangs of gentle love combine
With those of Mars — ah! when the hand benign
Of lovers kind, by favors quite subdued,
With stream from heart adored becomes imbrued,
And that her breath to save, he'd life lay low,
As ill-directed dagger deals the blow,
Piercing that bosom, glowing lips so oft
Have sealed with love's ecstatic transports soft;
Thus seeing closed on light of radiant day,
Those eyes that erst beamed naught but love's pure ray;
A scene like this more terror far imparts,
To bosoms blessed with sympathetic hearts,

Than hosts of warriors, earning mundane doom,
By monarchs fee'd to gallop to the tomb.

Charles thus encircled by his royal train,
The fatal gift of reason had reta'en,
(That gift accursed which men so loudly boast)
But to seek combats 'mid opposing host;
To city's bulwarks now they wend their way,
This castellated pile their surest stay,
Wherein of Mars the magazines were stored
Of glittering lances, pointed spears a hoard,
And cannon cast by Hell's infernal spite,
To hurl us headlong to the realms of night;
In distance turrets greeted now their view,
Fast trotting thither Knights their course pursue,
Replete with hope and warmed by valor's glow;
But La Trimouille, in whom the chief we know
Of Poitou's knights, and lover the most kind,
Now slowly ambling with his fair behind,
And of his flame conversing on the way,
Thus from the path direct was led astray.
In valley watered by a limpid flood,
Deeply embosomed in a cypress wood,
By nature reared in pyramidic form,
Whose tops a century had braved the storm,
Was seen a cave where oft the Naiads fair
And the Sylvani tasted cooling air,
A crystal stream, which subterranean strayed,
There forming sheet where twenty cascades played,
Near which was spread a carpet ever green:

The wild thyme there, and balmy mint were seen,
The fragrant jonquil, and the jasmine white,
Seemed all the neighboring shepherds to invite;
Whispering: "Upon this couch of love recline."
Our youth of Poitou heard the call benign
From heart's recess, sweet Zephyr's sighs engage —
The time, the place, his tenderness, his age,
But more than all his charmer fanned the fire.
Their steeds they left, both glowing with desire,
And side by side on turf their transports lulled,
As now sweet flowers, now kisses rich they culled.
Venus and Mars regarding from above,
Objects ne'er saw more worthy of their love;
From forest's deep recesses, echoed round
Of gazing wood nymphs the applauding sound.
The sparrows, pigeons too, linked in warm fetter,
Example took, and learned to love the better.

In this same wood, a chapel's structure rose,
Sacred to such as in death's arms repose;
Whither foregoing eve, to grave was borne
The corpse of Chandos, from earth's region torn;
Two parish clerks in surplices all white,
Of *De profundis* long rehearsed the rite;
To this sad service, Paul Tyrconnel sped,
Not from a taste for pure devotion led,
But through attachment for departed knight;
Brother he ranked of Chandos, bold in fight,
Haughty like him, debauched and void of fear;
Stranger to love, nor ever shedding tear,

He still for Chandos cherished friendship's germ,
And in his wrath to this incitement firm,
Swore by just Heaven his vengeance should be wrought,
More spurred by passion than with pity fraught.

He through the corner of a casement spied
The palfreys 'twain then grazing side by side;
Toward them he moves: they kicking hied away,
Direct to fountain where our lovers lay
Yielding in secret to the soft control,
Themselves excepted — seeing not a soul.
Bold Paul Tyrconnel, whose inhuman mind
To neighbor's pleasures ever proved unkind,
Grinding his teeth, exclaimed: "Ye souls most vile,
'Tis thus then, ye with transports base must defile
A hero's tomb — insulting his remains,
Refuse of courts, which nothing pure retains,
Base foes, when some brave Briton yields to fate,
'Tis thus the rare event ye celebrate;
To outrage his loved manes you presume,
And act your wanton frolics on his tomb.
Speak recreant knight, in thee do I behold,
Made for a court — by softest spells enrolled,
The man whose weak arm — chance — directed gave
Death to the bravest warrior of the brave?
What, no reply, and ogling still the fair,
No shame thou feel'st, thy heart can nothing dare?"

To this address Trimouille at length replied:
" No sword of mine with his life's blood was dyed,
Heaven that conducts all heroes to renown,
Can, as it lists, accord the victor's crown;
'Gainst Chandos I with honor strove to shine,
Fate willed a hand more fortunate than mine
Should seal on plain of Mars its dread decree,
And there cut short at once his destiny,
Thus I perhaps, ere morning's ray we view,
May punish in my turn, some Briton too."

As freshening breezes which in murmurs creep,
And whistling ruffle surface of the deep,
Swell high their roar, and wrecking barks on strand,
Spread horror o'er the surface of the land;
So fierce Tyrconnel and Trimouille in rage,
Prepared in direful duel to engage.
Urged by these terms of wrath and menace dread,
Of cuirass each bereft, nor helm on head,
The Poitou knight upon the flowery glade,
Had near his charming fair of Milan laid
Lance, morion, breastplate, glave, his limbs to free
And trappings all the more at ease to be.
Who in amours requires a ponderous blade?
Tyrconnel always marched in armor 'rayed,
But he within illumined fane had placed
His polished cuirass — helm with gold enchased
In charge of squire — with costly brassets too,
The shoulder-belt alone appeared in view
Appendant, bearing his broad glittering brand;

He drew it — La Trimouille was quick at hand,
Prepared the brutal Islander to brave,
Springing with lightsome bound, he grasped his glave;
Then waved it high with choler boiling o'er,
Crying: "Thou monster cruel, list my lore,
What merit thy deserts, thou soon shalt feel,
Cut-throat, that in hypocrisy can deal;
Thus coming with impertinence in view
Of lovers to molest the *rendezvous!*"
So speaking, on the Briton bold he burst.
In Phrygia, Menelaus and Hector erst
Roared menaces and dealt death-dooming blow,
'Fore Helen guilty, and o'er-fraught with woe.

From cave, air, sky, and forest echoes rose,
Responsive to sad Dorothea's woes,
Love never with such thrills her breast had fired,
Nor had she felt her tender heart inspired
With equal pain: — what, on the very green,
Of pure voluptuousness so late the scene:
"All-potent Heaven, and must I even here,
Lose what I hold on earth supremely dear?
Adored Trimouille! barbarian, stay thy rage
And let my timid breast this wrath assuage."

Exclaiming thus, from dread of fear beguiled,
She flew with outstretched arms, eyes sparkling wild,
And rushing 'twixt the combatants distressed,

The gallant lover's alabaster breast,
Soft as the satin, idolized, adored,
Was by a grievous wound already gored;
From blow terrific, parried off with pain,
The knight thus galled, his rage could not restrain,
And headlong rushed the Briton to subdue,
But Dorothy was just between the two.
O God of love! O Heaven! O direful blow!
What faithful lover e'er the truth shall know
And not with floods of tears bedew my flight,
When the most tender, true, and lovely knight,
Blessed with unnumbered favors of his fair,
Of *belle* could strike the breast beyond compare;
That fateful steel, that dread ensanguined blade
Transpierced the heart for love's warm transports made,
Which ever burned for him her soul desired;
She staggered, sighing forth, as she expired:
"Trimouille, sole monarch of my heart." — But death,
Grim spectre, seized upon her fleeting breath,
She felt it, glancing once more on the light
Those eyes unclosed, which an eternal night
Was soon to seal: — her feeble hand — the breast
Still of her lover with warm ardor pressed,
Vowing to cherish an immortal glow,
Forth ebbed her life, in sighs and sobbings low,
"I love! — I love!" — In faltering accents broke,
Such the last words this faithful fair one spoke.
'Twas all in vain — Alas! Trimouille revered

Heard naught — for now to him death's shades
appeared
His form surrounding, as beside her charms,
Of memory 'reft, he slumbered in her arms,
Bathed in her blood, and yet not knowing aught.
At sight so tender, yet with horror fraught,
Aghast and chilled, awhile Tyrconnel stood,
His senses fled, and frozen was life's flood:
So erst, if heathen records tell us true,
Was Atlas, whom no feeling could subdue,
When for obduracy, 'twas Heaven's decree,
Changed into flinty rock his form should be.

But pity, gentle nature's soft behest,
Dispensed to quell the fury of the breast,
Awoke at length within his hardened heart,
He joined the fair, assistance to impart,
And found two miniatures on neck so fair,
Portraits preserved by Dorothy with care
Through all adventures, and for times long past,
In one Trimouille, with azure eyes was cast
And flaxen locks, possessing beauty's trace,
With softness, energy — with courage, grace,
United there; combining each soft art.
"Ah;" quoth Tyrconnel, "he deserved a heart;"
But at the other semblance loud his cry,
For lo! his portrait there enchained his eye;
He gazed, beholding trait for trait designed;
Oh what surprise! — as straight he called to mind,
That journeying once to Milan's famous town.

He Carminetta knew of high renown,
Gallant and noble, kind to Albion's race;
When quitting, after months elapsed, that place,
She pregnant proving, complaisantly he
Gave, to destroy of absence the *ennui,*
This portrait, traced by the all-skilful hand
Of great Bellini, chief of Lombard band:
'Twas Dorothy's own mother: — truth how dire,
All was revealed: — Tyrconnel proved her sire.

Though haughty he, indifferent and cold,
His heart if probed would generous germs unfold;
When by such characters the bitter draught
Of poignant agony is amply quaffed,
Its dire effects impressions strong impart,
Which ne'er assail an ordinary heart
Too open to receive warm passion's flow;
As brass or steel more powerfully glow
Than rushes burnt, when trifling flame they meet —
Our Briton viewed his daughter at his feet
Who death had glutted with her cherished blood,
Her he considered, as from eyes a flood
Of tears fast flowed, he ne'er had wept before;
With streams he bathed her, kissing o'er and o'er,
His loud cries echoing through the woods around,
As fraught with anguish, he breathed grief profound;
And cursing fortune, war, and direful death,
Fell quite o'ercome, bereft of voice and breath.

Thy lids unclosed at sounds so fraught with fate,
Trimouille, once more thou saw'st the day, and straight,
For the remaining light possessed no charm,
Shuddering thou didst withdraw thy murderous arm,
Which had with agonizing fervor pressed
The lily beauties of that cherished breast;
Thy sword hilt placing on the ensanguined plain,
Upon its point then rushing on amain,
Transpierced by mortal blow, with crimson tide
Of heart's warm blood soon was thy mistress dyed.

At screams thus uttered by the chief distressed,
The squires and priests inquiring, round him pressed,
Affrighted gazing at the cruel deed,
Their stony hearts, as well as his could bleed,
And, but for them, Tyrconnel by self-doom,
Lovers had followed to the silent tomb.

At length the horror of his anguish o'er,
And master of his faculties once more,
He caused the clay-cold lovers to be placed
On litter, formed by lances interlaced;
Thus were they borne by knights in sad array,
To royal camp, moistening with tears the way.

Tyrconnel, who made violence his guide,
And ever prompt on matters to decide,

From the dread hour this fatal deed took place,
Detested woman, maid, all nature's face;
His beard grew long, no valet with him sped,
Mournful his eye, nor word he ever said;
His heart sore pent, and in this sombre mood,
To Paris roamed, leaving Loire's limpid flood.
Ere long he gained at Calais ocean's strand,
Embarked, and safely trod his native land,
There took the frock, in sainted pile to dwell
Of Bruno's monks, his *ennui* to dispel.[1]
Himself and mundane joys for Heaven resigned,
Spurning his state, as well as all mankind;
And thus with thoughts on melancholy bent,
His days were passed in everlasting Lent;
'Twas there he lived, no sentence e'er breathed he,
And yet, he never proved a devotee.

As monarch Charles and Joan the warrior maid
Beheld thus pass the mourning cavalcade,
No sooner they the generous pair espied,
Happy so long, and erst bright beauty's pride;
All bathed in blood, their forms with dust besmeared,
Then struck with dread, each personage appeared,
While every eye the glistening drops distilled,
Each sympathetic heart with anguish thrilled.
In Troy they wept not thus, the bloody day,
When Hector of grim death became the prey;
As when Achilles, crowned by victory,
So justly famous for his modesty,

Caused him with gentleness to be dragged round,
His feet made fast, head trailing on the ground
Behind his car; that o'er the slaughtered rolled —
For fair Andromache, at least we're told
A living widow was, when spouse passed o'er
The Styx — to visit Hell's infernal shore.

Agnes, the lovely Agnes, shook by fears,
Whose arms the King entwined, subdued by fears,
Exclaimed: "Alas! my love, we thus some day,
May both to charnel house be borne away;
Ah! that my soul, as well as body too,
May ever be united, dear, to you."

At these soft words, each heart felt weight oppress
Of timid sorrow, feminine distress;
When lo! the maid assuming martial tone,
Organ of masculine courage all her own,
Cried out: "'Tis not by wailings, and by sighs,
By tears, by sobbings, and such doleful cries,
That we may vengeance for love's sufferers take,
'Tis blood! let's arm to-morrow for his sake;
Behold O King, of Orleans yonder walls,
Sad ramparts, subject now to Britain's thralls,
Its plains still smoking, by fell carnage fed
Of those who by your royal prowess bled,
As in your suite the Gallic legions went;
Let us prepare, pursue the grand intent;
This debt is due to bleeding shades we see
Of La Trimouille and his loved Dorothy;

'Tis meet a king should conquer and not weep,
Sweet Agnes, in oblivion quick ensteep
Those soft emotions of a gentle heart,
Agnes, to royal lover should impart
Thoughts worthier of his crown and station high."
" Leave me alone!" quoth Agnes, "*let me cry!*"

END OF CANTO XIX.

NOTE TO CANTO XIX.

[1] Saint Bruno was founder of the Carthusian order, in 1080, from a very extraordinary event, if we may credit the historians of that period; the circumstance being as follows: A professor of the University of Paris, very commendable as well for his doctrine as the apparent integrity of a well-spent life, died, but as the burial service was performing, he suddenly sat upright upon the bier and cried with a lamentable voice, "I am accused by the just judgment of God." This circumstance put all the spectators into a dreadful consternation, so that the interment was deferred until the ensuing day, when the defunct again cried out, "I am judged by the just judgment of God;" in consequence of which the burial was postponed for another day, on the arrival of which, in the presence of a large concourse of spectators assembled, the dead man a third time exclaimed in a terrible voice, "By the just judgment of God, am I condemned;" which event being witnessed by one Bruno, who happened to be present, he was so impressed by the spectacle, that he delivered a long harangue to the assembly, and concluded by remarking that it was utterly impossible for them to enjoy salvation unless they renounced the world and retired into the deserts; a line of conduct he immediately adopted, departing forthwith accompanied by six of his companions to a desolate place named Chartreuse, amidst the mountains in the diocese of Grenoble. In this desert, the resort of wild beasts, they constructed small cells at some distance from each other, where they lived in a state of silence, following a most rigid course of life, from which circumstance was afterwards founded the celebrated monastery of the Chartreux.

CANTO XX.

ARGUMENT.

HOW JOAN FELL INTO A STRANGE TEMPTATION.—TENDER TEMERITY OF HER ASS.—AND THE NOBLE RESISTANCE OF OUR MAID.

FRAGILE is man and woman too, my friend,
Wherefore take heed, on virtue ne'er depend;
The vase though fair, is only formed of clay,
'Tis easy broken; mend it, true, you may;
The enterprise is difficult and rare;
This precious vessel, to preserve with care
Untarnished — is a vision: this believe,
Which none attains, witness the spouse of Eve;
Old Lot and Samson, 'reft of both his eyes;
David the saintly; Solomon the wise;
And you, fair sex, foremost of all enrolled
In the new Testament as well as old;
In page of history, and e'en in fable;
I pardon, sex devout, your minds unstable,
Your little errings and caprices quaint,
Your soft refusals and each charming feint;
But, I must own, some acts my reason views,
Some kinds of tastes I never can excuse.
An ape, a very puppy have I seen,

Fat, squat, and tanned — frowsy 'neath linen clean,
E'en as a youth caressed within your arms —
I feel distressed for your bright tender charms;
An ass perhaps with wings is ten times greater
Than coxcomb dizened, or dull *Petit Maitre;*
To you I've consecrated, sex divine,
The gift poetic of celestial nine,
For your instruction now 'tis fit ye learn,
How of our Joan, a fine gray ass could turn
The martial brain for momentary season
And lead astray her virgin thoughts from reason;
It is not I — 'tis old Tritemus sage,
That worthy Abbé who indites this page.

Monk Grisbourdon, who shared of damned the lot,
Direful, at bottom of his cauldron hot,
Blaspheming ever, sought occasion still,
To wreak on Joan of Arc some vengeful ill,
Before whose sabre, when on earth he shrunk,
Which of its tonsured sconce, deprived the trunk.
Aloud he cried: "O Beelzebub, my sire,
With some dread sin, ah! canst thou not inspire
The mind of Joan severe, and seal her fall?
Methinks thou'rt urged to this by honor's call."
While speaking thus, arrived from passing Styx,
With rage o'er-boiling, foul Hermaphrodix,
The holy water glistening on his cheek,
The beast amphibious, vengeance fell to wreak,
Came to consult of every sin, the sire:
Behold the trio met, thus to conspire

Against our Joan. Alas! in love's soft trade,
Fewer are needed to seduce a maid:
Long had it been to gracious three revealed,
That Joan of Arc, 'neath petticoat concealed
Of town besieged the famous guardian key,
And that of mourning France the destiny
Upon her saintly mission then depended,
Satan's inventive genius was commended;
Who quickly sped to note upon the earth,
How were employed his friends of British birth,
And to what feats of body as of mind,
Joan after mighty battles felt inclined.

Dunois, the King, Agnes in faith now true,
The ass, the maid, Bonneau, and Bonifoux,
Had entered in the fort with closing night,
Waiting fresh reinforcements for the fight;
The dreadful breach of the besieged now closed,
A barrier to assailants thus opposed,
From ramparts, lo! the hostile band had sped:
Bedford — the townsfolk — Charles by hunger led,
Supped safe at home — hastening to get to bed.

At strange adventure — O! ye muses quake,
Which to a future race my verse must break,
And ye, my readers, in whom Heaven hath placed
Of purest tenderness the sapient taste;
Thank Dunois, Denis, who themselves acquitted
Right well; — whereby great sin was not committed.

If ye remember right, I promised erst,
That gallant wonders all should be rehearsed
Of this same Pegasus, with ears so lank;
Joining 'neath Joan and Dunois battles rank,
To dare the enemies of King and Maid,
You've seen him with his golden wings arrayed,
Dunois transporting to the Lombard plains,
Whence he returned, but racked with jealous pains:
Full well you know, that bearing Joan of Arc,
He felt in bosom lighted up the spark
Of that sweet fire, more ardent far than soft,
Soul, spring, and principle of worlds aloft;
Which in the air, the woods, and waves creates
Each body, and alike all animates.
This sacred fire of which there still appear
Some feeble rays, in this our worn-out sphere,
Was from on high to warm Pandora ta'en,
Since which the flambeau hath been on the wane.
All's faded, nature's force now languishing
In these our wretched days: Time's rapid wing
Nought now produces, save imperfect fires;
If still a vivifying flame inspires
A happy germ of principle benign
With bright Uranian Venus the divine
Ne'er seek it, or below court flame so rare,
But to Arcadia's heroes waft the prayer.

Ye lovely Celadons, whom beauty's powers
Have bound in chains of blooming fragrant flowers,
Lovers in cassock or the cuirass dressed,

Ye lawyers, colonels, prelates, abbés blessed;
Those of high *ton,* nay e'en a Cordelier
Ranks not in love with donkey the compeer;
The golden ass in Latium erst so famed,
In metamorphosis aloud proclaimed,
Can ne'er with this on Fame's bright record dwell,
He was but man, and that's a *bagatelle!*

Tritemus sage, whose mental powers could rise,
Than pedant Larchet more discreet and wise;
The modest author of this noble tale
Could scarce believe — he felt affright prevail,
When 'twas his task to chronicle the writ,
And to posterity this theme transmit.
His fingers three could scarce find power to guide
The nibs of pen and o'er the paper glide,
Frightened at length it fell — but soon his breast
Became with agitation less oppressed,
Reflecting sagely on the fund of evil
And malice dire arising from the Devil.

This foe to man, the source of all transgression,
Is tempter-general by his profession;
Under his special care he takes all souls:
This formidable sire who sin controls,
Rival of Heaven, seduced, mankind to spite,
Our common mother, near a wood one night
In garden: — serpent of deceivers worst,
Caused her to eat the apple there accursed;
Some think he guilty was of greater vice:

Howe'er it be, she lost gay paradise.
Since which, in every house the fiend's espied,
Of wives and daughters all, the constant guide,
And sage Tritemus in his time I ween
Had with his eyes, examples touching seen:
Thus is detailed, by good men fraught with sense,
Of saintly ass, the shame and insolence.

Joan the robust, with cheeks of damask rose,
Refreshed by soothing poppies of repose,
Gently tucked up within her lily sheets,
Of her past life retraced the fateful feats.
Such deeds recalling, pride her soul 'gan taint,
The glory she denied to Denis Saint,
And fed of puffed up vanity a grain;
This you may well conceive gave Denis pain,
Who for punition left his *protégé*,
For period short her wishes to obey:
Denis desired that Joan, his leading star,
Should know at length what of ourselves we are,
And that on each occasion, 'tis decreed,
Women in acting always patron need.
Right near she was becoming thus a prey
To trap; which Satan in his malice lay —
Ourselves misleading, we go far astray.

The tempter ne'er neglecting direful spell,
Chose his own time; he always chooses well: —
He's everywhere; — he glides with ruse refined
Into the ass's frame; he forms its mind,

Its tongue instructs in value of soft sounds,
Its voice no longer with harsh tone abounds;
And tutors also, cunning of that art
By Bernard sung, which Ovid knew by heart.

The ass enlightened, straightway reared its head
From stable, quickly up the staircase sped
To foot of couch, where quietly lay dozing
Joan, who in mind on labors past was prosing;
Then gently crouching at her side took place,
He praised her as o'er-topping hero race,
As matchless and the fairest fair of all:
Thus serpent erst seducing to our thrall,
When on our mother he essayed his guiles,
Began to subjugate with winning smiles,
With flattering compliments, commenced soft teazing,
With art of praising, 'gins the art of pleasing.

"Oh Heaven! where am I?" cried out Joan of Arc,
"What is't I hear, by Luke, and by St. Mark?
Is it my ass? O prodigy! O wonder!
My donkey speaks nor utters he a blunder!"

The ass on knees, demeanor quite composed,
Then cried, "Oh! Joan, no falsehood is disclosed;
In me the ass of Canaan behold,
Nourished was I by Balaam the old;
Balaam, Pagan priest — O! sad disaster,
A Jew was I — without me my dear master

Had cursed the race elect, and then no doubt,
Some bad mischance from thence had fallen out;
My zeal was recompensed by Adonai.
Soon to old Enoch was I given away,
That Enoch who immortal life possessed,
I had the same, and 'twas high heaven's behest,
That cruel Parcæ's life-bereaving shears,
Should hold in due respect my blissful years,
Thus an eternal springtime do I feel.
The master of our meadow, quite genteel,
Save only one thing, granted all to me,
Commanding I should live in chastity:
This, for a donkey's the severest lot,
Young, without curb, and in this charming spot,
All that the master can, so I can do,
By day, by night, all; save in love to woo;
Far better I than the first man obeyed,
Who for an apple every bliss betrayed;
My constitution's warmth I could defy,
The flesh was mute, no weaknesses had I;
But wouldst thou know how all this came to pass?
Throughout the plains there was not one she ass —
With mine estate content, thus rolled on fleet
A thousand years, in celibacy sweet.

" From depths of Greece, when Bacchus came divine,
With glorious Thyrsus, drunkenness, and wine,
Into those realms where Ganges' currents roll,
I served as trumpet this heroic soul,
And Indians civilized who own his will,

Chant with their overthrow, my glory still.
Silenus and myself are better known,[1]
Than all the great, surrounding Bacchus' throne;
My simple name and virtues signalized,
Have 'rayed with honor Apuleius prized;
In short, amidst the heaven's empyreal glow,
When George the Saint, of Gaul redoubted foe;
That hero fierce, enamored of war's deed,
Desired to have for palfrey British steed;
When Martin, famous for his mantle wide,[2]
Obtained a very decent nag to ride;
Our Mister Denis, cutting too a figure,
Wanting alike a trotter to look bigger
Made choice of me, so I became his care;
Of brilliant wings he clapped on me a pair:
My flight I took to raise in Heaven a stir,
When bit, my rump was, by Saint Roche's cur;
The hog of Anthony, sworn friend, was there,
Celestial pig, with which all monks compare:[3]
Gold stirrups had I, housings all were gay,
Fed on ambrosia was I every day;
But ah! my Joan, such blissful life can't measure
With that full portion of ecstatic pleasure
Which now I feel, your martial charms to view,
The cur, the hog, St. George, with Denis too,
Are not conjoined, worth your all-radiant beauty;
Of tasks which to fulfil it was my duty,
Whereto by star benign I have been raised,
By me, none e'er was yet so justly praised,
And which perhaps, I'm formed to fill the best,

As to comply with your august behest.
When Heaven's empyreum bright was left by me,
Honored I found my fortune was by thee;
No — I have ne'er abandoned radiant skies,
I still am there, for Heaven is in your eyes."

At speech so daring, very far from sage:
Joan justly found in breast, enkindled rage:
"What, love an ass, and thus resign my fame?
Ah! let me not the fell dishonor name;
Having till now my innocence kept clear,
From Gallia's knights as well as muleteer;
And being blest with heavenly grace a store,
Made Chandos imbecile when fight was o'er.
Yet in this ass, what merits I descry,
Ah! may he not with goat well favored vie
Of a Calabrian when with wreaths entwined?
No; let's dispel such horrors from the mind."
These varied thoughts an inward tempest bred
In heart of Joan, confounding too her head;
Thus we behold deep Ocean's surges bear
The tyrants fierce, of billows and of air;
Some rushing furious from their southern caves,
As others sweep with icy blasts the waves,
Driving the bark that ploughs each liquid wall,
Bound for Sumatra, Ceylon, or Bengal;
Sometimes in clouds is seen the upraised stern,
Dashed toward the rocks, it now appears in turn,
Then yawns in liquid gulf the ship to doom,
Or now it soars as from infernal tomb.

The child so arch, whose power all might surpasses,
Charming alike mankind, the gods, and asses,
Hovered in azure heights with bow in hand,
And maiden Joan regarded, smiling bland;
In faith the heart of heroine elect,
Felt fluttered at the singular effect
Which was produced by her attractive smile
Upon the sense of beast, so gross and vile;
She to her lover hand extended then
Thoughtless; and quickly drew it back again;
Straight blushing blamed herself, fell fears alarming,
Then courage taking, cried out, "Donkey charming!
By hope chimerical you're led astray,
Respect my glory and my duty, pray;
Between our species distance is too wide,
No, all your tenderness must be denied;
Wherefore I charge you ere it be too late,
Take heed betimes, nor dare provoke your fate."

"Love equals all," the ass anon replied,
"Think of that Swan who ranked fair Leda's pride,[4]
Touching whose honor, no one e'er reflected;
Know'st thou not Helios' daughter, who neglected[5]
The heroes all, embracing bull instead,
And sighing for her lovely quadruped?
Learn too, that erst in claws the towering Eagle,
From earth could youthful Ganymede inveigle;[6]
And that Philyra favored at her ease,
Disguised as horse, the monarch of the seas."

His speech he followed up, and Satan sable,
First author of each legendary fable,
Instilled such famed examples to surprise,
As ranged our ass on level with the wise.

While thus he dared in polished lays presume,
Dunois, who occupied adjoining room,
Attentive listened; — stupefied to hear
Strains breathed so eloquently in Joan's ear!
He wished to view the hero who thus prated,
And what fell rival love had now created.
He entered; and quite stupefied surveyed
The beast bewitched with monstrous ears arrayed.
Oh! prodigy — Oh! marvel to surprise,
He saw, yet doubted, truth before his eyes!

Venus of old felt thus of shame the dread,
When o'er her wiry net of brass was spread
By wretched Vulcan; who to gods displayed
Mars with his rib, devoid of covering laid.
Joan, after all, was not subdued 'tis plain,
Denis o'er Satan held the curbing rein;
Near the abyss her steps he guarded still,
And snatched her from the dire effects of ill.
Joan now indignant, found in breast a host;
Just so a soldier sleeping at his post,
Who as the first alarms his senses greet,
Springs up and sudden stands upon his feet,
Rubs either eye, attires himself, — and lo!
Seizes his arms, prepared to meet the foe.

Of Deborah, the all-redoubted spear,
Hanging the bed's head of our maiden near,
Which rescued her from perils every day,
She seized, the power of Satan to dismay,
Who ne'er could stand against its dint divine:
Dunois and Joan attacked the fiend malign;
Foul Satan fled, and while he hideous cried,
The woods of Orleans, Blois, and Nantes replied,
And Poitou's donkeys, that in meadows strayed,
In harsh tones answering, more discordant brayed.
The Devil sped; but in his quickened pace,
He thought on England's ills, his own disgrace,
So flew like arrow into Orleans straight,
And passed of Louvet president, the gate,
Then entered snug the body of his dame,
Sure of controlling there the mental flame;
Such was his goal — the tempter knew full well
The secret sin whereof she owned the spell,
He solved her passion, Talbot ruled her will,
The wily snake to evil prompting still,
Spurred and inflamed her, hoping in the end,
Some friendly succor he might thus extend,
And through the gates of Orleans lead amain
The valiant Talbot and his fiery train;
Yet while thus toiling for each British elf,
He knew full well he fought but for himself.

END OF CANTO XX.

NOTES TO CANTO XX.

[1] Silenus, generally represented as a fat, jolly old man, crowned with flowers and intoxicated, is uniformly depicted riding upon an ass, which animal is shrewdly surmised to have served as Trumpeter to the god Bacchus and his festive train.

[2] The Devil, under the semblance of a pauper, having craved charity of Saint Martin, the latter very philanthropically bestowed upon him the half of his tunic.

[3] If the fraternity of the Frock have thundered forth their anathemas against the *"Pucelle,"* it is not to be wondered at that we find our poem frequently interlarded with couplets similar to the above.

[4] Leda, the wife of Tyndarus, King of Sparta, having accorded her favors to Jupiter, under the semblance of a swan, at the expiration of nine months was delivered of two eggs, from one of which sprang Pollux and Helena, and from the other, Castor and Clytemnestra.

[5] Pasiphae, the wife of Minos, King of Crete, is said to have disgraced herself by an unnatural passion for a bull, the fruit of which infamous commerce was the Minotaur.

[6] Ganymede, a beautiful youth, is reported by some authors to have been carried away by an eagle, in order to satisfy the desires of Jupiter; and Philyra, one of the Oceanides, having had commerce with a horse, brought forth the Centaur Chiron, who was afterwards the preceptor of Achilles.

CANTO XXI.

ARGUMENT.

THE CHASTITY OF JOAN DEMONSTRATED.—MALICE OF THE DEVIL.—RENDEZVOUS GIVEN TO TALBOT BY THE WIFE OF LOUVET THE PRESIDENT.—SERVICES RENDERED BY BROTHER LOURDIS.—CHARMING CONDUCT OF THE DISCREET AGNES.—REPENTANCE OF THE ASS.—EXPLOITS OF JOAN.—TRIUMPHS OF THE GOOD KING CHARLES THE SEVENTH.

Experience hath no doubt taught reader's mind,
That the sweet deity as boy designed,
Whose sports, an infant's gambols ne'er unfold,
Two different quivers hath, his shafts to hold;
One only filled with tender striking darts,
Void of all pain or danger, wound imparts;
Which time increasing, penetrates the breast,
And leaves you with the deepest wound impressed:
The other darts raise fire's consuming glow,
Which, as they part, inflame and strike the blow:
They to the senses five, destruction deal,
Impressing on the front a ruby seal;
A new-born life we then appear to claim,
Fresh crimson currents seem to fire the frame;
We nothing hear; then sparkling beams the sight,
As water boiling o'er the flame so bright,
Which, mounting in the vessel overflows,

And in the ardent flame its bubble throws;
To mind such image faintly can express
Desires thus raging, followed to excess.

Ye worthless scribes, to all profaneness prone,
Ye, who dared sully glory of my Joan;
Ye writers vile, with love of falsehood smitten,
Who bold belie the works by sages written;
'Tis ye pretend my maiden could retain,
And for gray donkey cherish fire profane,
Ye publish, that she argued ill: — to vex,
Insulting thus, her virtue and her sex:
Compilers base, such infamy your trade is,
Learn, 'tis your duty to respect the ladies;
Say not this weakness e'er in Joan could dwell,
The sage into such error never fell,
None could with these untruths the hearing wound;
In this, the time and action ye confound,
And rare events most marvellous impede;
Respect the ass, and laud his every deed;
His talents never graced your senseless throng,
And yet your ears, good folks, are just as long.
On this occasion, if indeed the maid,
A smile of satisfaction e'er betrayed,
The novel flame with which she so had fired
The long eared beast, this sentiment inspired;
'Twas vanity, which none in maids reprove,
An *amour propre,* not the other love.
In fine, this point, to set forth free from varnish,
Showing of Joan nought could the lustre tarnish,

To prove that to the malice foul of Hell,
The Donkey's eloquence and transports fell
Her heart was proof, in virtue's armor clad.
Know, that the maid, another lover had:
'Twas Dunois, as my readers all well know,
The bastard bold, who had inspired the glow,
At speech of ass; surprise the mind may seize,
One may indulge a vain desire to please,
A turn so innocent and light, 'tis clear,
Could ne'er the traitor prove, to love sincere.

On page historical, the truth is told,
How Dunois the sublime, that hero bold
Felt, with a golden shaft, his heart pierced through,
Which Cupid smiling, from first quiver drew;
He ever in obedience kept the flame,
Weakness in his proud heart ne'er took the rein,
Nought save his monarch, and the state he saw,
In him their interest reigned, the ruling law.

He knew, O Joan, thy blooming virgin flower,
Of victory the pledge in battle's hour.
Respected were thy charms and Denis too;
Just like the pointer-dog, well taught and true,
Who staunch the calls of hunger can defeat,
The partridge holding, which it will not eat;
But, when celestial Jackass thus he found,
On flame descanting of love's bleeding wound,
Dunois conceived that he might speak in turn;
Sages sometimes forget themselves, we learn.

No doubt, a flagrant folly it had proved,
To sacrifice the state for her he loved;
'Twas all to lose, and Joan still feeling shame,
For having donkey heard avow his flame,
Resisted ill her hero's ardent speech,
Love strove in soul so pure to make a breach;
All had been done; when lo! her patron bright,
His ray detaching from celestial height,
That golden beam, his glory and his steed,
Bearing his saintly form in time of need,
As when he sought, impelled by pressing call,
A virgin flower to rescue Orleans' wall;
This heavenly ray that pierced Joan's better sense,
Each sentiment profane removed from thence:
"Dear Bastard, stop," she cried, "Oh! shun the crime,
Our loves are reckoned, 'tis not yet the time;
Let us nought mar of sovereign fate's decree,
My solemn faith is plighted but to thee,
Thine I protest the virgin bud shall be:
Let us await until your vengeful arm,
Your virtues, which in Britons strike alarm,
Have from our soil the vile usurpers driven,
Then, 'neath the laurel stretched, we'll taste love's heaven."

At this address the Bastard calmed his rage,
And hearing oracle, submitted sage;
Joan modestly received his homage spoken,
So pure, so soft, — and gave him straight for token

"LET US NAUGHT MAR OF SOVEREIGN
FATE'S DECREE."

Chaste kisses thirty, with a glow replete,
Such as when brother's lips, a sister's meet!
Each bridled in the torrent of desire,
And modestly agreed to quench the fire:
Denis beheld; — the saint was satisfied,
And straight his projects hastened to decide.

That night, bold Talbot, chief of high renown,
By ruse resolved to enter Orleans' town,
Exploit quite new to haughty Briton's feeling,
More hardy far in feats than double dealing.

O God of Love! O weakness, mighty power!
O fatal love! thy will was in that hour
Of France to yield this rampart to the foe,
Whereof no Briton hoped the overthrow.
That which had baffled Bedford's thinking brain,
What Talbot's prowess vainly strove to gain,
Thou didst, O Love, essay; replete with guile,
Of ills the source: sweet child, ah! wherefore
smile?

If in his course of conquering career,
A gentle shaft to heart of Joan could veer;
Another arrow from his bow-string flew,
Dame President's five senses to subdue.
With hand he struck her, which triumphant rules,
Directing dart that turns us all to fools;
'Gainst tower you've seen the scaling ladder laid,
Assault so bloody, direful cannonade;

These conflicts hardy, and these efforts stout,
On battlements performed, within, without,
As Talbot and his thundering legions pour,
Forcing the walls, and breaking down each door,
While showering from the height of bastions came
With death combined, destruction, fire, and flame:
The ardent Talbot with an agile pace,
Entered o'er dying ramparts of the place,
O'erthrowing all; crying with lungs of Stentor,
"Townsmen, your arms throw down, my Britons enter!"
To war's dread god he bore resemblance strong,
When Earth re-echoes as he strides along;
While fell Bellona, Discord, dooming Fate,
Nerve his dire arm, who rules grim death in state.

Our lady President, through mansion's wall,
Close to a ruined pile had lattice small,
From whence upon her lover's form she gazed,
His golden casque, his wavy plume high raised;
His steel-cased arms, as sparks of fiery dye
Forth from each pupil shot, of vivid eye;
That glance so godlike and that lofty frame,
All in Dame President illumed the flame,
Of sense depriving her, as well as shame.
Thus from stage-box upon a time we saw
Dame Audou, to whom Love prescribed the law,
Ogling of Baron, Thespian powers divine,
As with gaze ardent she devoured each line,
His fine demeanor, action chastely true,

And costume suited to the subject too;
Mingled with his, her accents in tones low,
Love's flames received, her senses owned the glow.
In Dame the subtle fiend was throned in state,
Acquiring post, though not importunate,
And that archangel black, Hell's ravenous King,
The Devil or Love, which mean the self-same thing,
Had ta'en of Sue the *coiffe* and every feature,
Who long had served a most obsequious creature,
A girl both active and instructed too,
Dressing and frizzing, bearing *billet doux,*
In double *rendezvous* a careful elf,
The one for mistress, t'other for herself,
Satan, concealed beneath her semblance well,
Thus held harangue with our puissant belle:

"Alike, my heart and talents you must know,
I wish to aid your bosom's ardent glow;
Your interest nearly now concerns my mind,
This night, my own first cousin, as I find,
Stands sentry at a certain postern gate,
Where nought against your fame can doubt create;
In secret there, bold Talbot you may meet,
Despatch a note, my cousin is discreet,
Your message, trust me, he'll perform with care."
Dame President anon penned billet fair,
Impassioned, tender words, that strike heart's goal,
And with voluptuous furor fire the soul;
'Twas easy seen that Satan had dictated:
Talbot expert, with love infatuated,

Made oath his fair at *rendezvous* to meet,
But swore alike, that in this conflict sweet,
The path of pleasure should to glory lead;
All things were ready for the purposed deed,
Thus springing from the couch, 'twas planned that
he
Should leap into the arms of victory.

Our reverend Lourdis, you well know was sent
By saintly Denis with the wise intent
Of serving him 'mid Britain's cohorts dire,
In acting free, he sang the chant of choir,
Said mass, and even to confession hied;
Talbot upon his *parole* given relied,
Ne'er thinking, one so dull, a rustic vile,
A brainless monk — dross of conventual pile,
Who, by his order had borne public whipping,
Could thus be found sage General outstripping.
But righteous Heaven in this judged otherwise;
In its decrees, strange whims will oft arise
To mock and make the greatest merely tools,
Sages confounding by the means of fools;
From Paradise despatched, a ray of sense
Beamed to illume Lourdis's sconce so dense,
The mass of thickened brain within his skull
Lighter became anon, and far less dull,
Struck — he felt intellect his head endow,
Alas! we think, the Lord above knows how!
Let us for springs invisible inquire,
That more or less with thought the brains inspire:

Those divers atoms let our wits descry,
That from sound sense or reason turn awry;
In what sly nook of pericranium's placed
A Homer's genius and a Virgil's taste?
And by what leaven, with coldest poison fraught,
Was Zoilus, Fréron, and Thersites taught?
A friend of Flora's regions of perfume
Ne'er pink beholds the baleful hemlock bloom,
'Tis the Creator's will holds sovereign sway,
That hidden hand which all things must obey.
Unseen by eyes in doctor's pedant pate,
Their useless prattle we'll not imitate.

Lourdis right curious, now sought all to see,
And his new sight employed most usefully;
Toward night he spied to city's wall repairing
A train of cooks, such dainty viands bearing,
As sumptuous banquet for the board supplies,
Hams, truffles, wood-hens, partridges, and pies;
Decanters ample, with rich sculptures graced,
Refreshed, as round them piles of ice were placed,
That brilliant liquid, juice of ruby glow,
Ranged in the cellars blessed of famed Citeaux.
Toward postern gate in silence thus they sped:
Lourdis, who science then possessed in head —
Not Latin; but that still more happy code,
Leading us through this rugged world's sad road;
Of eloquence the flow, he then displayed,
By kindest courtesy and prudence 'rayed;
Regarding all through corner of keen eye,

With deepest craft abounding — courtier sly;
The monk, in fine, of monks was most complete,
'Tis thus in all times we our equals meet,
Speeding from kitchen, to the council hall,
Disturbing peace, in war intriguers all,
O'er mansion now of burgess rude presiding,
Then into cabinets of monarchs gliding,
Troubling the world; in fine on discord bent,
Sometimes expert, at others insolent;
Now greedy wolves, now fraught with fox's wiles,
Now antic apes, or full of serpent's guiles,
For which the miscreant Britons erst decreed,
That England should be purged of such a breed.

By unfrequented path, our Lourdis sped,
Which through a wood to royal quarters led;
Conning this mighty mystery in mind
He went, sworn brother Bonifoux to find.
Don Bonifoux, just then with thought sedate
Prosed most profoundly o'er the page of fate,
He measured links invisible to sight,
Which destiny and time in bonds unite;
Deeds trifling and events supremely great,
The world to come, and our material state;
The whole he drew to focus in his mind,
Effect and cause, enraptured he defined,
Their order saw, and found a *rendezvous*
Might save an empire, or a state subdue.
The confessor in thought still kept enrolled
How once was seen three lilies all of gold

On alabaster field — the rump of page,
An English youth, nor less did thoughts engage
Walls ruined of Hermaphrodix the sage.
But what astounded most his wondering brain,
Was to see Lourdis stock of sense attain
From which, he well foresaw that in the end,
To good Saint Denis Britain's host must bend.

Lourdis by Bonifoux, in form polite
Presented was to lovely Agnes' sight;
Her beauty and his monarch complimented,
Then straight explaining, forthwith represented
How prudence of bold Talbot lulled asleep,
Was that same night a *rendezvous* to keep
Near postern; and that war's fell chief would there
Of Louvet meet the love-sick dame so fair;
Quoth he, "A stratagem one may pursue,
There trace his steps, surprise his person too,
As by Delilah Samson was of old,
Oh! Agnes most divine, this theme unfold
To mighty Charles." "Ah! reverend man," she said,
"Think you the monarch is at all times led
On me love's soft effusions to bestow?
I think he damns himself, though nought I know!"
Lourdis replied: "My robe condemns love's sway,
My heart absolves him: fortunate are they
Who at some epoch shall be damned for thee."
Quoth Agnes: "Monk, your converse flatters me,
And proves your head with store of sense supplied."

To corner then conducting him aside
Thus whispered she: "Hast thou amidst our foes,
The youthful Briton seen, I mean Monrose?"
The subtle monk in black replied: "In sooth,"
As lending ear — "I've seen the charming youth."
Agnes deep blushing bent to earth a look,
Then muscles smoothing, hand with kindness took
Of wily Lourdis, and ere Sol's ray fled,
To dear Lord Paramount his footsteps led.

Lourdis then made a more than mortal speech;
To this, as wits of Charley could not reach,
His sovereign counsel he assembled straight,
His Almoners — wars chieftains too sedate.
Amidst these heroes like herself was Joan,
With mind for counsel as to combats prone;[1]
While Agnes, in a manner formed to wheedle,
Discreetly occupied o'er thread and needle,
From time to time, delivered good advice,
Which monarch Charles adopted in a trice.

'Twas then proposed to seize with skilful care,
Beneath the ramparts, Talbot and his fair:
So Vulcan and the Sun in Heaven we're taught;
Mars, with his lovely Aphrodisia caught:
Each to prepare this enterprise was led,
At once demanding strength of hand and head.
Dunois proceeded first by lengthened route,
Hard march performing, which proved mind acute,
Feat of war's art, that claimed of old renown:

The army passed, safe entered then the town.
Near postern gate the force was thus employed,
As Talbot with dame President enjoyed
Of dawning union the first keen delights,
Flattering himself that from the couch to fights
Quite herolike but one jump he should make;
Six regiments in defile were road to take:
Command was given — The city had been ta'en,
But the foregoing eve each soldier's brain
Was petrified with Lourdis' long discourse,
Each gaped, bereft of motion and of force;
Asleep and side by side, on plain they laid,
So great the miracle — which Denis played.

Joan with Dunois and the selected train
Of gallant knights, soon having passed the plain,
Already lined 'neath Orleans' ramparts strong
Of the besiegers' camp, the trenches long.
Mounted on horse of Barbary's famed breed,
In Charles's stable then the only steed
Joan ambled, grasping in her dexter hand,
Of Deborah renowned, the Heavenly brand,
While noble broadsword did her side adorn,
Wherewith poor Holofernes' head was shorn,
And thus equipped, with thoughts devout, our maid
Internally to Denis saint, thus prayed:

"Thou who has deigned to feeble maid like me
These glorious arms confide, at Domremi,
Prove of my frailty now support benign;

Oh pardon, if some vanity was mine
When flattered senses heard thy faithless ass,
With freedom hail me as the fairest lass.
Dear patron, deign to recollection call,
That through my means the Britons were to fall,
Thus punishing foul deeds in ardor done,
Having polluted each afflicted nun.
A greater feat presents itself to-day;
Nought can I act without thy fostering ray,
Endow this arm with force like thine to toil,
Till its last gasp to save the Gallic soil,
Avenge King Charles's lily's tarnished hue,
With threatened honor of sage Louvet too;
Ah! let us to this gracious end be led,
And Heaven in safety still preserve thy head."

From height celestial goodly Denis heard,
And in the camp the donkey felt the word;
'Twas Joan he felt, and clapping pennons too
Anon with crest erect towards her flew,
On knee craved grace, his pardon to insure
For late attempts of tenderness impure:
"By demon," he exclaimed, "I was possessed,
I now repent," he wept with grief oppressed;
Conjured her then his willing back to cross,
He could not of her weight sustain the loss,
Nor bear another 'neath our maid to trot:
Joan well perceived a Heavenly beam, I wot,
Restored the flighty donkey as her steed,
Of grace our penitent received the meed;

Her ass she strode, and gave him counsel meet
To prove from thenceforth sober and discreet,
The donkey swore, and fired with courage rare,
Proud of his charge, took flights through realms
of air.

On Britons, swift as lightning's flash he darts
Like forked fire that with the thunder parts;
Joan flying, overwhelmed the country round,
With streams of blood imbruing verdant ground,
On every side, of limbs dispersed the wrecks,
While heaped were seen by scores and slaughtered
necks.

In crescent then, the harbinger of night,
Widely dispensed a pale and dubious light;
Still stunned, the Britons owned assailing dread
To view whence came the blow, each reared his head,
In vain he strove to see death's dooming blade,
With panic struck, they ran misled, dismayed;
And rushing on, fell into Dunois' power,
Charles was of kings the happiest in that hour,
His foes rushed on, impending fate to dare:
So scattered partridges, 'mid realms of air,
In numbers falling bruised by pointer keen
And torn by shot; imbrued the heath is seen:
The donkey's brayings loudly roared alarm,
Fierce Joan extended high her vengeful arm,
Pursued, cut, pierced, torn, severed, bruised, and
rent,

All force opposed to Dunois' prowess bent,
While good King Charles at pleasure aimed aright,
Shooting all those whom fear had put to flight.

Talbot, intoxicated with the charms
Of Louvet — and joys tasted in her arms,
As on her bosom languishingly laid,
At postern gate, heard din of war's fell trade.
Glowing with triumph: "By my soul," cried he,
"There are my troops, Orleans now yields to me."
Aloud he then extolled his wily pains,
"O! love, 'tis thou," he cried, "who cities gains;"
Our knight thus fed by hope, replete with bliss,
Gave to his tender fair a parting kiss,
Sprang from the couch, attired himself, and fleet
Repaired the vanquishers of France to meet.

Nought but a single squire appeared to view,
Who ever dared bold Talbot's steps pursue;
Deep in his confidence, a valiant wight
And worthy vassal of so brave a knight,
Guarding no less his wardrobe than his lance.
"Come seize your prey, my gallant friends advance!"
Talbot exclaimed — but soon joy disappeared,
Instead of friends, our Joan with lance upreared
Bore down upon him on celestial ass,
He saw two hundred French through portal pass;
Great Talbot shuddered, palsied o'er with dread:
"Long live the King," each Gallic champion said.

"Let's drink; let's drink; advance, my friends, with me!
On, Gascons, Picards; yield to jollity,
No quarter give, of carnage take your fill,
Yonder they are, my friends! shoot, fire, and kill!"

Talbot recovered from the dire control,
Which first held potent empire o'er his soul;
Resolved at postern freedom to maintain.
So erst, all bleeding, 'midst the burnt-up plain,
Anchises straight his conqueror dared engage,
Talbot yet combated with greater rage,
Briton was he, and seconded by squire,
Both would a world attack with courage dire.
Now front to front, now back to back they strove,
And torrents of the victims 'fore them drove;
At length their vigor spent, on well-fought field,
An easy victory to Gaul's sons they yield;
Talbot surrendered though unbeaten still,
Dunois and Joan extolled his gallant skill,
And both proceeding, complaisantly tendered
The dame, who thus to President was rendered;
Without suspicion he received her well,
Your gentle husbands never ought can tell,
Nor e'er did Louvet learn the fateful chance,
That through his dame was saved the realm of France.

Denis applauded loud from heavenly height,
St. George on horseback shuddered at the sight;

The ass discordant octaves thundering near,
In British souls, augmented still the fear.
The King then ranked 'mid conquerors of renown.
With lovely Agnes supped in Orleans' town;
Joan fierce and tender, having sent away
That selfsame night to Heaven her donkey gray,
Of sacred oath accomplishing the law,
Kept promise made to well beloved Dunois,
As Lourdis midst the faithful cohort strayed,
Bawling out still: *"Ye Britons, she's a maid."*

END OF CANTO XXI.

NOTES TO CANTO XXI.

[1] Joan's prowess in the field has already been adverted to, and upon consulting historic records, we find that while Charles the Seventh continued at Chinon, Jeanne d'Arc made one of his privy council, where the wisdom of her opinions was such as to be generally adopted, while they excited universal astonishment in the minds of the grave personages and able warriors assembled.

Here follows an original letter, as dictated by La Pucelle, discovered in the Archives of Lisle, being addressed to the Duke of Burgundy, and particularly interesting, as it identifies the precise period of Charles's coronation at Rheims, hitherto unknown. The document in question is penned in gothic characters, with many abbreviations, but perfectly legible; it is folded very like our ordinary letters of the present day but completely square, and at the bottom on the folded side of the epistle is subscribed —

"Au Duc de Bourgoigne."

+Jesus Maria.*

Hault et redoubte prince Duc de Bourgoigne Jehanne La Pucelle vous requiert de par le roy du ciel mon droiturier et souverain seigneur que le Roy de France, et vous faciez bonne paix ferme qui dure longuement, pardonnez lun a lautre de bon cuer entirement ainsi que doivent faire loyaulx christians, et sil vous plaist a guerroier si alez sur les Sarrazins. Prince de Bourgoigne je vous prie supplie et requiers tant humblement que requerir vous puis que ne guerroiez plus ou (au) *saint royaume de France, et faittes*

* The word Jesus, is thus curtailed in the original document JHUS.

retraire incontinent et briefment voz gens qui sont en aucunes places et fortresses dud: saint royaume, et de la part du gentil roy de France il est prest de faire paix a vous sauvre son honneur sil ne tient en vous et vous fais a Savoir de par le roy du ciel mon droiturier et souverain seigneur pour votre bien et pour votre honneur et sur voz vie que vous ny gaignerez point bataille a lencontre des loyaulx François, et que tous ceulx qui guerroient ou (au) *saint royaume de France guerroient contre le roy Jhus* (Jesus) *roy du ciel et de tout le monde mon droiturier et souverain seigneur et vous prie et requiers a jointes mains que ne faittes nulle bataille ne guerroiez contre nous vous vos gens ou subgiez et croiez seurement que quelque nombre de gens que amenez contre nous quilz ny gaignerout mie et sera grant pitie de la grant bataille et du sang quy y sera respendu de ceulx qui y vendront* (vièndront) *contre nous, et ce trois sepmaines que je vous avoye escript et envoie bonnes lettres par ung herault que feussiez au sacre du roy qui aujourduy dimenche* XVIIme *jour de ce present mois de Juillet, ce fait en la cite de Reims, dont je nay eu point de reponse ne nouy oncques puiz nouvelles dud herault. A Dieu vous commens et soit garde de vous sil luy plaist, et prie Dieu quil y mette bonne paix. Escript aud: lieu de Reims, led: VXIIme, jour de Juillet.*

The singularity of this epistle will, I trust, apologize for the subjoined translation, as readers conversant with modern French may not be able fully to comprehend the phraseology of the fifteenth century.

Jesus Maria.

High and redoubted Prince Duke of Burgundy, Jeanne La Pucelle requires you in behalf of the King of Heaven, my rightful and sovereign Lord, that the King of France and you enter into a good and firm peace that may last long, forgive one another entirely and in good heart, as ought to do loyal Christians, and if it pleases you to go to war, then go against the Saracens. Prince of Burgundy, I pray, supplicate, and require you most humbly, not to continue longer any warfare in the saintly kingdom of

France, and cause to march back incontinent and briefly, your people who occupy any places or fortresses of the foresaid saint kingdom, and on the part of the *Gentil,* King of France, he is ready to make peace with you preserving his honor; it therefore rests with you, and he makes known to you in behalf of the King of Heaven, my rightful and sovereign Lord, for your good and for your honor, and upon your life, that you will gain no battle upon encountering the loyal French, and that all such as war in the saintly kingdom of France, make war against the King Jesus, King of Heaven and the whole world, my rightful and sovereign Lord; and I pray and require you with joined hands, not to give battle nor enter into warfare against us, you or your people or subjects, and assuredly believe, that whatsoever number of people you bring against us that they will gain nothing, and it will be a great pity to have a battle, and that the blood should be shed of those who shall come there against us, and three weeks past did I write and sent you good letters by an herald, who was at the coronation of the king, which took place three weeks past from this day, Sunday the seventeenth day of the present month of July, in the city of Rheims, to which I have had no answer, nor have since received any news of the herald aforesaid. To God's holy keeping I commend you, if it so pleases him, and pray God that he restores a good peace. Written at the said place of Rheims, the said seventeenth day of July.

END OF VOL. II.

ADDITIONAL NOTES.

[THE FOLLOWING NOTES, OF A GENERAL CHARACTER, ARE SUFFICIENTLY ENTERTAINING TO BE APPENDED HERE.]

N'attendez bien souvent pour fruits de vos bons mots,
Que l'effroi du public, et la haine des sots.

But perhaps the best definition ever given of this species of wit is to be found in the following lines:

Un bon mot perd son prix en le donnant pour vôtre;
Il tombe avec des gens d'esprit,
Qui l'auront voulu dire, et qui ne l'ont pas dit.
Rapportez-le comme d'un autre:
Par-là vous désarmez l'amour propre jaloux;
Ce n'est pas vous qu'on applaudit en vous;
On vous oublie, et l'on rit s'il faut rire;
S'il faut admirer, l'on admire.

This *ludus in verbis,* or miserable display of equivocating wit, is very justly held up to ridicule by Voltaire; such low species of composition was, notwithstanding, very much resorted to by the ancient French poets, who called their versification *Rimes Equivoques,* an instance of which may be quoted from Marot, where he says:

En m'ébbattant, je fais rondeaux en rime
Et en rimant bien souvent, je m'enrime.
Brief c'est pitié entre nous rimailleurs,
Car vous avez assez de rime ailleurs;
Et quand vous plaist, mieux que moi rimassez,
Des biens avez, et de la rime assez.

Enigma is a puzzling jargon equally deserving the attack of our poet, being very properly excluded from the circles of polished society, and only resorted to during Christmas gambols, by the youthful part of the community, together with riddles and charades, some of which,

however, possess great merit. There existed a species of literary game on the subject of enigmas, as far back as the reign of Charlemagne; several collections of these puzzles have been made, and in particular one by Cotin, which does not, however, contain the happiest specimens of enigmatical composition.

Thersites was the most illiterate and deformed of the Greeks who flourished during the Trojan War.

The Sorbonnic Doctors — against whom our author has directed the shaft of irony — used to imitate, in regard to men who argued rationally, the ancient kings of Persia; who were accustomed to put out the eyes of the Princes of the Blood Royal in order that they might enjoy their crowns in safety; in short, with the profane, logic is the art of reasoning; whereas with theologians, it consisted in confounding one's own reason, or putting to flight the reasoning faculties of others; which was found to be extremely convincing when supported by tortures, the gun and the stake.

Our Wise Heads of the Sorbonne, during their sittings, were very much upon a par with the Long Heads of the University of Paris; concerning whom, we find on referring to the trial of Joan of Arc, that on the second of April, one thousand four hundred and thirty-one, being the day after Lent, and during several subsequent days, the thirty-eight articles brought against her were reduced to twelve. These chief points of accusation, which are given at full length in the valuable history of Laverdy (pages 51 to 98), and which he takes the trouble to refute, consist of apparitions and revelations, respecting her having assumed a man's attire; the precipitating herself from a tower (which was done in order to escape from confinement), and the inserting the form of a cross at the commencement of her letters.

These most culpable articles were sent to the doctors, licentiates, bishops, and the University of Paris to collect their advice, and to ascertain from them if the propositions therein contained were in opposition to the faith.

The university assembled the latter end of April, and early in May decided that those apparitions, etc., proceeded from Beelzebub, Satan, and Belial; that Joan, inasmuch as she adopted the male costume, might be chargeable with idolatry, having delivered up her person and her dress to the Demon, by imitating the custom of pagans, etc.

During this interval the trial continued, and Joan underwent divers admonitions and remonstrances, being also menaced with the torture; at length, on receiving the decision of the Sapient University, on the nineteenth of May, Joan was condemned, and five days afterwards, in presence of a vast concourse of people, and in a burying ground where a stake was dressed, a theologian indicated to La Pucelle the crimes imputed to her, and indirectly summoned her to avow them.

After declaring aloud that she submitted to the Church and the pope, Joan answered: *"Qu'aucun de ses faits et discours ne peut être à la charge de son Roi ni d'aucun autre! que s'il y a quelques reproches à lui faire (à elle), ils viennent d'elle seule et non d'aucun autre."*—"That none of her acts or discourses could be chargeable to her king or any one else; that if blame was in any way attachable, it was due to herself, and no one besides." Which Laverdy justly affirms was an admirable example of unshaken fidelity, under the most terrible and trying of circumstances.

The powers of Venus over the heart were supported and assisted by a celebrated girdle called *Zone* by the Greeks, and *Cestus* by the Latins; a mysterious girdle supposed to have given beauty, grace, and elegance when worn even by the most deformed, and not only excited, but rekindled extinguished flames.

While speaking of the slender waist of Agnes, the writer cannot refrain from adverting to a curious portrait formerly belonging to Monsieur Bonnemaison of Paris, whose valuable gallery of paintings was sold to the king of Prussia when the Allies were in the possession of the French capital, after the second abdication of Emperor Napoleon. The picture here alluded to is an undoubted resemblance of Agnes Sorel, portrayed down to the knees,

she being delineated as excessively *mignonne* and slender about the waist, with a physiognomy archly pleasing; but the peculiar singularity attachable to this performance consists in the persons of infants who surround her, under the semblance of cherubs attending upon the Virgin Mary, the urchins in question being portrayed with wings of divers colors to represent their respective ranks in the heavenly hierarchy. It must be confessed in opposition to the chroniclers of the period of Charles the Seventh, who would willingly make us believe that the loves of that monarch and Agnes were truly platonic, that the personages so displayed bear very strong marks of being intended to represent the progeny of La Dame de Beauté. In the same collection was another curiosity of so singular a nature, that I cannot refrain from recording it, though unconnected with the present work. It is an original portrait of the natural size and down to the middle of the renowned William Tell, the design being very correct, and painted in colors mixed with the white of eggs, as the use of oil was not then discovered. The countenance is remarkably stern and expressive, the costume that of a peasant, and in his hand he holds a bow and an arrow. A small Gothic clock is represented pendant to the wall, the hand of which points to the hour agreed upon for executing the conspiracy; and upon a scroll over the head of Tell, who wears a singular covering somewhat resembling a turban, but excessively wide at the sides, appears the following inscription in gold characters: "*Hora est tandem nos de somno surgere: tandem novissima hora est.*" I have ventured to intrude the above description upon the notice of the public, in order that a record may be preserved of so singular a curiosity as connected with the early period of the pictorial art, and more particularly as relating to the glorious cause of liberty and independence.

Isabella of Bavaria, mother of Charles the Seventh, was one of his most inveterate persecutors, leaguing against him with the son and heir of the duke of Burgundy, who so far fomented the hatred of the queen against the dauphin,

her son, that she exerted all the power she possessed over the weak mind of her husband, Charles the Sixth; in consequence of which, the treaty of peace with England was signed, Princess Catherine affianced to Henry the Fifth, the right of the dauphin's succession to the crown publicly proclaimed invalid, and a regular act signed by the king to that effect.

Tithonus, a son of Laomedon, king of Troy, by Strymo, the daughter of Scamander. He was so beautiful that Aurora became enamored of him and transported him away, when he solicited her to render him immortal, which request the goddess acceded to; but, as he had forgotten to ask the continuation of the vigor, youth, and beauty he then enjoyed, he soon experienced the effects of age, infirmity, and decrepitude; so that life becoming insupportable, he prayed Aurora to remove him from the world, and as he could not die, the goddess changed him into a *cicada,* or grasshopper.

Sergeants, mentioned several times, were a species of archers, carrying the *hoqueton,* or tunic of the grand provost of Paris, upon which were embroidered the fleur-de-lis, with three leopards. These persons were subaltern officers of justice, appointed to perform arrests, seizures, etc., and conduct culprits to the place of their destination, like our bailiffs; they do not, however, appear to have ranked in high estimation, since we find in an old author the following couplet:

De trois SERGENS *pendez-en deux,*
Le monde n'en sera que mieux.

It appears that Voltaire had no very great predilection for Anchorites, since he above depicts one under the form of Lucifer concealing his claws and tail; he perhaps thought that these hermits retired into deserts from the commerce of mankind, fearful that they might have the misfortune to be useful to the community at large.

A very ancient edifice called the châtelet, used in Voltaire's times as a prison, where all the jurisdictions of Paris were formerly united; it was there that culprits were tried,

and sentence pronounced in all civil as well as criminal cases.

It was to the city of Marseilles, a famous seaport of Provence, that criminals were sent, condemned to labor on board of the galleys.

Monks are sanctified men to whom, by an astonishing miracle, the Frock communicates the gift of continence the moment it is put on, if we may accredit their assertion. No less a personage, however, than Richard the First of England, was of a different opinion; for, waging war in France against King Philip, a French priest, called Fulco, came to him saying, that he had three bad daughters which he wished to bestow from him in marriage. Upon this the monarch marvelling greatly who they should be, knowing he had none, the churchman made answer: "Yes, thou cherishest three daughters, Pride, Covetousness, and Lechery;" which the king seeming to take merrily, said to his lords: "This hypocritical priest hath found that I have these three daughters, whom he would forthwith I should bestow, so if any such I possess, I have found out fitting husbands for them. My daughter Pride, I bequeath to the haughty Templars and Hospitallers, who are as proud as Lucifer himself; my daughter Covetousness, I give to the White Monks of the Cistercian Order, for they covet the very devil and all; and as for my daughter Lechery, I can bestow her nowhere better than upon the monks, priests, and prelates of our time." But that was long ago.

Guyon or Goyon, a writer of the period of Charles the Seventh, composed a Roman History, detestable in itself, but which was rendered passable considering the period when he lived. He was also author of "*l'Oracle des Philosophes*," being a tissue of the most ridiculous calumnies, whereof he repented at the end of his life, as we are given to understand by Monstrelet.

The high and puissant genealogy of *l'Ane Littéraire,* the Literary Ass, is very ancient: John Blaise Catherine Fréron is not originally of Quimper Corentin, as announced. The sublime historiographer of France seems to think that

this family sprang from the Orleanais, and that it was at the habitation of a Canon of Cleri, who protected pregnant females, that his great ancestor first saw the light, being twin born, having an elder brother called Giles Chaumeix, while he was called Martin Fréron. The first born remained in his own country, and in the year 1713, one of his descendants inundated the world with the ponderous burden of Abraham Chaumeix, who has for some time past made a terrible noise. His younger brother, Martin Fréron, established himself at Paris in the Rue Sabot, at the end of the narrow Rue Taranne, where he performed the distinguished part of a water carrier, in which employment he acquired some money and so much addicted himself to wine, that all his descendants were marked with that liquor. Distress forced him to quit the capital, when he repaired to Quimper, and cried mustard for sale, and the descendants of this man have handed down, even to us, that Cartouche who composes the *Âne Littéraire.*

Fréron disait: j'ai dans plus d'une veille,
Avec succès fait d'un stile ennuyant,
A mon compère un sonnet innocent;
Dans mes chiffons j'ai décrié Voltaire . . .
Le fier Chaumeix en rampant terre à terre,
Disait: ma foi, j'ai vaincu Diderot."
— Le Balai *"Poème Héroique,"* 1774, page 86.

It appears that the allusion to the Abbé Tritemus is a complete prophecy, since it is well known that one Fantin, a doctor and a curate of Versailles, was surprised in the very act of purloining a rouleau of fifty louis d'or from a sick person whom he had confessed, and for which larceny he was ignominiously expelled, but not hanged.

There are individuals that experience a secret satisfaction on beholding celebrated characters insulted and calumniated by arrant scoundrels, whose constant cry is: "Pay no attention; let the miserable reptiles spit their venom, that we may enjoy the satisfaction of seeing rascals bespatter you with mud." We are not, however, of the same opinion; conceiving it but just to punish vagabonds, if they prove insolent rogues, and above all when they

become wearisome. These anecdotes, too well grounded in fact, are to be found in twenty places, and should therefore be rendered equally as public as the actions of culprits, which are placarded at the corner of every street.

Oportet cognosci malos.

It is melancholy to remark how venality will corrupt the minds of the most clever and enlightened geniuses, whose motto consists in the following words: "Pay us, and then no matter for whom, or in support of what opinions they write," for the mind so enslaved mechanically toils, and thus the goose's quill records the accumulated shame of the author, as publicity increases in a ratio with the worth of his talent; so that his time-serving meanness only renders him at length the object of universal contempt and obloquy.

The author of the Salic Law is not known; some attribute it to Pharamond, and others to Clovis, having its origin at the period when the Franks entered the territory of the Gauls. It consists of seventy-two articles, the sixth of the sixty-second head excluding females from inheriting the Salic lands; for it is an erroneous opinion to suppose that this law applied solely to the inheritance of the crown, as it extended to the lineal possession of lands by the females of every rank in society, though it was afterwards restricted to the possession of the royal dignity. Some historians allege that the term Salic is derived from a river called Sala in ancient Germany, the borders of which were peopled by the Franks, who bore that name; others attribute it to an ancient Teutonic word signifying salutary, while a third opinion entertained is that this title proceeds from the words *si aliquis* or *si aliqua,* with which most of the articles contained in this code are headed.

The supposed doctrines of Fréron precisely coincide with the speculative philosophical opinions wherewith we were amused some twenty years back, by Messrs. Godwin, Holcroft & Co., not forgetting Rousseau of an antecedent date, whose perturbed and jaundiced imagination gave rise to visionary scenes of terrestrial beatitude that are only

realized when our minds, dwelling upon his fascinating pages, own the powers of his matchless eloquence and yield for a period to the entrancing infatuation.

Harpyiæ were winged monsters having the faces of women, the bodies of vultures, and the feet and fingers armed with sharp claws. They were three in number, namely, Aello, Ocypete, and Celeus, who were the daughters of Neptune and Terra. They were despatched by Juno to plunder the tables of Phineas, king of Thrace, from whence they were driven to the islands called Strophades by Zethes and Calais. They emitted a most infectious smell, and spoiled whatsoever they touched by their filth and excrements, and afterwards treated Æneas during his voyage to Italy as they had previously done the king of Thrace, yet are they raised by Virgil to the dignity of prophetesses. Agreeable objects these to be inspired by the divinities!

Virginei volucrum vultus, fœdissima ventris
Proluvies, unæque manus, et pallida semper
Ora fame.

—Virgil's "Æneid," Book III.

They complained to Æneas that he sought to make war against them on account of some pieces of beef, and in consequence predicted for his pains that he should one day be compelled to eat his plates in Italy. Your sticklers for antique lore allege that this fiction is sublimely beautiful.

However these attacks against writers may appear harsh, it is nevertheless too certain that no class of individuals is so well enabled to repay favors with ingratitude as men of genius, if so inclined; as a stroke of the pen has too frequently held up a generous benefactor to ridicule, while the source from whence the sarcasm has originated was never even suspected by the injured party, who has received the condolements of his insidious assassin while partaking of the luxuries of his hospitable board.

Blow, blow, thou winter's wind,
Thou art not so unkind,
As man's ingratitude.

Here is additional matter concerning Agnes Sorel and

her royal lover not known to the translator until after the notes of the First Canto, relating to the Dame de Beauté, were committed to press. It has very frequently afforded matter of astonishment to observe the peculiar apathy displayed by the French nation in regard to everything that is connected with the romantic and splendid remnants of antiquity which are so profusely scattered over the Gallic soil. Since the valuable labors of Montfaucon, nothing of moment has appeared upon this subject, and we have therefore to hail with an increase of pleasure the splendid and interesting work of Messrs. Nodier, Taylor and de Cailleux, from which the following extract is taken, the work being entitled "*Voyages Pittoresques et Romantiques dans l'Ancienne France,*" in folio, printed by Didot and ornamented by plates of the most celebrated French engravers:

"The monastery of Jumièges, established under the rule of Saint Bennet, was founded in 640. After the expiration of a few years, Dagobert paid a visit to this republic of saints and ceded to it all the territory which it occupies, as if a divine foresight had announced to him that it would one day become the asylum of some unfortunate princes of his family. It was in this sanctified spot that the two eldest sons of Clovis the Second and Saint Bathilda were destined by heaven to pass their days in penitence. This touching episode in the history of France has not been neglected by the poet Ronsard, who has given it a place in the Fourth Canto of La Franciade, and Jumièges having been rendered illustrious by the miracles of saints and enriched by the munificence of kings, became by degrees one of the most important monuments of ancient France. It was several times devastated during the wars, and as frequently arose anew from its ruins. This abbey was burned by the Danes in the year 840, in remembrance of which invasion and the horrible excesses committed nothing now remains but a painting in fresco upon its walls, whereof no vestige will soon be perceptible." At a much later period, Charles the Seventh here sought an asylum and Agnes Sorel a sepulchre; and we shall soon contemplate, in the adjacent picturesque hamlet of Du Mesnil, the modest mansion house of La Belle des Belles.

"On arriving at the grand arch of the choir of the monastery, at this portico of the sanctuary, whereof all the supporting buttresses are fallen, a sensation of dread operates upon the mind, lest the very echo from a foot-fall should loosen a grain of sand that might draw down the whole remaining fabric in its overthrow. It is near this spot, behind the northern branch of the cross, that the mausoleum of Agnes was placed; or rather, if we are to credit a tradition which seems better founded, a small monument enclosing her heart. When the furies of revolutionary fanaticism, devoted like vampires to the violation of sepulchres, raised up the stone which covered this depository, in the hope of finding some hidden treasure with the remains of La Dame de Beauté, it is said that nothing was discovered but a few ashes, which were immediately dispersed among them by the wind. Such were the remains of the heart of Agnes; that heart once animated by so much love and a passion so noble that France was not perhaps less indebted to her for its salvation than to the intrepidity of Joan of Arc. A well-informed and feeling gentleman was lucky enough to rescue this tomb from the saw and the hammer; yes, the cenotaph of the mistress of a monarch, whose noble counsels greatly contributed to save her country from the English yoke, is now become the ornament of a private garden. O! may the simplicity of its materials and the obscurity of its asylum henceforth preserve it from the attacks of barbarism! Above the spot where the mausoleum stood is a high-arched, narrow window, through which the rays of the setting sun were wont to dart upon this naïve and charming epitaph of the ancient poet:"

Hic jacet in tumba mitis simplexque columba.

Ici repose dans la tombe,
Une douce et simple colombe.

"I have before stated that the residence of Agnes still exists, for to what good purpose could its ruins have been applied? Between east and south of the abbey, near the margin of the river, rises the small mansion of Mesnil. Its aspect, at the same time mysterious and enchanting, imme-

diately fascinates the attention of the stranger, before he is made acquainted with the original proprietors of the dwelling. In the front court is an ancient chestnut tree, coeval with the period when the structure was raised, and a witness of all the secrets of the Manor House. The interior of the building is only remarkable for a long gallery with which several apartments communicate, whose projecting beams, at certain intervals, still display the traces of Agnes Sorel's cypher, and at the extremity is a chapel, above which appears a tribune for the lord of the manor. The Gothic windows are still preserved, with the stone benches fixed in their wide embrasures; those very seats whereon rested beneath the purple colored glass, enriched with gold and fretwork, the dames and knights of those days, and upon which Agnes herself has so often reclined, while without appear the traces of a mysterious pathway conducting from the retreat of Charles the Seventh to the Manor House, having never since been frequented."—Translated from the original of Monsieur Ch. Nodier, inserted in the *"Archives de Littérature et des Arts,"* No. 4, as a specimen of the literary style of the *"Voyages Pittoresques, etc.,"* mentioned in the introductory lines of the present note.

The naïve and affecting reply of Agnes Sorel, in Canto XIX, affords a matchless contrast with the bold style of the belligerent Joan of Arc, and it must certainly be allowed that never were two characters more exquisitely portrayed to grace an epic; they act as light and shade beautifully blended in a fine picture, whose tints, imperceptibly softening, form a *tout ensemble* chastely correct and harmoniously pleasing.

In order, however, to demonstrate that Joan of Arc was not only masculine in speaking, but equally so upon the eve of acting, we are told in history that upon preparing for a *coup de guerre,* and when the soldiers were ranged in order of battle, she, by her harangues, knew how to inspire them and invigorate their spirits for the action, and that whensoever the cry was To Arms, *"Elle étoit la première et la plus diligente, fût à pied ou à cheval."*—"She was the first and the most active, whether on foot or on horseback." In

addition to which, a contemporary historian, speaking of her equestrian prowess, states:

"A principio ætatis suæ . . . pascendo pecora . . . sæpius cursum exercebat; et modo huc atque illuc illi frequens cursus erat; et aliquando currendo hastam ut fortis eques manu capiebat et arborum truncos . . . percuticbat, etc."— See Phillipe de Bergame, in Hordal, page 40, who, according to Moreri, under the head Foresti, was born in 1434.

It must be allowed that in the researches and interrogatories relative to our Pucelle, no mention is made of this particularity; neither does anything therein contained tend to invalidate the supposition. Phillipe adduces an ocular witness, from whom he heard it, and the Duke of Alençon indirectly confirms it: "For no sooner had he learned the arrival of Jeanne at Chinon than he forthwith repaired to Saint Florent, and on the following day beheld her pass;" *"Une lance à la main, qu'elle portait et faisait mouvoir avec beaucoup de grâce, et alors il lui fit don d'un beau cheval."*— "Bearing a lance in the hand, which she carried and wielded with much grace, and then he made her a present of a fine horse." Saint Florent is about seventy-five miles from Chinon, consequently there could not have been a greater interval of time than four or five days between her arrival and *rencontre* with the duke. Another fact is that Joan was not admitted to the king until after the expiration of two days (see Dunois in Laverdy, page 352, Note 26), consequently there could only have been a lapse of two or three days, and is it probable that during so short a space of time she could have learned to exercise a lance with grace?

Atropos is very justly pictured as the mother of Bellona, being the third of the Parcæ, and represented by the ancients as holding the scissors destined to cut the thread of life.

La main des parques blêmes,
De vos jours et des miens se joue également.

— La Fontaine.

When we contemplate the dreadful trade of war, it is impossible to refrain from shuddering, and particularly if we call to recollection that the caprice, passion, or jealousy of a single crowned head may cause the marshalling of thousands from a state of rude wealth to premature mortality. Rousseau, in his "Ode upon the Birth of the Duke of Burgundy," has well depicted warfare in the following lines:

Quel monstre, de carnage avide,
S'est emparé de l'Univers?
Qu'elle impitoyable Euménide,
De ses feux infecte les airs?
Quel Dieu souffle en tous lieux la guerre,
Et semble, à dépeupler la terre,
Exciter vos sanglantes mains?
Mégère, des Enfers bannie,
Est elle aujourd'hui le Genie,
Qui préside au sort des humains?

Voltaire is perfectly correct in designating Reason a fatal gift; since he who makes the most use of it becomes the direct enemy of priestcraft, whose dogmas will then no longer pass for holy writ. Andrea Solaris, in an allegorical picture of Reason, represented as her attribute a lighted lamp, whose feeble rays were nearly obscured by the bright radiance of a torch borne in the hand of Faith, who preceded her.

The Naiads were young and beautiful divinities, who presided over fountains and rivers, whose flaxen locks luxuriantly flowing over their shoulders, are represented as crowned with coronets of reeds.

Sylvanus, the rustic god of the ancients, presided over forests and herds, who, together with Pan, was pictured under the form of a satyr.

Zephyr. *Sur un lit de roses,*
Fraîchement écloses,
Flore du grand jour,
Attend le retour;
Le jeune Zéphire,
À ses pieds soupire:

Et le Dieu badin,
Volant autour d'elle,
Du bout de son aille
Découvre son sein.

De Profundis, the commencement of a Latin psalm, recited over the dead, which is now employed by the French as if it constituted part of their language, as they thus express themselves in conversation: *"Dire un de profundis. Chanter le de profundis; on ne chante ici que des de profundis;"* meaning to say, that there is a great mortality in such a place, or, that nothing but funerals are seen.

Suspendons le cours de nos larmes,
Faisons trêve aux de profundis.

As an unfeigned glowing zeal for religion appears to have formed no feature in the character of Tyrconnel he might just as well have exclaimed, addressing the shade of his departed friend Chandos, and applying the words of Molière, in his *"Tartuffe:"*

J'aurai toujours pour vous, ô suave merveille,
Une dévotion à mille autres pareille.

"The bravest warrior of the brave." This beautiful line will elicit a sigh for the memory of Marshal Ney, who, be his political faults what they might, most undoubtedly merited by his acts of dauntless bravery the epithet bestowed upon him by Napoleon, when he styled him *"Le plus brave des braves."*

This earth that bears thee dead
Bears not alive so stout a gentleman.
Adieu, and take thy praise with thee to heaven;
Thy ignominy sleep with thee in the grave,
But not remembered in thy epitaph.

The almost incredible intrepidity and coolness of Marshal Ney, in the most trying periods of danger, was not only proverbial throughout the French army, but even excited the most unqualified applause in his enemies, a feeling that was never more exemplified than upon the first entry of the allies into Paris, upon which occasion,

the marshal having given a splendid ball, where the sovereigns and their generals were present, and among the rest, the famous Hetman Platoff, the latter was so forcibly struck at being in the presence of this magnanimous chief that he remained nearly the whole of the evening, attentively scrutinizing his person, a circumstance generally noticed, and detailed to the writer by Monsieur Gamot, his brother-in-law, an eye-witness of the fact. It is almost superfluous to add that the heroic conduct subsequently displayed by this extraordinary man after the affair of Moscow, in rescuing thirty thousand men, with a train of ten thousand sick and wounded, amidst an enemy's country and incessantly harassed by an army of a hundred and forty thousand victorious Russians and Cossacks, did not a little tend to increase the former feeling of admiration which he had raised in the bosom of every brave and honorable soldier.

Brasset is that part of ancient armor which served as a covering for the arm of the warrior.

You are doubtless acquainted with the combat which took place between Hector and Menelaus, and that the fair Helen looked upon the conflict with a most tranquil eye. Our Dorothy, you must allow, possessed much more virtue; indeed our nation surpasses by far that of the Greeks in point of morality. Our women are gallant, but at the bottom they possess infinitely more of tenderness.

"Atlas, whom no feeling could subdue."

It is presumable that our author in the above line alludes to the hardness of heart displayed by Atlas in refusing his hospitality to Perseus, who after his conquest of the Gorgons, in vain demanded admittance to that monarch's palace, for which obduracy he was punished by order of Jupiter, being transformed into a mountain, as every one knows, on beholding Medusa's head, which was presented to him by the injured Perseus.

Gentile Bellini was the eldest son of Giacopo Bellini, born at Venice in 1421, and instructed by his father in the

art of painting in distemper as well as in oil. He was accounted the greatest proficient of his time, and was employed by the doge to paint the hall of the grand council. The reputation of this artist was at that time so extensive that it reached the Ottoman court, and the emperor Mahomet the Second, having seen some of his performances, invited him to Constantinople, received him with great respect, sat to him for his portrait and engaged him there for some time, loading him with rich presents and many marks of his peculiar regard. This emperor, however, having ordered the head of a slave to be cut off before Gentile, in order to convince him of an incorrectness of a picture of the decollation of Saint John, he was so affected and terrified at the sight that he never enjoyed peace of mind till he obtained permission to return to his own country. Mahomet honored him by placing a gold chain around his neck, and wrote to the senate in his favor, which at his return procured him a pension for life and the honorable distinction of the order of Saint Mark. He died in 1501, at the age of eighty.— *Pilkington.*

De gustibus non est disputandum, and if we take into consideration the versatility of the female character, it is somewhat astonishing that our poet, who is usually lenient, should prove thus inexorable to the ladies; he perhaps only looked upon the bad side of the picture, without calling to mind this axiom of La Bruyère: *"Les femmes sont extrêmes; elles sont meilleurs ou pires que les hommes."*

Of the venerable Tritemus, we have spoken upon former occasions.

There is little consolation to be derived from lines from which we infer that we are only blessed with the dregs of love, as all its real ecstasies were showered upon Pandora, to whom we are indebted for every evil, Hope excepted; since from her fatal box — *"Omnia in orbem evolarunt mala; sola spe in fundo relictâ."*

Urania is used in Canto XX as the surname of Venus, or Celestial; in which character she was supposed to pre-

side over beauty and generation, and was called daughter of Uranus or Cœlus, by the light.

Celadon is a name very frequently applied to amorous and languishing shepherd swains, in the Pastoral Eclogues and Idyls of the Poets.

Voltaire, for some reason unknown to the annotator, seems to regard the Monks of Saint Francis as very devils in the sports of Venus, which must be the effect of constitutional vigor, as the Cordeliers are of the mendicant order, and consequently find no auxiliaries in the delights of a well stocked table, or the overflowing goblets of rich and rosy wine.

"The Golden Ass" is an excellent allegorical production, replete with morality, comprised in eleven books, and was composed by Apuleius, a very learned man of Mudaura, in Africa.

Larchet, surnamed by our author the Pedant, rendered himself ridiculous as an enthusiastical supporter of Cardinal Mazarin; he was a complete collegian, who, in a critical work after Herodotus, asserts that in Babylon the females prostituted themselves in the Temple by way of devotion, and that all the young Gauls were of the race of Sodom and Gomorrah.

It is in the humorous way that the Devil should be spoken of at all times, as well as all the devils that succeeded to the furies, and equally the modern fooleries which are derived from the fooleries of the ancients. It is pretty well known that Satan, Beelzebub, and Astaroth have no more real existence than Tisiphone, Alecto, and Megæra. The sombre and fanatic Milton, of the party of the Round Heads or Independents, and infamous Latin Secretary of the Parliament surnamed the Rump, and still more detestable, as having been the apologist of the assassination of Charles the First, may continue to eulogize Hell as long as he chooses, or depict the Devil disguised as a cormorant or a toad, and arrange all the infernal

cohort as pygmies in a vast hall; these disgusting, terrible, and absurd chimeras may have been agreeable to some fanatics like himself, but we must declare that such abominable pleasantries are regarded by us with horror; as we only desire, on the contrary, that such personages should prove conducive to our amusement.

Joan seems sometimes to have forgotten the adage that *"un once de Vanité gâte un quintal de mérite."* "I once knew," said the Marquis de L———, "a witty gentleman whose father had been a coachman (which was certainly no very great misfortune), and who was sometimes desirous of passing for the natural son of a prince, and at others, for that of Voltaire; thus prostituting the fame of his mother at the shrine of his egregious vanity."

Denis must have been deeply offended at the rebellious notions frequently excited in the brain of his *protégée,* which had nothing to do with priestly intervention; since our heroine had the presumption to rely solely upon her own judgment, without any reference whatsoever to his opinion. To punish this obduracy and awaken contrition, our Saint had recourse to the very best expedient possible, that of abandoning her to her own free will, by the aid of which our refractory Joan, being arbiter of her own destiny, was certain of damnation, as the soundest efforts of reason and common sense, without the interposition of the Church, would have been fruitless; and in consequence, Mister Saint Denis, with true paternal feeling, rescued his maiden from the fate which infallibly awaited her, and thus placed Joan upon the stool of repentance.

Bernard, alluded to herein, was the author of an opera, entitled "Castor and Pollux," together with some fugitive pieces, and also produced "An Art of Love," after the manner of Ovid.

The false prophet Balaam had a she ass which possessed the faculty of speech, a circumstance regarded by wise heads as a tale to make a man sleep while standing. This miracle is, however, perpetuated even to the present day,

since nothing is more common than to hear asses of both sexes dispute upon abtruse subjects of theology and metaphysics.

Adonai means Lord or Master.

There were two scriptural personages of the names of Enoch, one being the eldest son of Cain, the other a saintly patriarch, and the father of Methuselah; but to which of these reverend individuals our famous ass devolved, we leave to the sage determination of theologians, to whom it must be a matter of unspeakable consequence.

A more decided proof of continence than the candid donkey gave was never adduced; wherefore the situation of our donkey forcibly calls to mind Sheridan's remark in the *Critic,* when he states that "The fleet thou canst not see, because it is not yet in sight."

The Thyrsus is a lance or javelin, environed with branches of ivy and the vine, being one of the attributes given by the poets to the god Bacchus, displaying, according to some, the fury which wine inspires, while others imagine that it bears reference to the necessity which drunkards have of a stick, in order to support themselves.

Apuleius's donkey did not speak; he could never pronounce more than Oh and No, or, more accurately, Yea and Nay; but he enjoyed an excellent fortune with a lady, as may be seen in the two volumes quarto *"Cum Notis ad Usum Delphini."* In short, at all periods the same sentiments have been attributed to beasts as to men; in the "Iliad" and "Odyssey," we are told that horses wept; while in the Fables of Æsop, Pilpay, and Lokman, animals of every description converse as familiarly as your humble servant.

It may be as well to add to Note 2, p. 221, that in the city of Tours are displayed to devotees the body of this charitable saint, and the sword with which he so severed his garment, as well as the remains of the Seven Sleepers. Being now upon the subject of relics, let us record some

of those stated to have belonged to Jean, Duc de Berri, brother of Charles the Fifth of France, according to the account handed down to us by Laboureur, in the Introduction to his History, page eighty-five, which consisted of — First, a Rib of Saint Zacharius. — Second, a Rib of Saint Barbara. — Third, half of one of the feet of Saint Cyprian. — Fourth, half of the Sponge used by the Virgin Mary, when she wept for Saint Stephen. — Fifth, half of Saint Laurence's Gridiron. — Sixth, half of a Rib of Saint Anthony. In addition to these, the above named prince is stated to have made presents of numerous relics to different churches, and among the rest, part of the head and arm of Saint Bennet to the Abbey of Saint Denis, for which he procured, by way of exchange, the chin of Saint Hilary, and subsequently the hand of Saint Thomas the Apostle, etc.— See, *id.* His. 249, 327, 436: *"Juvenal des Ursins,"* 127.

As the *"Legenda Sanctorum"* is not generally studied, it is essential to explain that Saint Roch was a famous curer of the plague, and that in all pictures and images he is represented accompanied by a dog, just as Saint Anthony, so renowned for resisting the temptation of the Fiend, has always at his side a friendly pig; all good Christians know the eagle of Saint John, the ox of St. Luke, and in short the several other beasts that are received as inhabitants of Paradise. I cannot think of terminating this note without remarking that the *"Legenda Aurea,"* an immense thick folio, is replete with such exaggerated tales as are to be found in the pages of "Mother Goose," etc.; to such, therefore, as are enamored of the good olden times and venerable fooleries, we strenuously recommend a perusal of the volume in question, which cannot fail to afford them an abundant harvest, at the expense of the folly of human nature, and the establishing an eternal monument of the infatuated ignorance of our reverend forefathers.

Ambrosia is exquisite food serving as nourishment to the gods, according to the ancients. *Ambrosia quasi cibus deorum;* be this, however, as it may, an average alder-

man set before a well covered table of terrestrial dainties, would doubtless exclaim:

Soûle toi de Nectar, crève-toi d'Ambrosie,
Nous n'avous pour ces mets, aucune jalousie.

Never was a compliment more adroitly turned than this of our good donkey; poor Joan was indeed in a perilous situation, and Satan doubtless calculated that the victory was all his own; but the tempter found to his cost that a saintly Ægis is invulnerable, and that Denis, though without his sconce, was more than a match for the foul fiend armed with his caput and horns to boot.

Ganymede was a young Trojan prince, passionately enamored of the chase, was, according to the fable of the ancients, borne away by the eagle of Jupiter while hunting on Mount Ida, and installed in the post of cup-bearer to the King of the Gods, which Hebe had forfeited by falling in an indecent posture, while pouring out nectar to the gods at a grand festival.

Philyra, one of the Oceanides, was met by Saturn in Thrace, who in order to escape the vigilance of Rhea, changed himself into a horse, that he might enjoy the company of Philyra, by whom he had a son, half a man and half a horse, called Chiron.

"Rubs either eye, attires himself, siezes his arms." This concise idea brings to mind the following curious and authentic anecdote respecting Napoleon: The army of Italy, under General Bonaparte, having been engaged against the Austrians during the whole day, at length terminated the desperate conflict by gaining a complete victory, at the very moment when the setting sun threw a faint gleam upon the western horizon. As the troops for two successive days had not tasted repose, the complete flight of the enemy at this particular juncture was the more fortunate, as the French were thereby enabled to enjoy repose during the night, of which they very gladly took advantage. Notwithstanding this harassed state of the army, it was necessary to establish outposts; when a

grenadier, stationed upon this service, which precluded the enjoyment of rest, being quite exhausted with fatigue, fell fast asleep at his post. Napoleon, who offered up repose as a sacrifice to the more imperious calls of vigilance and glory, proceeded alone to visit the outskirts of the camp, and during his survey, arrived at the spot where lay extended the sleeping sentinel, who could not be said to have been guilty of a breach of duty, but the unwilling victim of the extreme fatigue that wholly overpowered him. Napoleon, unmindful of his dignity, and actuated only from a noble principle, took up the soldier's musket which lay beside him, and placing it upon his own shoulder, continued thus to mount guard for nearly an hour, in order to watch over the safety of the camp. The grenadier at length awoke, and sought for his piece in vain, but by the light of the moon perceived his general, who had thus magnanimously paid respect to his hour of repose. "Oh! I am undone!" vociferated the affrighted soldier, on recognizing Napoleon, whose lineaments were graven upon the heart of every warrior. "No, my friend," replied the General, with extreme affability, at the same time surrendering him up his arms, "the battle was obstinate and sufficiently long to excuse your having thus yielded to the impulse of fatigue; one moment of inattention might endanger the fate of the camp; I was however awake, and have only to advise, that you would be more upon your guard for the future."

"Deborah's spear;" this terrible weapon of the Jewish heroine was presented to Joan by Saint Denis in the church bearing his name, as appears in Canto the Second of our poem; no wonder, therefore, that the fiend fled before its murderous point, since Joan was a prophetess as well as Deborah, and we know that two ordinary women will outmatch the Devil at any time. Having just spoken of the patron of Gaul, it may not be irrelevant to mention the town which derived from him its name, and whither his corpse was conveyed by means of a miracle. [See Note to Canto the First.]

Res mira est caput ipse suum Dionisius illac,
Truncatum portans requievit in illo.

It is also stated, that the Church of our Saint was consecrated by the hand of Christ Himself, according to the testimony of a leper, who chanced to sleep in that edifice, and whom the Lord transported to the walls of the church, in order that he might not discredit the reality of his vision, which fully accounts for the remains of this leper having been there preserved and duly reverenced with those of the headless Mister Saint Denis.

Satan is a dreadful double-dealer, who never accords a favor, without the certainty of reaping a *quid pro quo,* with some little douceur to boot.

Trust not th' equivocation of the fiend,
That lies like truth.

From the tenor of the introductory lines to Canto XXI, our poet infers that Cupid possesses two quivers, stored with darts, the one inflicting wounds, which are productive of a tender and durable love, the other, armed with shafts, whose envenomed points only give rise to the grosser feelings of sensual desire and unbridled lust.

The "Worthless Scribe," author of the "Testament of Cardinal Alberoni" and some other works of a similar nature, took upon himself to publish an edition of *"La Pucelle,"* interpolated and versified according to his own ideas; concerning which we have spoken in the preface. This miserable wretch was an unfrocked monk of the Capuchin order, who sought refuge at Lausanne, as well as in Holland, where he filled the employ of superintendent of a printing-press.

"L'amour propre est le plus grand de tous les flatteurs" is a maxim of La Rochefoucauld; yet there is a species of noble vanity, whereof few persons are capable, which is that of distinguishing oneself by a show of excessive simplicity, a mode of action formerly adopted by the famous Bossi d'Amboise, who, on a grand court day, when each was desirous of outvying the other in magnificence,

appeared habited in the most simple manner possible, while his valets were covered with the richest liveries that could be procured. By this means, the eyes of the whole assembly were directed towards him, so that everyone appeared to form a part of his retinue, while he had alone the air of a man of distinction. A similar conduct was pursued by the great Frederick of Prussia, nor less adopted by Napoleon, the Gallic emperor, who, though environed by his marshals and ministers in the most sumptuous attire, has frequently appeared to the writer like a sun in the hemisphere of brilliancy, though covered only with an old gray surtout, and a little cocked hat the worse for wear.

A fervent and honorable love, like that possessed by the brave Dunois, cannot be more beautifully described than in the following couplets:

Projets flatteurs de séduire une belle,
Soins concertés de lui faire la cour,
Tendres écrits, sermens d'être fidèle,
Airs empressés, vous n'êtes point l'amour:
Mais se donner sans espoir de retour,
Par son désordre annoncer que l'on aime,
Respect timide avec ardeur extrême,
Persévérance au comble du malheur,
Voilà l'amour, mais il n'est qu'en mon cœur.

—Verrieres.

"Chaste kisses thirty;" Voltaire seems to have intended these thirty *embrassades* as a just sarcasm upon the kissing salutations so incessantly practised among his countrymen, where in the open street one gentleman embraces another; while on paying the matin visit, females rush into each other's arms with a stage effect that might prompt a foreigner to believe that they had not met for the last ten years, whereas they perhaps only parted at a soirée the preceding evening, after dancing quadrilles, and rehearsing the same scene of affected friendship, as truly heartless as it is nauseating and ridiculous.

If I have had occasion in one or two instances to dwell upon an illiberal remark of our poet in regard to my countrymen, it is but just I should notice the line else-

where, "More hardy far in feats than double-dealing," so truly characteristic of the spirit pervading the breast of every true-born Englishman, whose inherent feeling would rather prompt him to face even Lucifer than ignominiously stab him in the dark.

This "directing dart that turns us all to fools," was the flaming dart whose effects were so diametrically the reverse of those produced by the arrow which pierced the heart of the brave Dunois; the latter, however, appears to be the weapon usually resorted to in these degenerate days by the hoodwinked divinity, of whom it is said —

Certain enfant qu'avec crainte on caresse,
Et qu'on connoît à son malin souris,
Court en tous lieux précédé par les ris,
Mais trop souvent suivi de la tristesse.
Dans le cœur des humains il entre avec souplesse,
Habite avec fierté, s'envole avec mépris.

All the feats of bravery detailed by Voltaire, as having occurred during the siege of Orleans, are fully verified by the historians, who state that — *"Les femmes ne cessaient pas de porter très-diligemment à ceux qui défendaient le boulevard plusieurs choses nécessaires, comme eaux, huiles et graisses bouillans, chaux, cendres, chausse-trapes. Ainsi que des vivres et refraîchissemens . . quelques unes même combattirent sur le parapet, à coups de lances."* — "The women never ceased diligently to supply those who defended the boulevard with such necessary ingredients as boiling water, oil, grease, lime, cinders, etc., as well as provisions and refreshments . . . some even fought with lances upon the parapet."

See Tripaut's His.: *de la Pucelle* — Daniel, and *"Chronique de France."*

Madame Audou [p. 234], was in all probability a lady of high fashion, who was enamored of the famous tragedian named Baron, equally remarkable for his fine symmetry of shape as the abilities which he displayed in the histrionic art, concerning whom the following anecdote is related: A chevalier of the order of Saint Louis, of

ancient extraction, possessing nothing but his half-pay, and feeling highly indignant at the extravagant manner in which Baron lived, told him in conversation "That it was shameful a mere vagabond like him should adopt such a style, while men of his family and rank who had bled for their country had barely the means of subsistence." To which our tragedian coolly made the following inimitable answer: *"Et comptez-vous pour rien, Monsieur le Chevalier, le droit que vous avez de me le dire?"*—"And do you, Monsieur le Chevalier, count as nothing the right you have of telling me so?"

The following characteristic description of the interior of the Temple of Love might well rank its divinity upon a par with Satan himself:

Les plaintes, les dégoûts, l'imprudence, la peur,
Font de ce beau séjour un séjour plein d'horreur,
La sombre jalousie, au teint pâle et livide,
Suit d'un pied chancelant le soupçon qui la guide.
La haine et le courroux répandant leur venin,
Marchent devant ses pas un poignard à la main.
La malice les voit, et d'un souris perfide
Applaudit en passant à leur troupe homicide.
Le repentir les suit, détestant leurs fureurs,
Et baisse en soupirant ses yeux mouillés de pleurs.

The *billet-doux,* a term applied to amatory and tender notes, was formerly denominated *un Poulet* by the French, a name derived from the manner of folding up these love-scrolls, which presented two points, resembling the wings of a fowl.

The word rendezvous has been found of such utility, that most of the European nations have adopted it; their own languages being inadequate to frame a term so truly explanatory of the meaning. Scarron says: "A woman's virtue is already shaken when she appoints a rendezvous:" and we find in Regnier, that the house of God was made a meeting place for lovers. *"Les temples aujourd'hui servent aux rendezvous."* This is doubtless an allusion to the custom of young lovers purposely entering a church at the same time, when both going up to the elevated vase con-

taining the holy water, a *billet-doux* is thus conveyed from either party by their hands meeting in the vessel, for the ostensible act of taking water and crossing themselves, but in reality for the more efficient purpose of conveying the *billet-doux,* whose etymology we have illustrated in the preceding note.

However we may be led to blame the acrimonious epithets of our authors, yet candidly speaking, monks always retain some marks of worldly failing, for with them, as with mankind in general, we meet with apes, madmen, and crowds of individuals bereft of merit and virtue, and having nothing but their consummate pride to render them conspicuous.

In the line, "that from sound sense or reason turn awry," Voltaire seems to have hit upon a knotty point, for the elucidation of which we beg to refer our reader to the Sorbonnic doctors, being perfectly satisfied ourselves with the certainty that *deliramenta doctrinæ* only conduct us to the loss of reason, or as Scudéri says —

Tous ces ambiteux desirs,
Tous ses vastes pensers, dont nous sommes la proie
Que font-ils, que rendre nos jours
Et moins fortunés, et plus courts.

Zoilus, a sophist and grammarian of Amphipolis, flourished two hundred and fifty-nine years before the Christian era, and became famous on account of his severe criticisms on the works of Isocrates and Plato, and the poems of Homer, for which he received the name of Homeromastic, or the chastiser of Homer. Zoilus presented his criticisms to Ptolemy Philadelphus, who rejected them with indignation, though the author declared that he was starving for want. It was stated by some that Zoilus was cruelly stoned to death, or affixed to a cross by order of Ptolemy, while others affirm that he was burnt alive at Smyrna; his name is generally applied to rigid critics, but all the works of this grammarian are unfortunately lost.

We know full well that an alderman and turtle soup are synonymous terms, and it may alike be said of a French

bon vivant, that gastronome and truffles mean the same thing; for a *dinde farçi de truffes* (a turkey stuffed with truffles) is a dish not to be resisted by a Parisian epicure, though death in the form of apoplexy stood at his elbow. It is ludicrous though painful to observe the old worn-out *débauchés* prying into the shops of the *marchands de comestibles* of the Palais Royal and Panorama Passage, in order to select the best and largest birds stuffed with truffles of Périgord, Limousin, Gascony, and other hot countries, as they are said to warm and strengthen the stomach, as well as conduce to renew youthful vigor.

There were in the convents of Citeaux and Clairvaux two immense tuns, constructed for the receiving of wine, similar to that of Heidelberg, whereof so much has been said by travellers. The two vessels in question were by far the most estimable relics of these respective monasteries.

"Leading us through this rugged world's sad road." How well this sententious line applies to the mode of education formerly adopted in England, which ushered a young man from the seminary well stored with Latin and Greek, but without possessing another requisite to save him from starvation, which, melancholy to relate, has too frequently been the fate of deep study and the most profound erudition.

Trust not the courtier in his bag wig and sword, but if he wears the skullcap and the cowl, then fly him as you would plague, pestilence, and famine.

> He's fit for treasons, stratagems and spoils;
> The motions of his spirits are dull as night,
> And his affections dark as Erebus:
> Let no such man be trusted.

Never was a more faithful delineation of the priestly courtier than the above, who draws from you in his ecclesiastical character the inmost secrets of the mind at the confessional, for the sole purpose of profiting by them in his worldly capacity; for, whether in the kitchen or the palace, he is the *Tartuffe* still; as there exists no difference

between the village priest and a Mazarin or a Richelieu; education being the same, and nothing but opportunity wanting to complete the masterpiece of villainy.

Voltaire felicitates England upon the period of the Reformation, when a change of religion, by abolishing confession and priestly sway, discarded from our cabinets such a dangerous race of men. [Happily the bigotry which inspired the foregoing note has largely disappeared in our day.]

This question of Agnes would seem to imply that even with a royal lover, "hottest love will soonest cloy:" while the condemnation and absolution of our monk, pronounced in the same breath, afford a striking exemplification of priestly apostasy, when descanting upon the sins of the great.

This very tender demand of Agnes concerning Monrose, does not in the smallest degree militate against the purity of her faith, in respect to her monarch Charles; it was merely the result of a recollection of past circumstances, still perhaps in my reader's recollection, and I am sure there is not one of my lovely female friends so circumstanced, who would not have ventured upon a similar interrogatory.

Joan's acquirements in regard to elocution should not be dismissed without referring to her infamous judgment, during which, it will be found that upon her trial, when asked by the judges if she thought herself blessed by the grace of God, she made answer: *"Si je n'y suis, Dieu veuille m'y mettre, et si j'y suis, Dieu veuille m'y tenir!"* a reply which even the critic Luchet allowed to be sublime; and upon the question being asked, why she assisted at the coronation of Charles the VII. ?—*"Il est juste que qui a eu part au travail en ait à l'honneur,"* was the answer worthy an everlasting record, according to the opinion of Voltaire, in his *"Essai sur les Mœurs,"* ch. clxxx; and upon the question being proposed whether she had given the soldiers to understand that her banner was the signal

of prosperity, her reply was: *"Non, je leur disois pour toute assurance, entrez hardiment au milieu des Anglois,* ET J'Y ENTROIS MOIMÊME: (*Villaret*, XV, 51.) Who can deny the sublimity of such an answer?

"Discreetly occupied o'er thread and needle" is in allusion to the famous Madame de Maintenon, whose secret influence over the mind of Louis the Fourteenth was so absolute that he constantly admitted her to be a participator in the most secret councils of his ministers, where she was in the habit of artfully insinuating her opinions, which became law with the *grand monarque.*

Aphrodisia is the Greek appellation of Venus; which only signifies froth. Yet how enchantingly sonorous are the Grecian terms! How charming is the allegory of froth! Pray, good reader, refer to Hesiod. You would scarcely believe that the ancient fables are frequently no other than truths.

In gracing the thigh of La Pucelle with the well-tempered steel of Holofernes, our author did not call to mind the venerable historian, who states that Charles the Seventh, satisfied with the reality of Joan's celestial mission, caused her to appear at court caparisoned from head to foot; the weight of whose armor did not prevent her from mounting on horseback unassisted, which the most robust knights could with difficulty accomplish. The king being desirous of presenting her with a fine sword, she requested his majesty to expedite a messenger to the Church of Saint Catherine de Fiere Bois, in Touraine, stating that he would find there an old weapon on whose blade were engraved five crosses and five fleurs-de-lis, with which it was decreed that she should conquer the English. Charles, inquiring if she had ever visited that said church, was answered in the negative; and upon this a person being despatched brought back the sword indicated, and whereof she made use during all her rencontres with the British. This licence of our author, in contradiction to chronicle records, is very pardonable, as it was impossible

to think of Deborah and her lance, without calling to mind Judith's trenchant scimitar, who, united with our Joan, form a trio of Amazonian belles unmatched in the history of the universe. I cannot conclude the present note without adding a historical fact in regard to this extraordinary woman, divested of all the marvellous circumstances subjoined by the chroniclers of her history, who conceived that she would acquire more reputation if held forth as a prophetess than an intrepid warrior. According to the narration of the valiant Dunois, we find: *Et Joanna posuit se super bordum fossati, et instante, ibi ipsa existente, Anglici tremuerunt et effecti sunt pavidi; armati vero Regis resumpserunt animum et ceperunt ascendere. . . . Bollevardum fuit captum, etc.*— See Laverdy, 361, 362.

"And Heaven in safety still preserve thy head," that is, in the ardor of her praying, it is presumed Joan totally forgot that this must have been a very sore place for Mister Denis, who, no doubt called to recollection his headless perambulation from Paris, after his alleged martyrdom.

Superstition, which might be justly termed an epidemic disorder among the people at that period, was fully called into action upon the subject of Joan's exploits; and a few instances will be sufficient to demonstrate how far this weakness predominated, even with writers and studious personages, whose pursuits were calculated to dispel such chimeras from the brain. In the history of the Abbey of Saint Denis, which was translated by Le Laboureur, in a chapter where he treats of an eclipse of the sun, he seriously remarks that "The astrologers, judging from a natural science of effects from causes, prognosticated that extraordinary accidents would ensue, and which happened accordingly."— Laboureur, page 548.

In *"Juvenal des Ursins,"* Archbishop of Rheims, we learn according to his statement "that sometimes the image of a certain saint has suddenly turned its back upon a soldier who wished to take it, who, in consequence, lost his wits, while the rest of his comrades turned devotees."—

[Page 50.] . . . Sometimes priests, by means of invocations, raise the devil; and such was the confidence placed in them that the Council of Charles the Sixth enacted that they should offer up their prayers in order to effect the king's recovery.— [Page 192.] . . . In another place the thunder enters the hotel of the dauphin, kills a child, and wounds others; in which strain he continues: "Until a sprinkling of holy water in the chamber and about the dwelling expelled the thunder no one knew whither."— [Page 206.]

While we are occupied upon the subject of visions and revelations, this same *"Juvenal des Ursins"* testifies that the most illustrious persons were not less superstitious than the poor. A Mathurin, a Carmelite, and others of the University, assembled in 1413 to imagine what would be the termination of the Burgundian Government, and they in consequence entreated Juvenal de Treignel, father of the archbishop, and one of the most eminent characters in the state, to join them. They in consequence deliberated and came to a determination that it was requisite to consult studious and religious persons; the latter then communicated their visions. . . . The one having seen three suns; another three different periods; a third the king of England at the top of the towers of Notre Dame. . . . Upon which these grave and sapient doctors decided that there might be a change in the government of the kingdom.—(*"Juvenal,"* page 316.) Seven years afterwards, the Archbishop of Rheims, who was then occupied in writing his history, having occasion to speak of the treaty of Troyes, does not forget to call to mind *Ces visions vues par bonnes créatures . . . de trois soleils:* (These visions seen by good creatures . . . of three suns); for, continues he gravely, "There were three kings in France, namely, the English monarch and Monseigneur le Dauphin."—(*"Juvenal,"* page 477.) In short, his mother had equally visions of the same wonderful force.—(*id.* 324.) See also Voltaire's *"Essai sur les Mœurs,"* ch. lxxix, note 16.

But to revert to Joan and the influence of her pres-

ence — Dunois stated, according to Laverdy, 354, note 31: *"Asserit quod Anglici qui 200, prius fugabant 800, aut 1,000 de exercitu regis, a post et tunc, 400, aut 500, armatorum pugnabant in conflictu contra totam potestatem Anglicorum, etc."* And other contemporary writers affirm that "Before her arrival, two hundred English put to flight in skirmishes five hundred Frenchmen, but that after her coming, two hundred French drove four hundred Englishmen before them."— See *"Histoire de la Pucelle,"* 510.

"Shooting all those whom fear had put to flight," thereby alluding to Charles the Ninth having fired upon his Protestant subjects during the infamous massacre of Saint Bartholomew, which cannot be better prefaced than by the subjoined letter sent to Catherine de Médici, by Pope Pius the Fifth, a few days after that most sanguinary tragedy: "Your majesty has recently acted as the heart of God directs, in causing the throats to be cut of those good people, who have no faith in my purgatory, and who love French verses. May your royal hand achieve the work of Heaven, in causing those infected men to be poniarded, who only trust in the Evangelists, without believing that the Romish faith forms a part of Christianity." A glorious epistle this for Pope Pius the Fifth, whom a friend and succeeding pope has beatified on account of his style.

Brantôme, in his memoirs, speaking of this execrable deed, thus expresses himself: "Upon the dawn of day, the king, looking from the window of his apartment and seeing many persons in the Fauxbourg Saint Germain who stirred and fled, took a great arquebuse, used at the chase, and fired upon them several times, but in vain; for the piece would not reach to such a distance, unceasingly crying out, 'KILL, KILL.'"

Many persons heard Monsieur le Maréchal de Tessé state that when young, he saw a gentleman aged one hundred, who had served in the guard of Charles the Ninth, and who, upon inquiries being made respecting the Saint Barthelemi, and whether the king had really fired upon the Huguenots, made answer: *"C'était moi Monsieur, qui*

chargeais son arquebuse." — "It was myself, sir, who charged his arquebuse."

Henry the Fourth was heard to state in public, at different times, that after the massacre, a cloud of crows perched upon the Louvre, and that during seven nights the king himself and the whole court heard groanings and lamentable shrieks at the same hours. He also related a prodigy still more astonishing, saying, that some days prior to the Saint Barthelemi, while playing at dice with the dukes of Alençon and Guise, he observed drops of blood upon the table; when he caused them to be wiped away two different times, but that they reappeared, upon which he quitted the game, struck with horror.

Voltaire, in the *"Henriade,"* thus expresses himself in regard to the subject in question:

> *Que dis-je! ô crime, ô honte! ô comble de nos maux!*
> *Le Roi, le Roi lui-même, au milieu des bourreaux,*
> *Poursuivant des proscrits les troupes égarées,*
> *Du sang des sujets souillait ses mains sacrées.*

"Shoot, fire, and kill!" [p. 245]. Still alluding to the conduct of Charles the Ninth, when urging on the assassins of Saint Barthelemi. The notorious fact of the king's having fired upon his subjects, was the cause of a board being placed during the late revolution under the balcony of the window from whence this act was perpetrated, and which continued affixed to the Louvre for some years, bearing the following inscription: *"De cette fenêtre Charles neuf d'exécrable mémoire tira sur son peuple."*

The poor cornuted Louvet herein only acted in conformity with the conduct of his brethren in misfortune, who are uniformly blinded to the infidelity of their mates, while the eyes of all the world besides can perceive her dereliction as plain as the sun at noonday; if, however, this sage personage was in the dark upon the matter in question, he was far otherwise in respect to worldly interest, as the following facts from history will fully manifest:

The famous President Louvet, upon retiring from office,

was desirous of preserving his influence, or rather sought to foment those disorders in which he could no longer participate. To effect this purpose, he left Giac, one of his creatures at court, whom he advised Charles to receive as a favorite; in fine, he had attained to such a height of power that the Count Dunois did not disdain to become his style.— See Daniel, vii, Villaret, xiv, 316.

The Bastard Dunois was born in 1402, the same year that gave birth to Charles the Seventh, his father being Louis Duc d'Orleans, brother of Charles the Sixth, and his mother the Lady de Cany. The celebrity of the Bastard was such that Valentine de Milan, Duchess of Orleans, lamented she was not his mother, being in the habit of stating in the phraseology of that day: "*Qu'il lui avait été* EMBLÉ." (*Dérobé*)—"That he had been surreptitiously obtained."

The half-brother of Dunois was Charles, duke of Orleans, born the twenty-sixth of May, 1391, of whom I may be permitted to speak, on account of his poetical talents, altogether unknown, which possess an indescribable charm, breathing the innate effusions of the soul. It is indeed singular, that this most interesting versifier did not receive under the auspices of Louis the Fourteenth that justice which was so deservedly his due, and it is even more astonishing that he continued unknown to the great Boileau. He married the widow of Richard the Second of England, and was taken prisoner at the battle of Agincourt, when he continued incarcerated for several years; he was the father of Louis the Twelfth, and uncle of Francis the First. Obit the eighth of January, 1466.

As a specimen of his poetical talent, exerted while in confinement, may be gratifying to the reader, I hereto subjoin a few lines, quoted from an original manuscript, preserved in the Public Library of Grenoble, and written by one Astezan, First Secretary of the Duke, the passage being extracted from folio 78 of the manuscript in question:

Tempus quod regnat clamidem dimisit acerbam,
Ventorum nec non frigoris ac pluvie.
Et comptas claris radiis solaribus atque
Formosis. Vestes induit inde novas
Non est nunc ales; non est nunc bellua, quæ non
Cantet vel clamet more sonoque suo:
Tempus quod regnat clamidem dimisit acerbam
Ventorum nec non frigoris ac pluvie.

Thus Anglicized:

Old Time has cast his cloak away,
Of wind and rain and nipping cold,
And now is clad in burnished gold,
Of smiling Sol's unclouded ray,
Nor beast or feathered warbler gay,
But in its song or strain hath told,
That Time hath cast his cloak away.
Stream, rivulet, and fountain's play,
In beauty's guise are now enrolled;
Gay glittering jewels all enfold,
Since each is decked in new array,
For Time hath cast his cloak away.

"Of sacred oath accomplishing the law." For facts Voltaire had no doubt consulted the history du Haillan, mentioned below, ere he committed the above line to paper.

Many attempts have been made to prove that the mission of Joan was effected by celestial agency, which assertion is combated by Robertson, in his introduction to the history of Charles the Fifth, wherein he examines the mission of the Pucelle in a political point of view, and while rendering justice to her wisdom and courage, deploring her misfortunes, and most eloquently inveighing against the superstition to which she was sacrificed, he yet considers her but as an instrument and a victim to party. Our countryman, however, is not the only one who has raised objections against this heavenly mission, since we find that one Dr. Beaupère, who acted as an assessor during the trial of Joan, was of opinion that her alleged visions and apparitions were rather the effects of human invention than originating in divine inspiration; and in the "*Histoire Générale des Rois de France depuis Pharamond jusqu'à Charles sept,*" written by Bernard de Girard, sieur du Haillan, first historian of France, and established genealo-

gist of the Order of the Holy Ghost by Henry the Third, appears the following statement, given as nearly as possible verbatim:

"Some say that Joan was the mistress of John, bastard of Orleans; others, of the Lord of Baudricourt, who being wary and cunning, and seeing that the king knew no longer what to do or to say, and the people on account of continual wars so much oppressed as not to be able to raise their courage, betook themselves to have recourse to a miracle fabricated in false religion, being that which of all things most elevates the hearts and makes men believe, even the most simple, that which is not, and the people was very proper to imbibe such superstitions. Those who believed she was a maid sent by God, are not damned, neither are those who did not believe. Many esteem this last assertion a heresy, but we will not dwell too much upon it, neither too much on the contrary belief. Wherefore these lords, for the space of some days, instructed her in all she was to answer to the demands which should be made of her by the king and themselves when in his presence; for they were to interrogate her, and in order that she might recognize the monarch when conducted into his presence, they caused her every day to see at various times his picture. The day appointed on which she was to be led to him in his chamber, which they had already arranged, they did not fail to be present. Being entered, the first who asked her what she wanted were the Bastard of Orleans and Baudricourt, who demanded of her her business. She replied she wanted to speak to the king. They presented to her another of the lords who was there, saying to her that he was the king; but she, instructed in all which should be done and said, as well as what she was to do and say, said that it was not the king, and that he was hid in the alcove, containing the bed. This feigned invention and appearance of religion was of such profit to the kingdom that it raised the courage, lost and beaten down by despair. . . . Wherefore the king caused to be given to her horses and arms

and an army with a good number of great captains, in company of whom she carried succor to those of Orleans."

Du Haillan, our informant, being first historiographer of France, and living but one hundred and forty years after the death of Joan, must, from the post he occupied, have possessed ample means of ascertaining the above facts, which if true, set the matter at rest concerning any supernatural interposition in her favor, a circumstance that tends to exalt still more the noble disinterestedness of the heroic but unfortunate Maid of Orleans.

The final line brings to mind the conduct adopted by our Joan upon the doctors presenting themselves before her, deputed by the king to ascertain her virginity, and to whom she expressed herself as follows: *"Je le crois, je ne sais ni A, ni B, je viens de la part du Roi du Ciel, pour faire lever le siège D'Orleans, et mener le Roi â Rheims."*— See Laverdy, cccxii and cccli, note 24.

And upon the coronation of Charles as thus predicted, we find from a contemporary historian, that *"Au dit sacre fut toujours près et présente la dicte Jehanne la Pucelle, tout armée à blanc, et tenant son estandard en la main, et bien y devoit estre, comme celle qui estoit principallement cause de l'ordonnance et volunté de Dieu d'icellay sacre."*

So much for history; notwithstanding which it must be allowed by all, that this assertion of Father Lourdis is rather a bold one, when the two foregoing lines are taken into consideration, and even was it credited, would cast a shameful reflection upon the virile powers of the Bastard Dunois: we will, however, leave the reader to form his own conjectures on this knotty point, and content ourselves with the hope that the renowned Joan of Arc, after her belligerent toils, did not resemble Margaret of Austria, who was affianced to the dauphin of France, and by him sent away to espouse the heir of Brittany, which Margaret being afterwards on her passage to marry the Infant Don Juan of Spain, and very nearly shipwrecked, wrote her own epitaph in the following lines:

Cy-git Margot la gentil' demoiselle,
Qu'a deux maris, et encore est Pucelle.

Here Margot lies by Hymen twice betrayed,
Who with two husbands, still remains a maid.

There is every reason to conjecture from the abrupt termination of this poetic flight, that it was originally the intention of Voltaire to have prolonged *"La Pucelle;"* the reasons that operated upon him to alter his plan are not handed down to us. On consulting the edition of 1756, very striking variations will be found in every canto, most of which were no doubt the productions of La Beaumelle and Maubert, as the publication in question was edited by them from their first edition of 1755. In the poem as again printed at Paris in 1762, and authorized by Monsieur de Voltaire, considerable changes are observable, particularly in the number of cantos forming the poem, which the author ultimately fixed at twenty-one.

Whatsoever emendations our poet may have thought fit to insert, it is evident, from the nature of the additions found in the first impressions of the work, that they were added by the publishers, as we have already remarked in the preface, for the purpose of realizing money, or injuring the reputation of Monsieur de Voltaire, and accumulating against him a host of enemies, since they not only disgraced his literary labor by their vulgar and very frequently obscene verses, but also outraged many of his friends and personages of elevated rank, to whom he was particularly attached; and to effect a similar purpose, La Beaumelle was also prompted to falsify the "Age of Louis the Fourteenth."

The conclusive canto of the edition of 1756 contains the ensuing lines, subjoined by way of epilogue:

C'est par ces vers, enfans de mon loisir,
Que j'égayais les soucis du vieil âge:
O, don du ciel! tendre amour! doux désir!
On est encore heureux par votre image;
L'illusion est le premier plaisir,
J'allais enfin, libre en mon ermitage,
Chantant les feux de Jeanne et de Dunois,
Me consoler de la jalouse rage,
Des faux mépris, des cruautés des Rois,

Des traits du sot, des sottises du sage;
Mais quel démon me vole cet ouvrage?
Brisons ma lyre; elle échappe à mes doigts.
Ne t'attends pas à de nouveaux exploits,
Lecteur: ma Jeanne aura son pucelage,
Jusqu'à ce que les vierges du seigneur,
Malgré leurs vœux, sachent garder le leur.

These verses appear to have been copied from some manuscript of the poem not then completed, wherein Joan yielded no more to the solicitations of Dunois than to the endeavors of her lank-eared lover. The editors, capuchins, or deacons of the holy evangelists have inserted them at the end of their final canto; a new and convincing proof of the modesty of these learned editors and their praiseworthy and virtuous intentions.

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